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SONGS OF THE PEOPLE

SONGS OF ITALY

SIXTY-FIVE

TUSCAN, FLORENTINE, LOMBARDIAN

AND OTHER

ITALIAN

FOLK- AND POPULAR SONGS

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

EDUARDO MARZO

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

BY

DR. THEO. BAKER

Price, net $1.50

(In U. S. A.)

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PREFATORY NOTE.

IT was not intended to make a complete collection of Italian Folk-songs, but merely to present some of the best and most typical from the various provinces. In pursuance of this aim, traditional songs have been included wherever such were procurable; when they were not to be had, songs of a more modern character have been introduced, but only such as have become genuinely and deservedly popular among all classes.

For details concerning the several songs, the reader is referred to the Notes at the beginning of the work.

THE EDITOR.

NOTES

No. 1. *La Savoyarde.* (The Savoyarde.) Savoy, although at present one of the departments of France, was the cradle of the House of Savoy, the present Kings of Italy, and originally belonged to the Kingdom of Piedmont. As geographically it is naturally a part of Italy, its folk-music should have a place in this Collection.
The accompaniment to this song has been very cleverly adapted by *Heinrich Reimann*, in imitation of the hurdy-gurdy, a very ancient instrument used by wandering Savoyards.

No. 2. *Dona Lombarda* is considered one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of known folk-songs. Versions of the same words with different music are found in almost every country of Europe.
Two versions of the music are given here, one from *Piedmont*, the other from Istria (the Italian Tyrol). (It is through the kindness of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel that we have been enabled to include in this collection the very characteristic songs, Nos. 2 and 3.)

No. 3. *L'avvelenato* (The Poisoned Lover) is another version of *Dona Lombarda;* the story of the *eel* (or *snake*) by means of which the poisoning was done, in a different form.

Nos. 4–9. Some of these songs from Lombardy have elaborate accompaniments, more so, perhaps, than is in keeping with folk-music; but the melodies have been respected as far as possible, even if somewhat altered as to rhythm and form.

No. 10. *La Biondina di Voghera.* (The Fair Maid of Voghera.) Voghera is a town of Lombardy, near Milan. The melody of this song was introduced by Donizetti in his opera *L'Elisir d'Amore.*

Nos. 11 to 14. The accompaniments to these songs were arranged by A. P. Berggreen. The great charm of Venetian folk-music lies in its simplicity and grace.

No. 15. *La Rondinella.* (The Swallow.) The Italian poem of this song is to be found in the celebrated novel "Marco Visconti," by Grossi. Petrella wrote another melody to these words in his opera *Marco Visconti.*

No. 16. *L'Addio del Volontario.* (The Volunteer's Farewell.) This is a modern song, and became so popular in Tuscany and throughout all Italy, during the revolution of 1859, as now to be considered a folk-song.

No. 17. *La Barchetta* (The Little Boat), also a modern song, but like a folk-song in character. Probably from the beginning of the last century.

No. 18. *Giulia gentil* (Fair Julia) won extraordinary popularity through all Italy, also during the revolutionary period, 1859–60, — being sung by Garibaldi's volunteers.

Nos. 19–21. These songs are by Gordigiani (the Italian Schubert). He succeeded so well in imitating the character and the spirit of the folk-music of Tuscany, that now his music is sung by the people just as much as the folk-songs.

No. 22. *La Treccia Bionda* (The Flaxen Tress), transcribed by Filippo Marchetti, has also been called "La Livornese"; but the most accurate researches have settled that it is *Romanesca* (from the Romagna).

No. 23. *Er Passagallo* (The Improvvisatore) is the name given to the extemporaneous poets who go about the streets in Trastevere (Rome), and like their confrères in Naples, who are called *Rinaldo*, improvising on the history of Rome; — of course very crudely, and twisting it to suit their purpose. It is almost impossible to give the rhythm of this song. They generally go very fast, and slacken the time according to the words and the facility which they have in improvising.

No. 24. *Piuriurì, ti vo' sposa.* (Piuriurì, I'd marry you!) The refrain *piuriurì* cannot be translated. In all parts of Italy they have some of these *intercalari* (burdens, refrains) which are repeated in the middle of their folk-songs, and are typical of the different regions (provinces).

No. 25. *Coraggio, ben mio.* (My darling, be brave.) This song, although popular and traditional, does not present the characteristics of a folk-song.

No. 27. *Fatte la nonna.* (Lullaby). The religious sentiment which predominates in this song makes it quite typical of the education of the people in this part of Italy, where the domination of the priests has been of so long standing.

No. 28. *La Monacella.* (The Young Nun.) Another version of this song is popular in Naples also. The words and the music differ somewhat, but the idea is the same.

No. 29. *Il Sor Carlo l'armonico.* (The Musical Master Charley.) *Sor* is the Roman for *Signor* (Mister). The idea of this Sor Carlo following the band, and getting into trouble by being tripped by fighting dogs, is very comical. Evidently the music of the song was inspired by some well-known march.

No. 30. *Canzone di Campagnuolo.* (Peasant's Song.) The ideas in this song are very poetical, although expressed in the words of a peasant; and the music, in its plaintive mood, is very descriptive of the sentiments that inspired it.

Nos. 31–35. These fine folk-songs from the *Abruzzi* are beautifully transcribed by *F. Paolo Tosti*, himself a native of that region, the accompaniments being especially characteristic and elegant.
The remarks about the refrain to No. 24, apply equally to *la gnicche*, *la gnocche*, etc., in the song "Dammi un ricciolo dei capelli."

No. 36. *Antonià.* Rather than a song, this might be called a *Ritornello* (refrain) It is especially attractive for the brightness of its music and the spirit of its words.

No. 37. *Fenesta vascia* (The Low Window) is probably very old, judging by its name, *Calascionata*, which means a song accompanied on the *Calascione*, a species of large lute.

No. 38. *La Monacella.* (The Young Nun.) Evidently this is the original song; the one sung in Rome being a variant of it.

No. 39. *Michelemmà.* One of the oldest folk-songs of Naples, probably first composed or sung about 1600. By some it is attributed to *Salvator Rosa.*

No. 40. *Fenesta che lucivi.* This most beautiful melody is said to be the composition of Bellini. It is certain, however, that if he did not write it, this song gave him the inspiration for several of the melodies in his early operas.

No. 41. *Cicerenella.* The rhythm of this song is typical of the Tarantella, the national dance of Naples; the minor key being always used for this dance-music.

No. 42. *La Luisella.* A very pretty and graceful song, much like Neapolitan music in style.

No. 43. *La Vera Sorrentina.* (The Real Maid of Sorrento.) At the time of the feast of Piedigrotta, the great Neapolitan holiday during the old *régime*, the troops went on parade to escort the King on his visit to the Church of Piedigrotta. The description of the storm, and of all the troubles that the *Sorrentina* caused the poor sailor, is especially attractive.

No. 44. *Santa Lucia.* No comments need be made on this song, which, from its having been carried everywhere by itinerant musicians, has become almost a folk-song of all nations. This explains why the gondoliers on the Laguna consider it their own, as much as the fishermen in Naples.

No. 45. *La Carolina.* A song similar to *La Luisella* in spirit, although quite different in rhythm.

No. 46. *La Fiera de Mast' Andrea.* Another of the very old songs of Naples. It is not likely that Salvator Rosa composed it, but the second idea of it reminds slightly of a musical fragment by that celebrated painter, poet, and musician.

No. 47. *Trippole, trappole.* Considered of Spanish origin, probably on account of the rhythm and style, which perhaps is the case with many of the old Neapolitan songs.
The reason is easily seen, from the fact that Naples was under Spanish rule for several centuries.

No. 48. *Lavandare.* This is also a *refrain*, and is very popular with the local washerwomen, a great majority of whom at one time resided in the village of Vomero, which is situated on the hill above Naples.

No. 49. *I Zampognari.* (The Bagpipers.) They come to Naples from the mountains of Abruzzi at Christmastide, and go about from house to house playing and singing before the image of the Holy Infant during the Novena (the nine days before Christmas). There are generally two, who go together, one playing the bagpipe, the other a species of small clarinet called *Ciaramella.* The music which is given here is played by them with some little change, and while the bagpiper continues the accompaniment, the one who plays the clarinet stops to sing the different stanzas of this Pastorale. It is particularly interesting from the pastoral character of the music and the beautiful poetical ideas of the words. In all probability the melody suggested to Händel the theme of his pastorale in *The Messiah.*

No. 50. *La Festa di Piedigrotta.* Here again the festival of Piedigrotta supplies the subject for a lovely song. It was, and still is, the custom of the people of Naples and the neighborhood to go to the shrine of the Madonna (in whose honor the celebration took place) on the eve of the 8th of September. A great many of the young people go there singing the new songs, and playing on the different instruments with which they accompany the Tarantella — such as tambourines, castanets, and *tric' à balà* (a wooden device in the shape of two or three hammers with handles joined together, which they strike to mark the rhythm of the dance).

No. 51. *A Ischia, etc.* *Ischia* is an island in the bay of Naples, where some of the peasants make their living by plaiting straw-goods, especially fans. *Marano*, a village, is famous for its strawberries and cherries; *Capri*, another island in the same bay, is overrun with quails at the time of their transit to and from Africa, where they breed; at *Massa* they make a specialty of *cream cheese*, — which explains all the similes given in this song. *Nfrunchete, nfrunchete*, is the usual refrain, that cannot be translated, and which in this instance imitates the sound of string-instruments.

No. 52. *La Capuana.* This plaintive *cantilena* is supposed to be from *Capua*, a city near Naples.

No. 53. *Canzone di Somma* (Song of Somma); so called because, perhaps, it refers to some girls in that village. *Somma* is on the slope of the extinct volcano of that name, near *Vesuvius*.

Nos. 54–56. The spirit of revenge, inborn in the Calabrian people, is well expressed in the *Catanzarese*, while the *Scillitana* is full of passion, and the *Calavresella* dainty, and simple in sentiment. The music of the first two has a leaning toward the weird and mournful, which is typical of the Sicilian, and has some of the character of Neapolitan song; it is generally written in the minor mode. Calabria is between Naples and Sicily, and resembles both in the style of its folk-music.

No. 57. *Canzone di li Carriteri.* (The Waggoners' Song.) The refrain *Toinella toi nai*, etc., is peculiar to the Sicilians, and is found in many of their folk-songs.

No. 58. *Alla Fontana.* (By the Spring.) Another *Ritornello* with chorus-accompaniment; the refrain *Toinella toinà* being similar to the above.

No. 59. *Lu labbru.* (The Lips.) The words of this song are by the celebrated Sicilian dialect poet *Abbé Mela.* They are very beautiful, and the music, although somewhat modern, has all the characteristics of Sicilian folk-music.

No. 60. *Canto del Carcerato.* (The Prisoner's Song.) This *cantilena* is extremely pretty. Its weird style shows the influence of Arab music. The Sicilians are geographically neighbors of the Arabs, and at one time their island was overrun by the *Saracens*.

No. 61. *Serenata.* (Serenade.) Again another *Ritornello*, rather than a real song. Especially characteristic of Arabic origin in the interval from *d* flat to *b* natural, which occurs twice.

No. 63. *Amuri, amuri.* (O Love, O Love.) Refrain sung by the muleteers.

No. 64. *Malatu p'amuri.* (Ill for Love.) A pathetic melody in the minor mode — very peculiar for its chromatic descending scale — another strong proof of Arabic influence.

No. 65. *Canto de' Contadini Etnei.* Song of the Peasants from the neighborhood of Mount Etna. — The "*nguà, nguà*" is the sound by which they imitate the cry of an infant, in their dialect.

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La Savoyarde. | The Savoyarde.

Savoy (Piedmont).

Quasi presto. (♩ = 160)
gioioso e con brio

Arr. by H. Reimann.

Voice.

1.

Piano.

(Jew's-harp) *p*

1. A - sco, Gian - net - ta, ti vouesti lou - gar, la-li-ret-ta,
1. Tell me, Gian - net - ta, do you care to wed? la-li-ret-ta,

a - sco, Gian - net - ta, ti vouesti lou - gar? Nen - ni, ma
Tell me, Gian - net - ta, do you care to wed? Oh, Moth-er

f

simile

f

maï - re, mi voueli ma - ri - dar, la-li-ret-ta, nen - ni, ma maï - re, mi
dar - ling, the ver-y word you've said! la-li-ret-ta, Oh, Mother dar - ling, the

f

f

1. & 2. | 3.

ma - ri - - dar. toung!
word you've said! blue!

voueli ma - ri - dar. toung!
ver - y word you've said! blue!

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LA SAVOYARDE.

1.

Asco, Gianetta, ti vouesti lougar,
Laliretta,
Asco, Gianetta, ti vouesti lougar?
Nenni, ma maïre, mi voueli maridar,
Laliretta,
Nenni, ma maïre, mi voueli maridar!

2.

Jeou voueli un home
qui vende de tabac,
Siñ saoū lou rouze et
douge lou mouscat.

3.

Quand vou calignoung,
vous proumettoung proung,
Et quand vous tegnoung,
vous dognoung dou bastoung!

THE SAVOYARDE.

1.

Tell me, Gianetta, do you care to wed?
Laliretta!
Tell me, Gianetta, do you care to wed?
Oh, Mother darling, the very word you 've said!
Laliretta!
Oh, Mother darling, the very word you 've said!

2.

I want a man
who keeps a 'baccy-shop,
Five for the light ones,
and ten the fancy crop.

3.

They promise fairly,
while they 're courting you,
And when they 've got you,
they beat you black and blue!

Dona Lombarda.

Piedmont.

Allegretto.

mf

1. A - mei-me mi, Do-na Lom-bar-da, A - mei-me mi! A - mei-me mi!
1. Give me your love, Do-na Lom-bar-da, Do not de - ny! Do not de - ny!

2.

mf

Last stanza *)

poco a poco rall.

La ter-za gus-sa ch'a n'à bei - vü - ne, Do - na Lom - bar-da cia-ma'l so - trur!
Af-ter the third drop of wine she tast-ed, For the grave-dig-ger she sent at last!

poco a poco rall. col canto

Donna Lombarda (another Version)

Istria.

p

1. A - me - me mei, O Don-na Lom-bar-da, A - me - me
1. Give me_ your love, O Don-na Lom-bar-da, Give me_ your

p

mei, O Don-na Lom-bar-da, A - me - me mei, A - me - me mei!
love, O Don-na Lom-bar-da, Do not de - ny! Do not de - ny!

*) There is no authority for the minor setting of the last stanza and final cadence. The liberty is taken for the sake of an effective close.- Something of the kind was doubtless done by the old minstrels.

(H. E. Krehbiel.)

DONA LOMBARDA.

Ameime mi, Dona Lombarda,
Ameime mi, ameime mi!
O cume mai volì che fassa,
Che j'ò'l marì, che j'ò'l marì?
Vostro marì, Dona Lombarda,
Feilo müri, feilo müri!
O cume mai volì che fassa
Felo müri, felo müri?
Mi v'mostrero d'una manera
D'felo müri, d'felo müri.
Ant'el giardin darè la caza
J'è un serpentin, j'è un serpentin,
Preje la testa e poi pisteila,
Pisteila bin, pisteila bin,
E poi büteila ant'el vin neiro,
Dèjé da bei, dèjé da bei,
Che'l voss marì ven da la cassa
Cun tanta sei, cun tanta sei.

Dei-me del vin, Dona Lombarda,
J'ò tanta sei, j'ò tanta sei.
Coz' j'èive fait, Dona Lombarda,
L'sè anturbidì, l'sè anturbidì?
El veint marin de l'aùtra sera
L'à anturbidì, l'à anturbidì.
Beivelo ti, Dona Lombarda,
Beivelo ti, beivelo ti!
O cume mai volì che fassa,
Che j'ò nin sei, che j'ò nin sei?
L'è per la punta de la mia speja
T'lo beverei, t'lo beverei!

La prima gussa ch'a n'à beivüne,
Dona Lombarda cambia colür;
La sgunda gussa ch'a n'à beivüne,
Dona Lombarda ciama'l consur;
La terza gussa ch'a n'à beivüne,
Dona Lombarda ciama'l sotrur!

DONNA LOMBARDA.

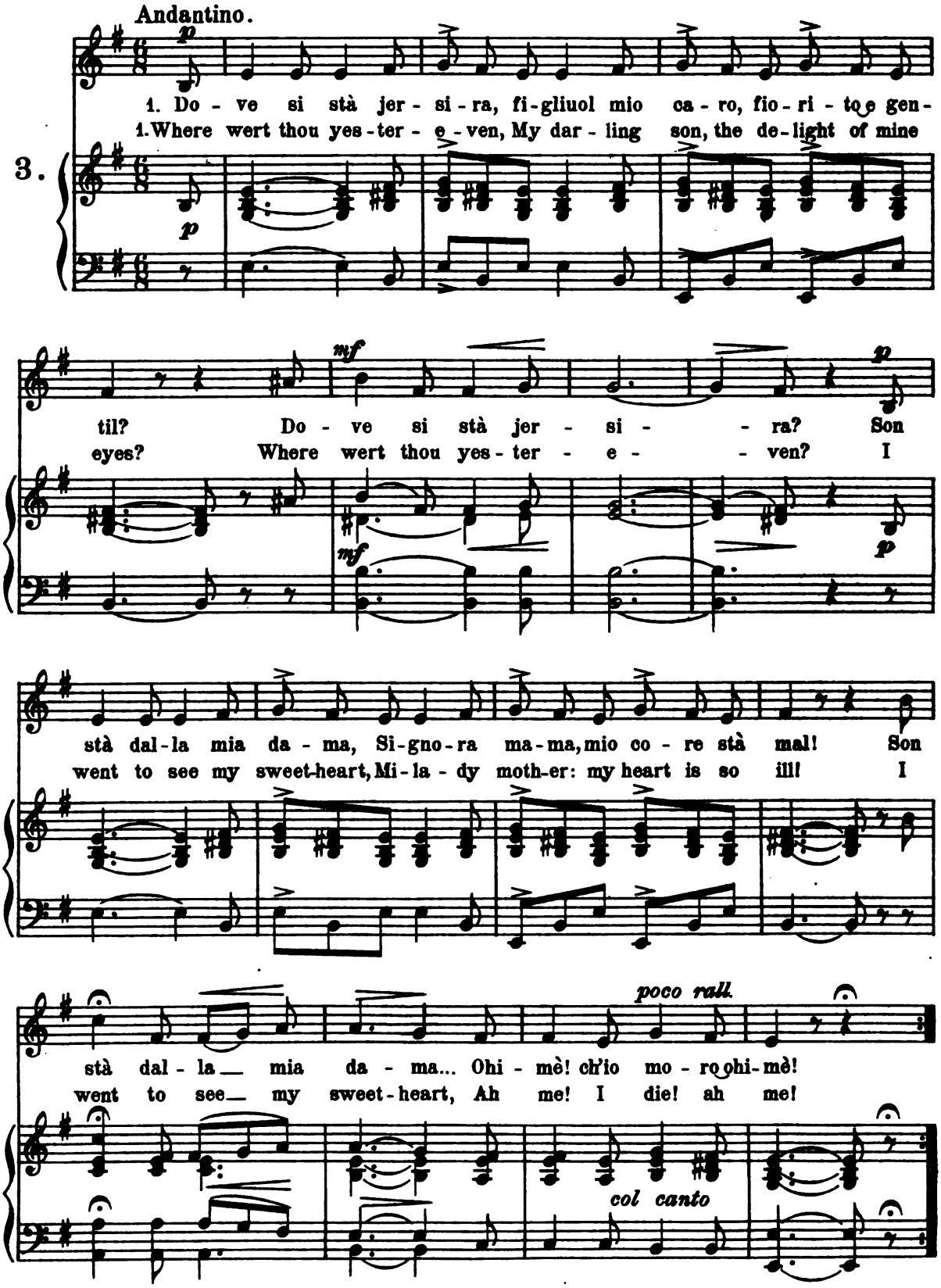
Give me your love, Donna Lombarda,
Do not deny, do not deny!
How do you think that I may love you?
Wedded am I, wedded am I!
What of your spouse, Donna Lombarda!
See that he die, see that he die!
What shall I ever do to kill him!
How shall he die? how shall he die?
Oh, I will show you how to kill him,
How he shall die, how he shall die!
Back of your house there, in the garden,
There is a snake, there is a snake,
Put the snake's head into a mortar,
Powder to make, powder to make.
Into your husband's wine you'll pour it,
Into his wine, into his wine,
When he comes home at night from hunting
Thirsty for wine, thirsty for wine.

Give me some wine, Donna Lombarda,
Thirsty am I, thirsty am I!
What have you done, Donna Lombarda?
Cloudy? for why? cloudy? for why?
Yesterday eve the sea-wind roil'd it,
Wind of the sea, wind of the sea!
Drink to my health, Donna Lombarda,
Drink you to me, drink you to me!
Why should I drink, I pray you, tell me!
Thirst I have none, thirst I have none!
Now, by my dagger's point, I tell you,
Drink and be done! drink and be done!

When the first drop of wine she tasted,
Donna Lombarda's color 'gan waste.
After the second drop she tasted,
For the confessor sent she in haste.
After the third drop of wine she tasted,
For the gravedigger she sent at last.

L'avvelenato. | The Poisoned Lover.

Como (Lombardy).



L' AVVELENATO.

1.

Dove si stà jersira,
Figluol mio caro, fiorito e gentil?
Dove si stà jersira?
Son stà dalla mia dama...,
Signora mama, mio core sta mal!
Son stà dalla mia dama...
Ohimè! ch'io moro! ohimè!

2.

Cossa v'halla dà da cena,
Figliuol mio caro, fiorito e gentil?
Cossa v'halla dà da cena?
On inguilletta arrosto...
Signora mama, mio core sta mal!
On inguilletta arrosto...
Ohimè! ch'io moro! ohimè!

3.

L'avi mangiada tütta, ecc.
Non n'hò mangià che mezza, ecc.

4.

Coss'avi fà dell'altra mezza, ecc.
L'hò dada alla cagnola, ecc.

5.

Cossa avi fà della cagnola, ecc.
L'è morta dre la strada, ecc.

THE POISONED LOVER.

1.

Where wert thou yester-even,
My darling son, the delight of mine eyes?
Where wert thou yester-even?
I went to see my sweetheart,
Milady mother: my heart is so ill!
I went to see my sweetheart,
Ah me! I die! ah me!

2.

What gave she thee for supper,
My darling son, the delight of mine eyes?
What gave she thee for supper?
It was an eel she broil'd me,
Milady mother: my heart is so ill!
It was an eel she broil'd me,
Ah me! I die! ah me!

3.

And didst thou eat it all, then? etc.
I only ate the half on't, etc.

4.

What didst thou with the other? etc.
I gave my dog the other, etc.

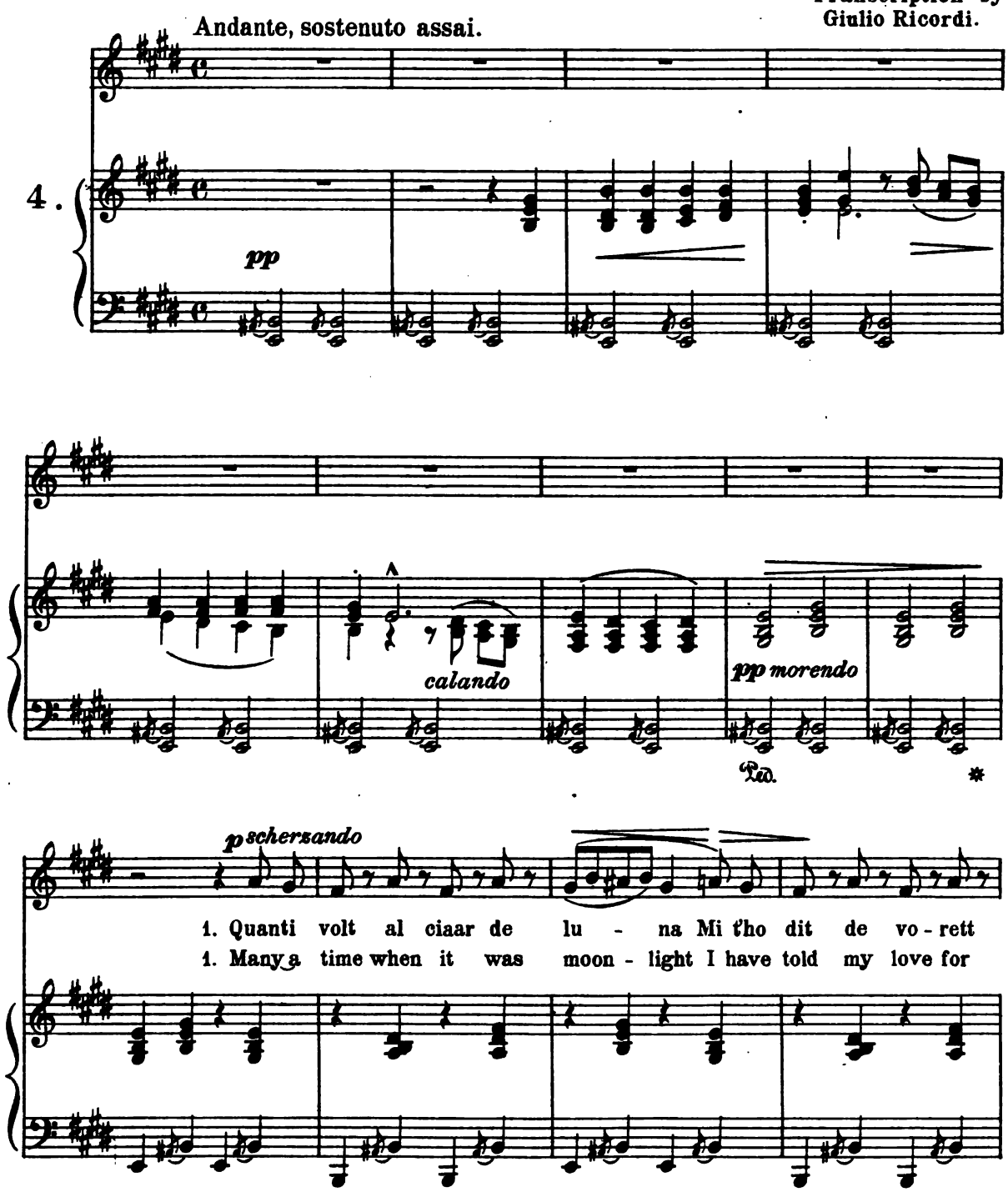
5.

What hast thou done with him, then? etc.
He died upon the highway, etc.

La Rozina. | Rosina.

Lake of Como (Lombardy).

Transcription by
Giulio Ricordi.



be - - n, E_ ti in - ve - ce zem - pra men, Zì zem - pra
you, But the more I come to woo, Ah! all the

rall.

men me net vol - zù. 2. O Ro - zi - na, mi sont
less you care for me. 2. O Ro - si - na, I am

colla parte

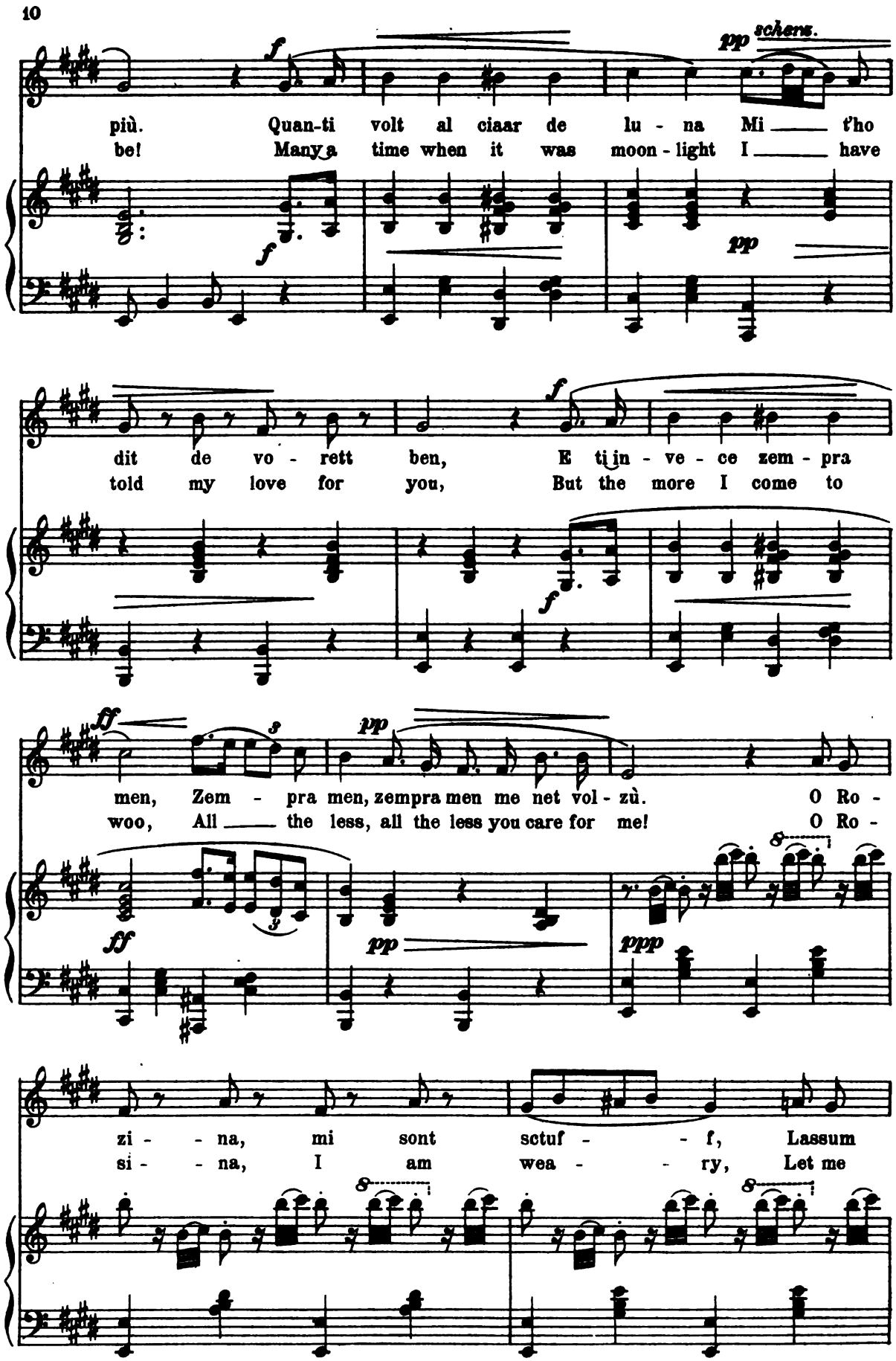
pp legato

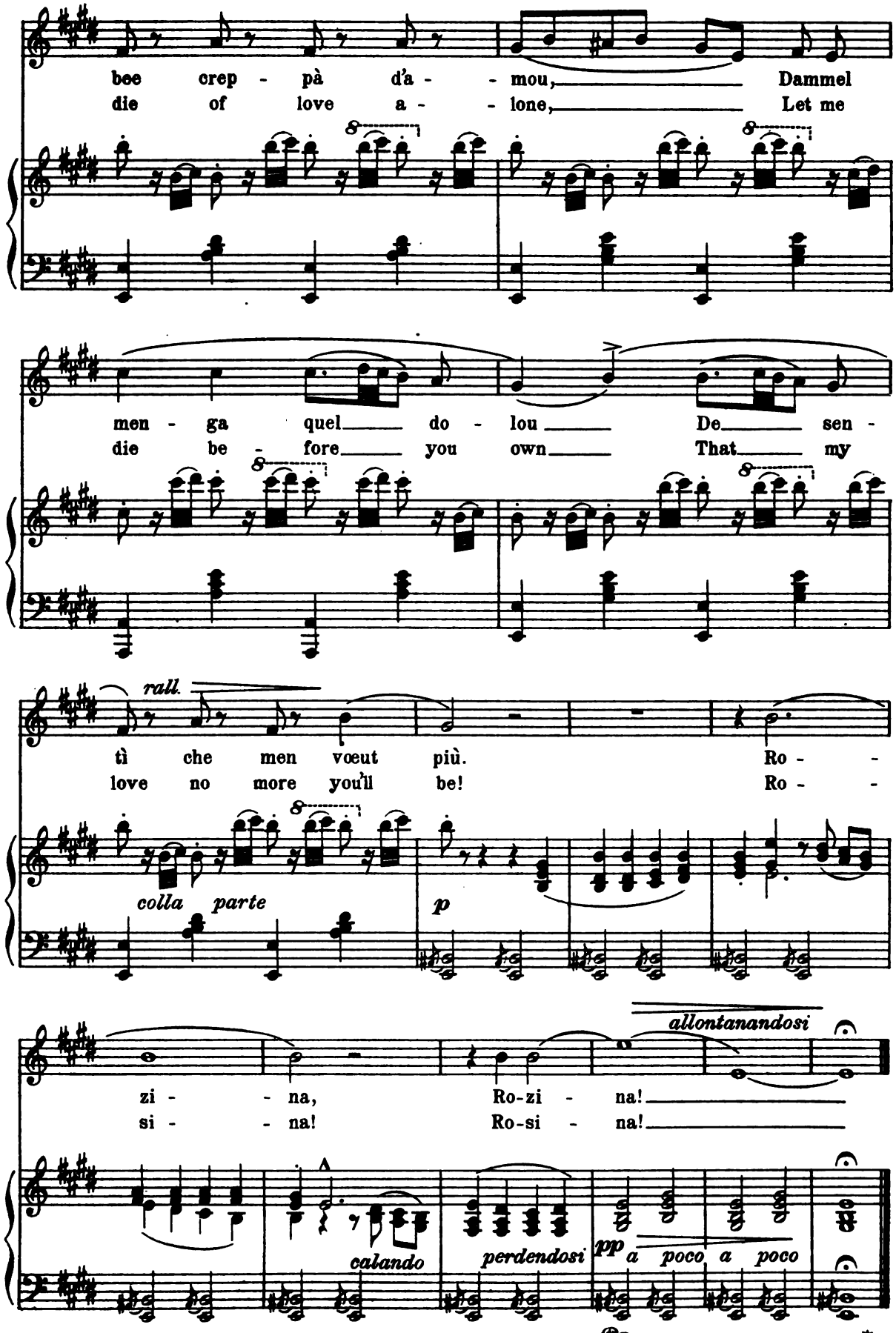
sctuf - - f, Lassum bee crep - pà d'a - mou, Dammel
wea - - ry, Let me die of love a - lone, Let me

rall.

men - ga quel do - lou De sen - tì che men vœut
die be - fore you own That my love no more you'll

colla parte


f
pp scherz.
più. Quan-ti volt al ciaar de lu - na Mi t'ho
be! Many a time when it was moon - light I have
f
pp
dit de vo - rett ben, E ti in - ve - ce zem - pra
told my love for you, But the more I come to
f
ff
pp
men, Zem - pra men, zempra men me net vol - zù. O Ro -
woo, All the less, all the less you care for me! O Ro -
ff
pp
ppp
zi - na, mi sont sctuf - f, Lassum
si - na, I am wea - ry, Let me


bee crep - pà d'a - - mou, Dammel
die of love a - - lone, Let me
men - ga quel do - lou De sen -
die be - fore you own That my
rall.
tì che men vœut più. Ro - -
love no more you'll be! Ro - -
colla parte
p
allontanandosi
zi - - na, Ro-zi - na!
si - - na! Ro-si - na!
calando
perdendosi
pp
a poco a poco

La Peppinetta. | Peppinetta.

Milan (Lombardy).

For one or two voices.

Transcription by Giulio Ricordi.

Allegro.

5.

p armonioso

col Ped.

p

1. Che bel mof - fin la Pep - pi - net - ta, Cor - po de di - a, vui fagh l'a -
1. What a sweet face has Pep - pi - net - ta! Bod - y o' me! if she on - ly were

p

mor! La lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la la la la
mine! La lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la la la la

lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la la! Che ca - ra
lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la la! She is a

to - sa al - le - gra, scet-ta, L'è ona bel - lez - za, l'è on ver te - sor.
dear, I can-not for - get her, Live-ly and love-ly, tru - ly di - vine!

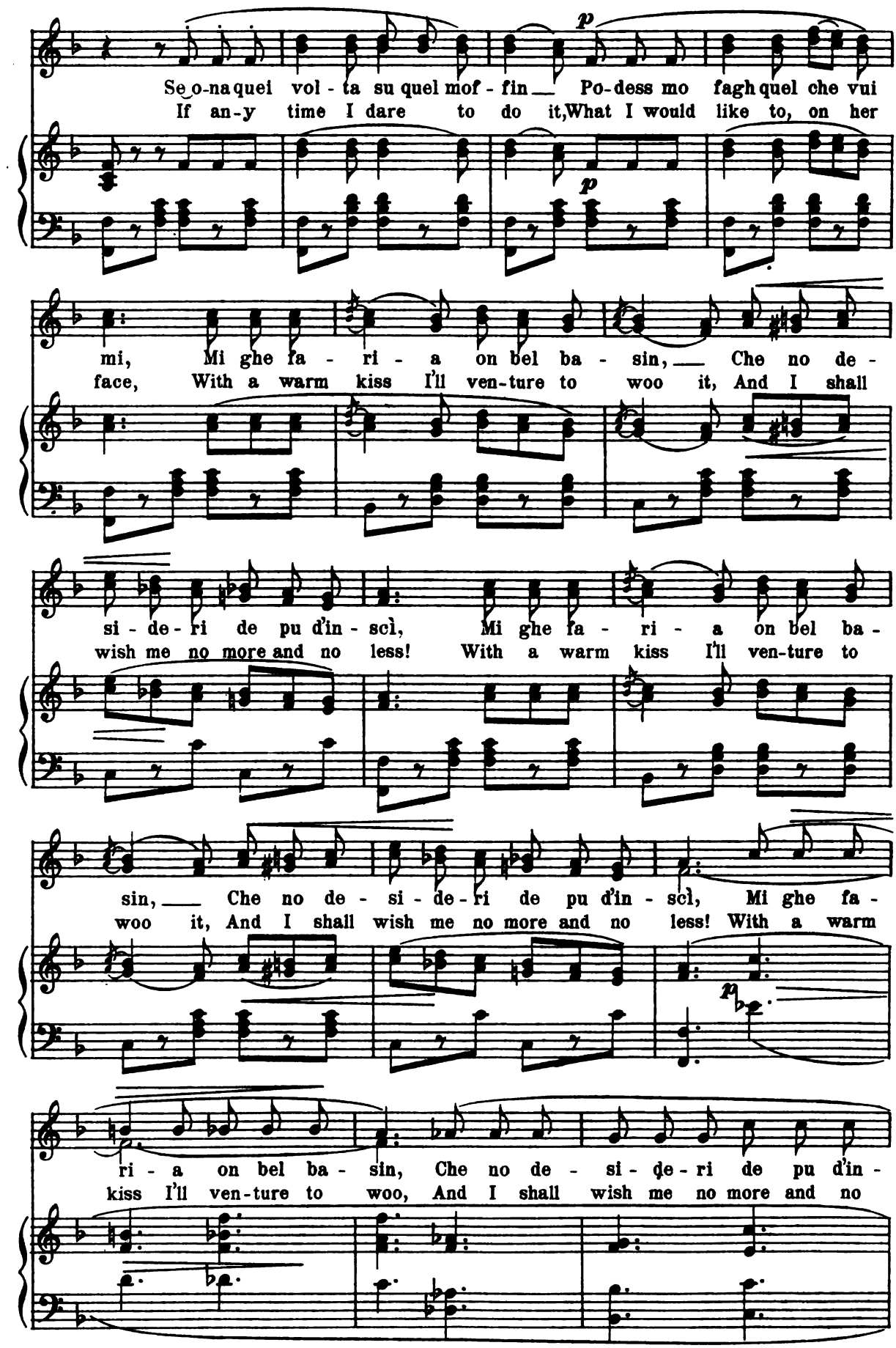
p

La la lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la
La la lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la

la la la lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la
la la la lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la

la!
la!

p


Se o-na quei vol - ta su quel mof - fin Po-dess mo fagh quel che vui
If an-y time I dare to do it, What I would like to, on her
mi, Mi ghe fa - ri - a on bel ba - sin, Che no de -
face, With a warm kiss I'll ven-ture to woo it, And I shall
si - de - ri de pu d'in - scì, Mi ghe fa - ri - a on bel ba -
wish me no more and no less! With a warm kiss I'll ven-ture to
sin, Che no de - si - de - ri de pu d'in - scì, Mi ghe fa -
woo it, And I shall wish me no more and no less! With a warm
ri - a on bel ba - sin, Che no de - si - de - ri de pu d'in -
kiss I'll ven-ture to woo, And I shall wish me no more and no

scì, Mi ghe fa - ri - a on bel ba - sin, Che no de -
less! With a warm kiss I'll ven - ture to woo, And I shall

si - de - ri de pu d'in - scì, d'in - scì, d'in - scì, d'in - scì, d'in -
wish me no more and no less, no less, no less, no less, no

f

p

scì. La la lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la
less! La la lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la

p

la la la lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la
la la la lie - ra la la la lie - ra la la la la la la la la la

ff

la la la la la la la la la!
la la la la la la la la la!

ff

f

La Smortina. | The Pale Girl.

Milan (Lombardy).

Transcription by
Giulio Ricordi.

Andante sostenuto.

6.

pp

1. T'ho la-
1. Now I've

scia-to, e son con-ten-to, Non m'in-cre-sce ni-en-te, nien-te; Al-tro
left you, I feel so hap-py, And my heart nev-er beats un-steady, I've an-

gio-vi-ne ho già in men-te Più bel-li-no as-sai di te. 2. Più bel-
oth-er in mind al-read-y, Who's a far fin-er lad than you. 2. He is

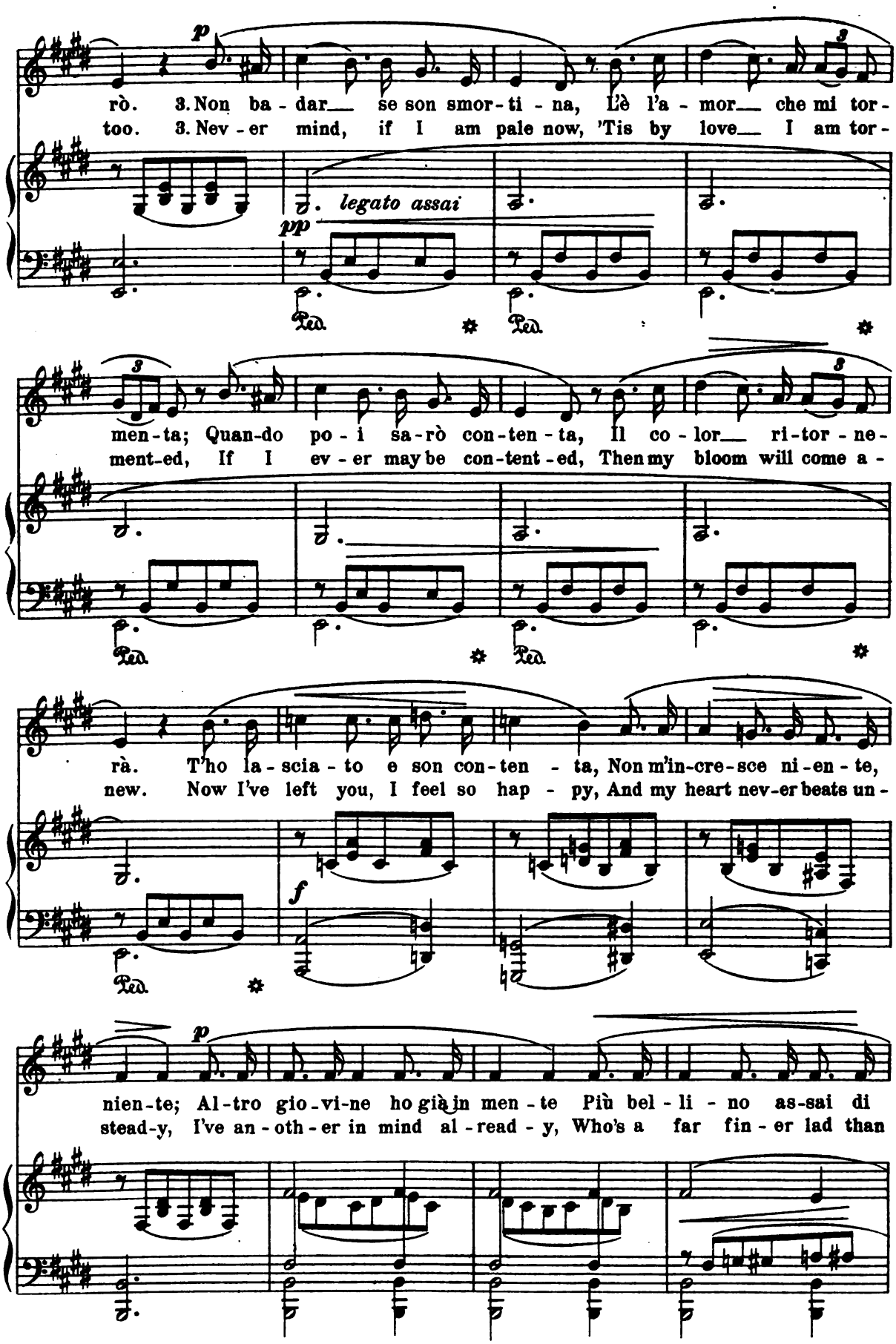
li - no e più ga - lan - te, Più co - stan - te nel - l'a -
fin - er and more at - ten - tive, As a lov - er he is

mo - re; Gli ho do - na - to tutto il mio co - re, Fin - chè vi - vo l'a - me -
tru - er, All my heart I have giv'n my woo - er, While I live, I'll love him,

cresc.

rò. Più bel - li - no e più ga - lan - te, Più co - stan - te nel - l'a -
too. He is fin - er and more at - ten - tive, As a lov - er he is

mor; Gli ho do - na - to tutto il mio co - re, Fin - chè vi - vo io l'a - me -
tru - er, All my heart I have giv'n my woo - er, While I live, I'll love him,


p
rò. 3. Non ba - dar se son smor - ti - na, L'è l'a - mor che mi tor -
too. 3. Nev - er mind, if I am pale now, 'Tis by love I am tor -
legato assai
pp
men - ta; Quan - do po - i sa - rò con - ten - ta, Il co - lor ri - tor - ne -
ment - ed, If I ev - er may be con - tent - ed, Then my bloom will come a -
rà. T'ho la - scia - to e son con - ten - ta, Non m'in - cre - sce ni - en - te,
new. Now I've left you, I feel so hap - py, And my heart nev - er beats un -
f
p
nien - te; Al - tro gio - vi - ne ho già in men - te Più bel - li - no as - sai di
stead - y, I've an - oth - er in mind al - read - y, Who's a far fin - er lad than

pp

te. Non ba - dar se son smor - ti - na, L'è l'a - mor che mi tor-
you. Nev - er mind, if I am pale now, 'Tis by love I am tor-

pp e ben legato sin' al fine

men - ta; Quan - do po - i sa - rò con - ten - ta, Il co - lor ri - tor - ne-
mented, If I ev - er may be con - tent - ed, Then my bloom will come a -

pp

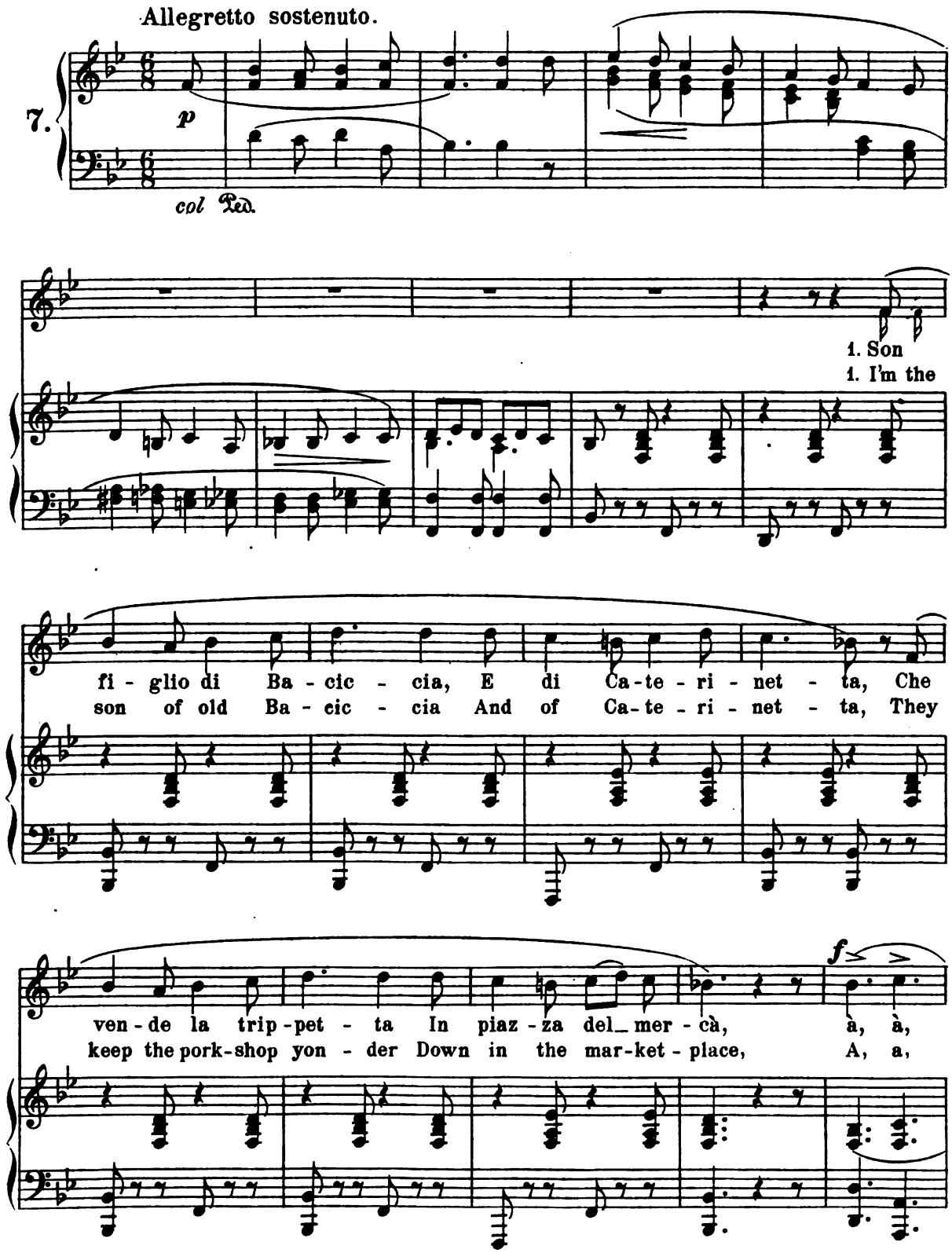
rà, ri - tor - ne - rà, ri - tor - ne - rà.
new, will come a - new, will come a - new.

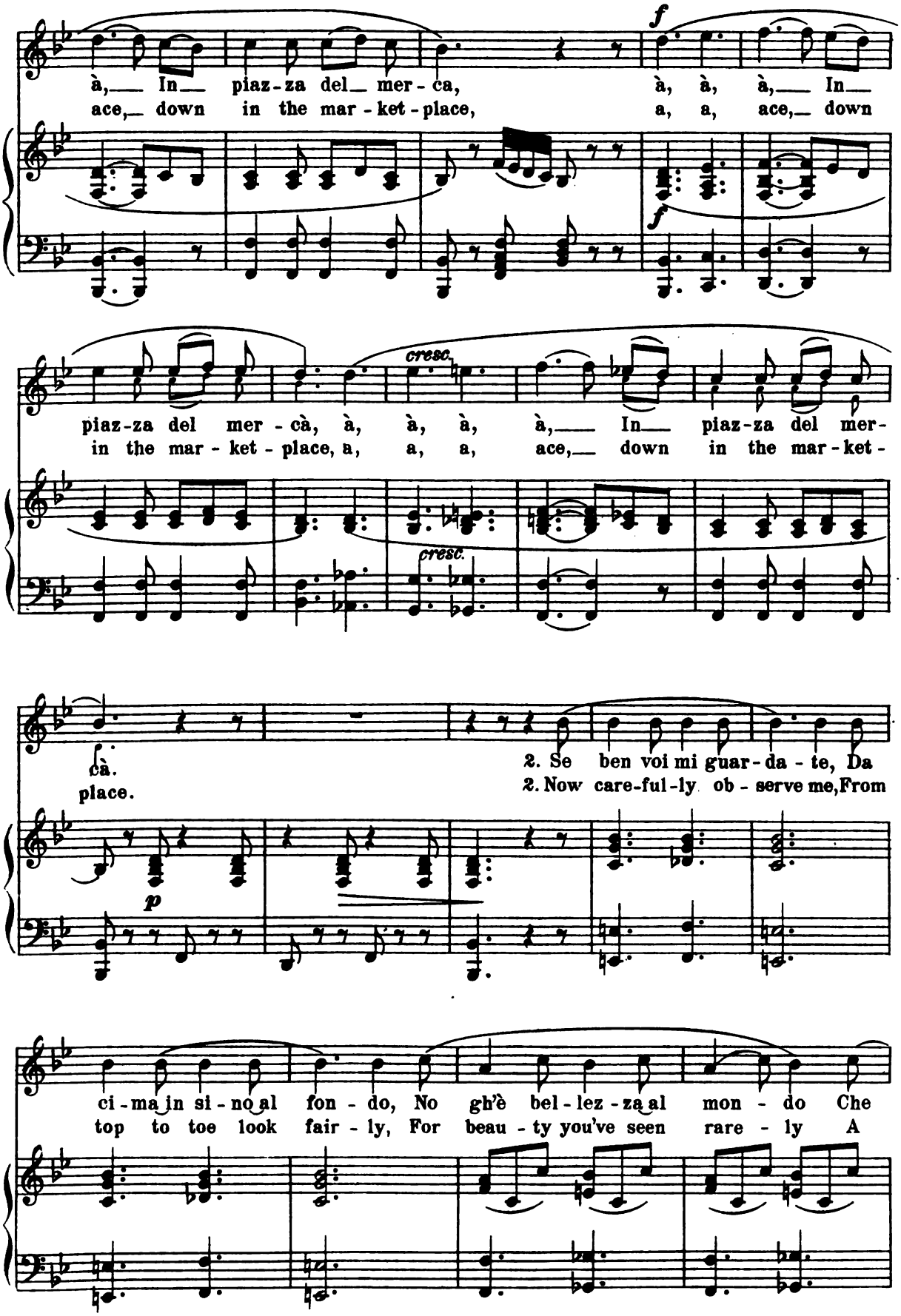
pp

"Son figlio di Baciccia.„ | "I'm the son of old Baciccia."

English version by
Maria X. Hayes.

Milan (Lombardy).




f
à, In piaz-za del mer-ca, à, à, à, In
ace, down in the mar-ket-place, a, a, ace, down
f
cresc.
piaz-za del mer-cà, à, à, à, à, In piaz-za del mer-
in the mar-ket-place, a, a, a, ace, down in the mar-ket-
cresc.
cà.
place.
2. Se ben voi mi guar-da-te, Da
2. Now care-ful-ly ob-serve me, From
p
ci-ma in si-no al fon-do, No gh'è bel-lez-za al mon-do Che
top to toe look fair-ly, For beau-ty you've seen rare-ly A

ras - so - mi - gli a me,
youth to match with me,

f

f

è, è, è, Che ras - so - mi - gli a me,
Ee, ee, ee, a youth to match with me,

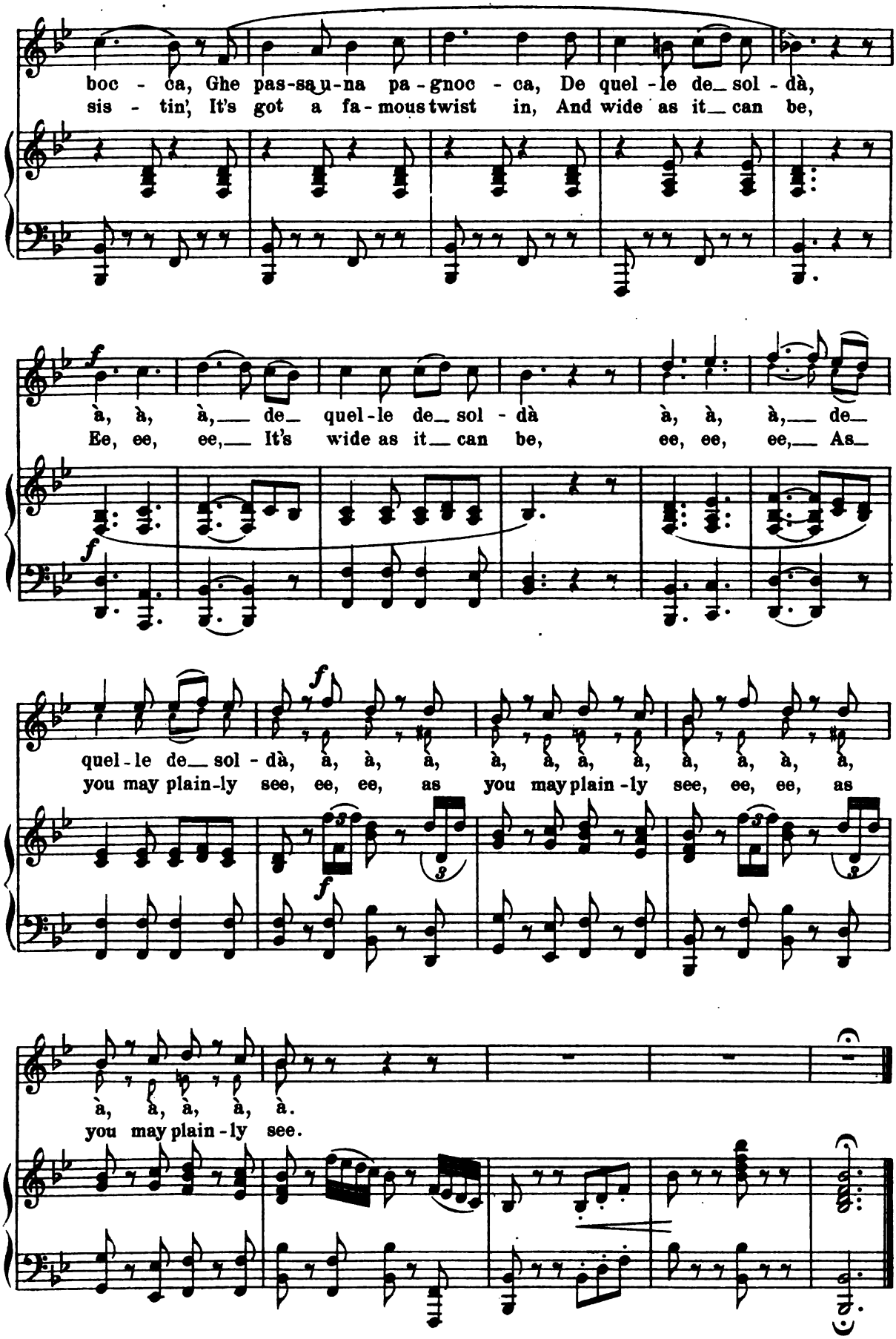
cresc.

è, è, è, Che ras - so - mi - gli a me.
ee, ee, ee, a youth to match with me.

cresc.

p

3 Tut - te le mie bel - lez - ze Con - si - ston nel - la
3. My beau - ty does con - sist in A mouth there's no re -


boc - ca, Ghe pas-sau-na pa-gnoc - ca, De quel - le de_ sol - dà,
sis - tin', It's got a fa-mous twist in, And wide as it_ can be,
f
à, à, à,_ de_ quel-le de_ sol - dà à, à, à,_ de_
Ee, ee, ee,_ It's wide as it_ can be, ee, ee, ee,_ As_
f
quel-le de_ sol - dà, à, à, à, à, à, à, à, à, à, à, à,
you may plain-ly see, ee, ee, as you may plain-ly see, ee, ee, as
f
à, à, à, à, à.
you may plain-ly see.

La Pastorella. | The Shepherdess.

English version by
Maria X. Hayes.

Milan (Lombardy).

Andantino con brio.

8.

p

1. Ah-i, me-schi-na pa-sto-rel-la, Po-ve-rel-la ed in-fe-li-ce! Vo' ten-ta-re, o ge-ni-tri-ce, Di re-car-mi al-la cit-tà.

1. A shepherd-ess, my sor-rows pit-y, Vain-ly I try my grief to smoth-er, My fortune I will tempt, dear Moth-er, To the cit-y I will hie.

f cresc.

Tra la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la la la, tra la la la la,

Tra la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la la la, tra la la la la,

f cresc.

p cresc.

tra la la la la, tra la la la la la. 2 La cit-tà la di-con lie-ta,
tra la la la la, tra la la la la la. 2 All is gay with-in the cit-y,

p cresc.

dim. *cresc.*

Cer-ta me-ta a gemme e o-no-ri; Vo' cer-car fra
Gems and hon-ors, wealth and plea-sures, I will seek 'mid

dim. *cresc.*

quei te-so-ri Pur la mia fe-li-ci-tà.
all those trea-sures The hap-pi-ness for which I sigh.

dim. *f*

f cresc.

Tra la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la la la, tra la la la la,
Tra la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la la la, tra la la la la,

f cresc.

tra la la la la, tra la la la la la. Ma se fo-la è quel te - so-ro, Se quel-
tra la la la la, tra la la la la la. Should it be an empty sto-ry, Should that

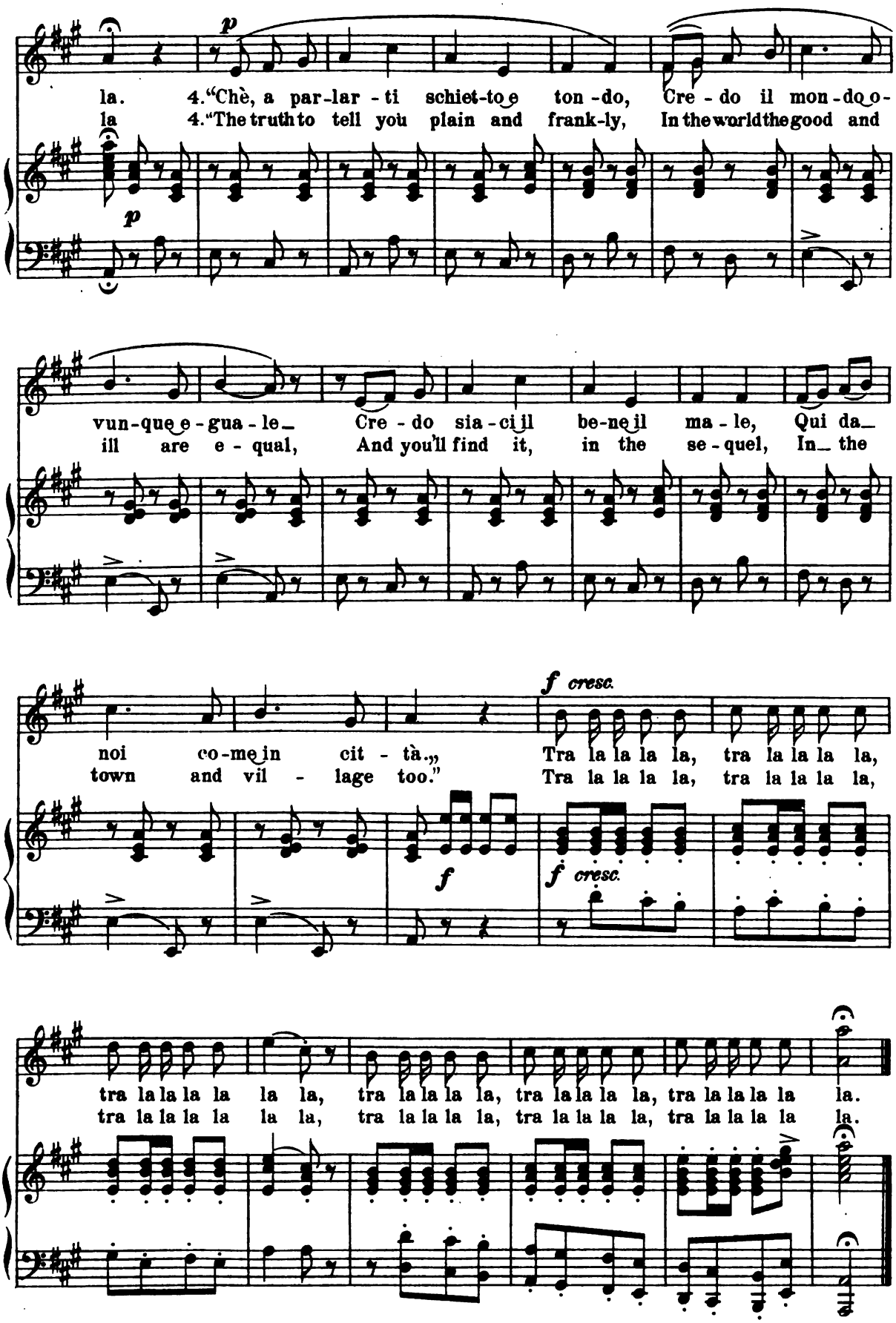
l'o - ro fos-se or - pel-lo, Il mo - de - sto mio pa - e - sel - lo
gold be tin - sel on - ly, Then my vil - lage, tho'poor and lone-ly,

cresc.

Me - no tri - ste mi ve - drà. Tra la la la la, tra la la la la,
More con - tent-ed I shall view. Tra la la la la tra la la la la

cresc.

tra la la la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la,
tra la la la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la,


p
la. 4."Chè, a par-lar - ti schiet-to e ton-do, Cre - do il mon-do o-
la 4."The truth to tell you plain and frank-ly, In the world the good and
p
vun-que e-gua-le Cre - do sia-ci il be-ne il ma - le, Qui da
ill are e - qual, And you'll find it, in the se - quel, In the
f cresc.
noi co-me in cit - tà." Tra la la la la, tra la la la la,
town and vil - lage too." Tra la la la la, tra la la la la,
f
f cresc.
tra la la la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la la.
tra la la la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la la la la la.

La Moraschina. | The Brunette.

Milan (Lombardy).

English version by
Maria X. Hayes

For one or two voices.

Andantino.

9.

p

La Mo-ra-schi-na la-va al-la ron-gia, La-va al-la ron-gia a re-sen-
The nut-brown maid-en stood in the streamlet, The snow white lin-en therein to

tà, E pas-sa vi-a on ca-va-lie-re, Che giò un sas-set-to el gha ti-
lave, A ca-va-lier, who that way was pass-ing, A peb-ble light-ly threw in the

rà. "Ch'el sta-ga fer-mo, sur ca-va-lie-re, Che tut-ta l'ac-qua la in-tor-bo-
wave. "Pray, what a-musc-ment can you dis-cov-er In thus dis-turb-ing the wa-ter

cresc.

rà?„ Ch'el sta-ga fer - mo, sur ca - va - lie - re, Che tut - ta l'ac - qua la intor - bo -
here?" Pray, what a-muse-ment can you dis - cov - er In thus dis-turb - ing the wa - ter

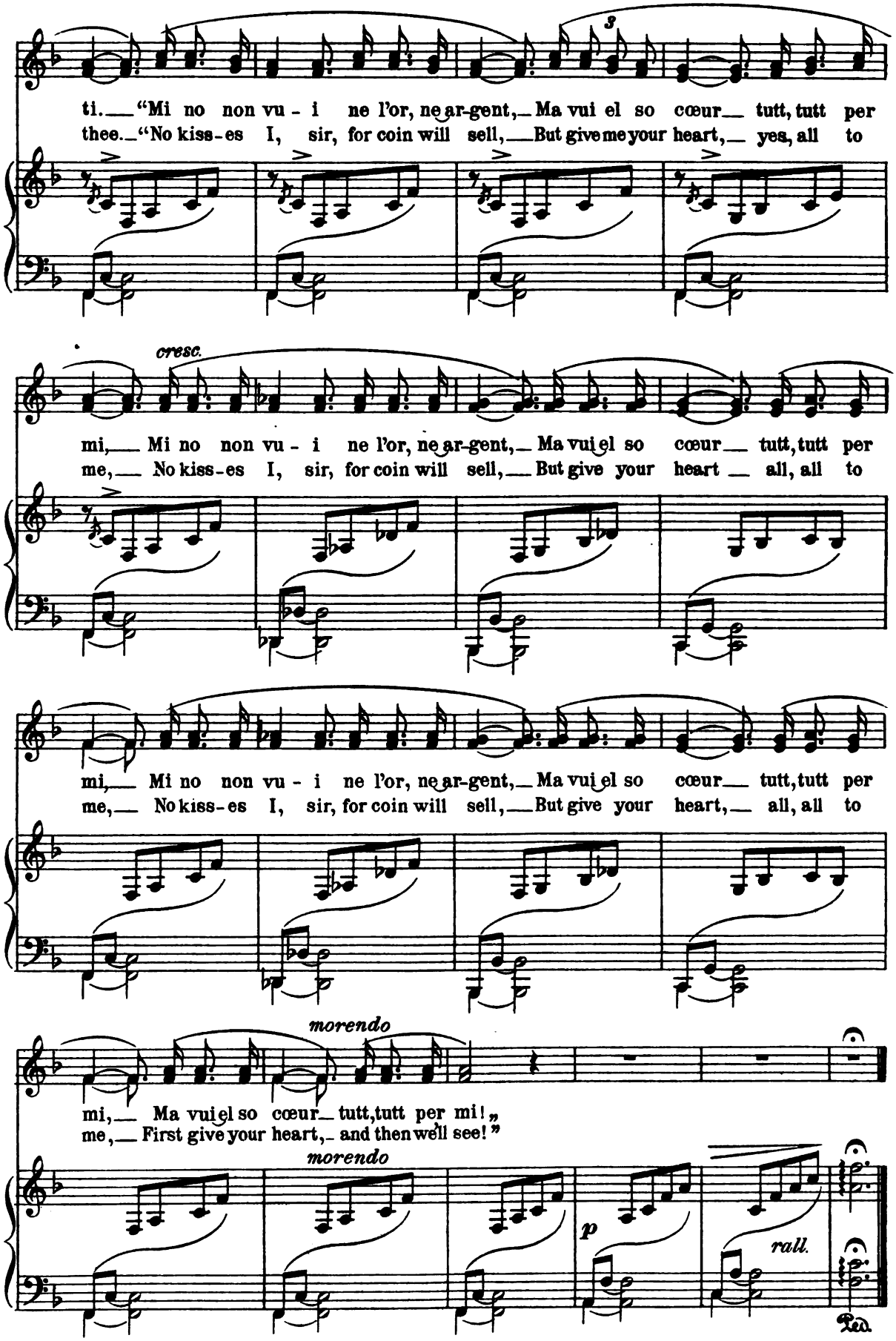
rà? Ben ven des - so - ra, o Mo - ra - schi - na, Fin tant che l'ac - qua se scia - ri -
here? Come sit be - side me, thou nut-brown maid-en, Un-til the wa - ter a-gain grows

cresc.

rà, Ben ven des - so - ra, o Mo - ra - schi - na, Fin tant che l'ac - qua se scia - ri -
clear, Come sit be - side me, thou nut-brown maid-en, Un-til the wa - ter a-gain grows

cresc.

rà. Mi te da - ri - a due cen - to scu - di Un so - lo ba - cio a - ver da
clear. And I will give thee bright crowns two hun - dred If I may have one sweet kiss of


ti. "Mi no non vu - i ne l'or, ne ar-gent, Ma vui el so cœur tutt, tutt per
thee. "No kiss-es I, sir, for coin will sell, But give me your heart, yes, all to
cresc.
mi, Mi no non vu - i ne l'or, ne ar-gent, Ma vui el so cœur tutt, tutt per
me, No kiss-es I, sir, for coin will sell, But give your heart all, all to
mi, Mi no non vu - i ne l'or, ne ar-gent, Ma vui el so cœur tutt, tutt per
me, No kiss-es I, sir, for coin will sell, But give your heart, all, all to
morendo
mi, Ma vui el so cœur tutt, tutt per mi! "
me, First give your heart, and then we'll see! "
morendo
p
rall.

La Biondina di Voghera. | The Fair Maid of Voghera.

English version by Maria X. Hayes.

Voghera (Lombardy).

Andante mosso.

10.

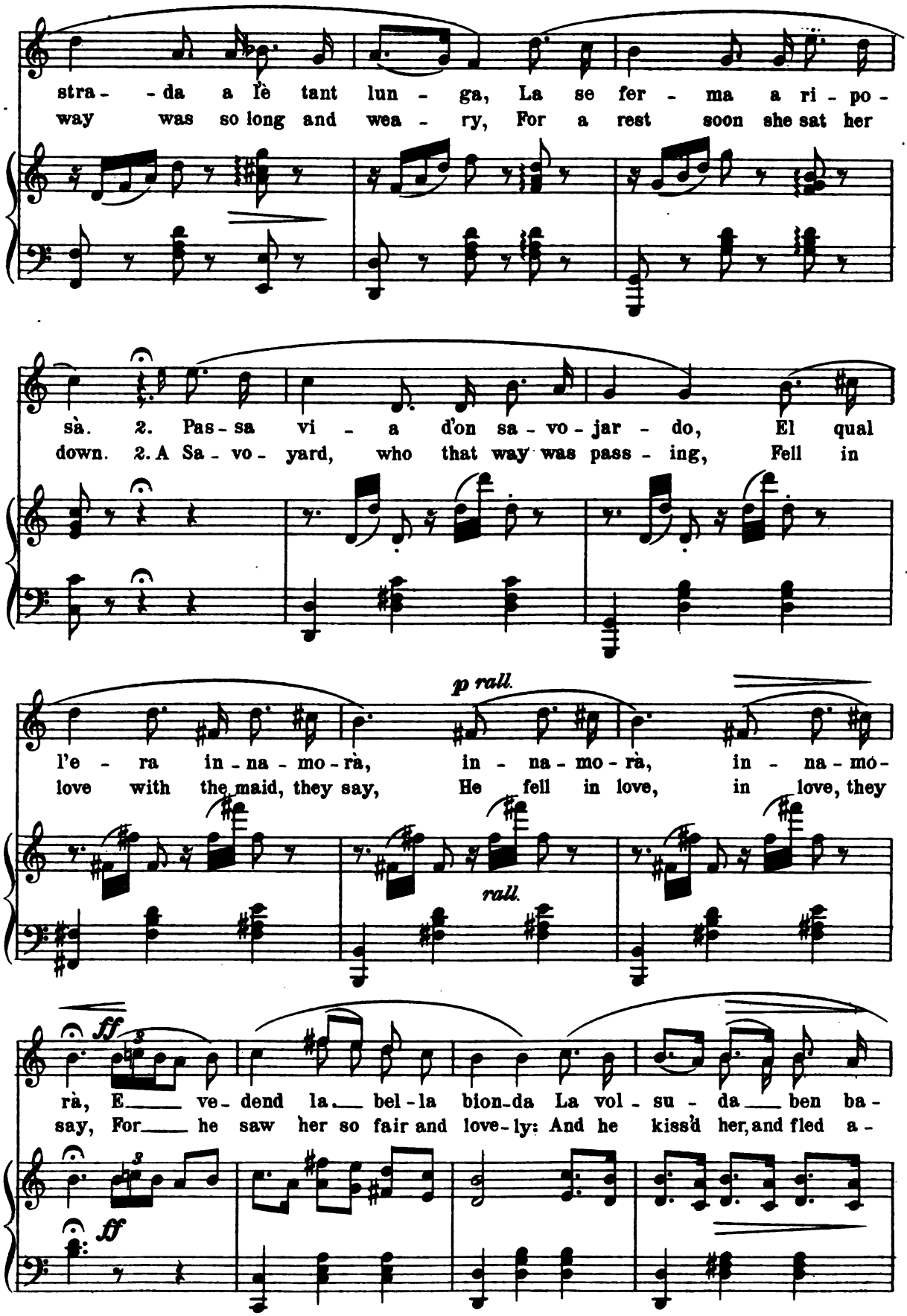
p

cresc.

pp

1. La Bion-di- - na di Vo-
1. 'Twas the beau- - ty of Vo-

ghe- - ra Giò per l'er- - ba se ne va; Ma la
ghe - ra Came thro' mead- - ows from the town, But the


stra - da a lè tant lun - ga, La se fer - ma a ri - po -
way was so long and wea - ry, For a rest soon she sat her
sà. 2. Pas - sa vi - a d'on sa - vo - jar - do, El qual
down. 2. A Sa - vo - yard, who that way was pass - ing, Fell in
p rall.
l'e - ra in - na - mo - rà, in - na - mo - rà, in - na - mo -
love with the maid, they say, He fell in love, in love, they
rall.
ff
rà, E ve - dend la bel - la bion - da La vol - su - da ben ba -
say, For he saw her so fair and love - ly: And he kiss'd her, and fled a -
ff

sà, Sì, ben ba - sà, sì, ben ba - sà, sì, la vol - su - - da ben ba -
way, he fled a - way, he fled a - way, and then he kiss'd her, and fled a -

sà.
way.

cresc. *rall.* *dim.*

a tempo 3

3. Sem - per pœu al - la bel - la bion - - da, Quand per
3. Still the pret - - ty, fair- - hair'd maid- - - - en, When she

a tempo *p leggiero*

l'er - - ba se ne va, Ghe ven in ment quel sa - vo -
'treads those fields, they say, Sighs when think - ing of that

jar - do Che l'a - vea in - scì ben ba - sà, Ghe ven in
Sa - vo-yard, He who kiss'd her, and fled a - way, Sighs when

Ped.

ment quel sa - vo - jar - do Che l'a - vea in - scì ben ba-
think - - ing of that Sa - vo - yard, He who kiss'd her, and fled a -

p

sà, In - scì ben ba - sà, in - scì ben ba-
way, who fled far a - way, who fled far a -

pp *rall.*

sà, ba - sà, ba - sà.
way, who fled a - way.

pp *armonioso* *pp*

Ped. *smorzando*

Catina bellina. | Pretty Kathrin.

Venice.

Allegretto.

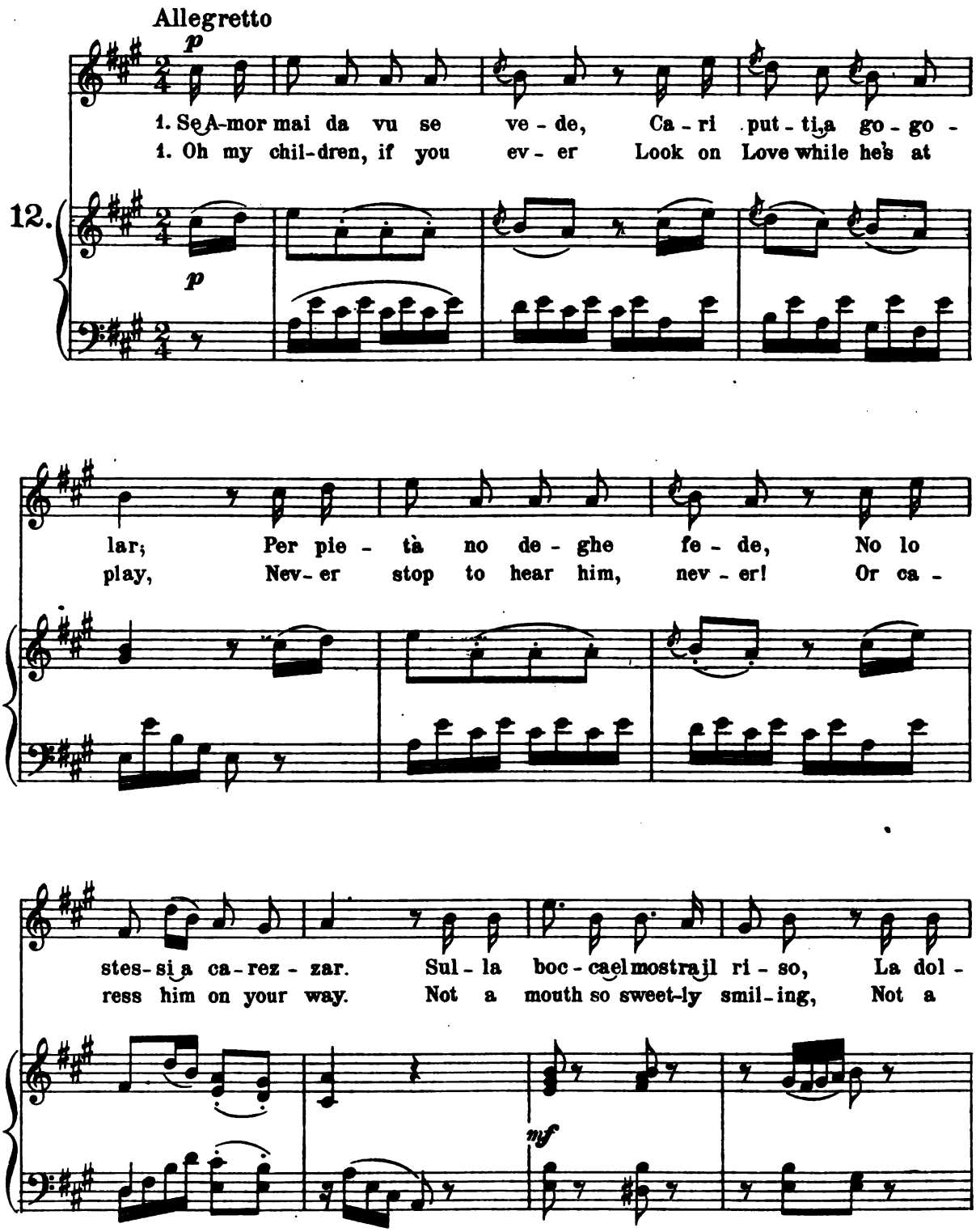
11.

Ca - ti - na bel - li - na, Gra - zio - sa vu sè, So quel che vo - lè, Ma, ca - ra, ma, ca - ra, sto cor, No a - scol - ta più a - mor. L'ha trop - po sen - ti - o, L'è un cor de - sco - ni - o, No gh'è più quel bal - sa - mo, no. Ca - ti - na, ca - pi?

Ah Kath-rin, pret-ty Kath-rin, You're charming in-deed! I know what you need: But, dar-ling, but dar-ling, this heart Is deaf to Love's art, Too well I have felt it, Now Love can not melt it, No bal-sam can heal it, ah me! Ah! Kate, do you see?

"Se Amor mai da vu se vede.,, | "If you ever look on Love."

Venice.



cez - za sul suo vi - so; Ma col ri - der sul - la
face that's so be - guil - ing: Tho' his lips are wreath'd in

p

boc - ca El ve piz - zi - ca, ve piz - zi - ca, ve toc - ca, E fra
laugh-ter, He will stab you to the heart a min - ute af - ter, Like a

mf *p* *mf*

mez - zo al - le ca - rez - ze, Mil - le dar - di, mil - le frez - ze Quel fur -
thousand point-ed ar - rows His ca - ress - es pierce your mar - rows, Till the

poco cresc. *p*

baz - zo sa mi - sciar, Quel fur - baz - zo sa mi - sciar.
rogue has caught his prey, till the rogue has caught his prey.

"SE AMOR MAI DA VU SE VEDE."

1.

Se Amor mai da vu se vede,
Cari putti, a gogolar,
Per pietà no deghe fede,
No lo stessi a carezzar.
Sulla bocca el mostra il riso,
La dolcezza sul suo viso;
Ma col rider sulla bocca
El ve pizzica, ve tocca,
E fra mezzo alle carezze
Mille dardi, mille frezze
|: Quel furbazzo sa misciar. :|

2.

Saven come me l'ha fatto
A chiapparmi sto briccon?
El s'ha messo come un gatto
Quacchio quacchio in cuffolon.
L'aspetta ch'un dì Ninetta
Me contasse una fiabetta,
Mi credendo esser in porto,
De colù non m'avea accorto,
E la vien per la drio via,
Chiappa, strenze e mena via,
|: Nè val pianto, nè rason. :|

"IF YOU EVER LOOK ON LOVE."

1.

Oh, my children, if you ever
Look on Love while he 's at play,
Never stop to hear him, never!
Or caress him on your way.
Not a mouth so sweetly smiling,
Not a face that 's so beguiling:
Tho' his lips are wreath'd in laughter,
He will stab you to the heart a minute after;
Like a thousand pointed arrows
His caresses pierce your marrows,
|: Till the rogue has caught his prey. :|

2.

Have I told you how he caught me
When he gave my heart this wound?
How he slily creeping sought me
Like a cat upon the ground?
I was list'ning to a story
That Ninetta was relating,
And I never thought to worry,
For I did not see him waiting:
Then he softly came behind me,
And so tightly he did bind me,
|: That relief I 've never found! :|

"Oh, pescator dell'onda.„ | "Oh, fisher in the ocean."

Venice.

Barcarole.

Andantino.

p

1. "Oh, pe-sca-tor del-l'on-da, Fi-de-lin! Oh, pe-sca-tor del-l'on-da, Fi-de-lin! Vie-ni a pe-scar in qua!„ Col-la bel-la su-a bar-ca, Col-la bel-la se ne va, Fi-de-lin, lin, là.

1. Oh fish-er in the o-cean, Fi-de-lin! Oh fish-er in the o-cean, Fi-de-lin! Come fish a-while by me! In his dain-ty boat a-ply-ing He is fly-ing o'er the sea, fly-ing o'er the sea!

13.

dolce

poco riten.

poco riten.

"OH PESCATOR DELL'ONDA."

1.

|: Oh pescator dell'onda,
Fidelin !:|
Vieni a pescar in qua !
Colla bella sua barca,
Colla bella se ne va,
Fidelin, lin, là.

2.

|: Che cosa vuol, ch'io peschi?
Fidelin !:|
L'anel che m'è cascà !
Colla bella sua barca, ecc.

3.

|: Ti darò cento scudi,
Fidelin !:|
Sta borsa ricamà.
Colla bella sua barca, ecc.

"OH FISHER IN THE OCEAN."

1.

|: Oh fisher in the ocean,
Fidelin !:|
Come fish awhile by me !
In his dainty boat a-plying
He is flying o'er the sea,
Flying o'er the sea !

2.

|: What shall I catch beside you,
Fidelin ?:|
My ring I've lost a-lee !
In his dainty boat a-plying, etc.

3.

|: I 'll give a hundred scudi,
Fidelin !:|
Yours this gay purse shall be !
In his dainty boat a-plying, etc.

A Nina. | To Nina.

Venice.

English version by
Maria X. Hayes.

Andantino quasi allegretto.

14.

mf

Quel dì che te go vi - sto, Quel
That day when first I saw thee, That

pp

dì che ti m'ha pias - so, Mi no go fa-to un pas - so Ma no so sta più
day thou didst so please me, I find no balm to ease me, I'm not myself, d'ye

mi. No go pen-sa al to sta - to, No go cer - cà el to
see. I think not of thy sta - tion, Thy name has not been

no - me, No go sa - ve - sto co - me Me so tro - và con ti. So
told me, I seek but to be - hold thee, And find my-self near thee. Two

con

molta espressione

che ti gà do o - ci, Che di - xe tan - te co - se: So
eyes hast thou so love - ly, So man - y things ex - press - ing: The

2da volta

che ti gà u - na vo - se, Che can - ta fi - na al "si" O
sweet-est voice pos - sess - ing, That sings as high as "si." Wert

na - ta da u - na zin - ga - na, O fia de u - na re - gi - na, El
thou of Gyp - sy or - i - gin, Or born of lin - eage roy - al, My

cuor t'ha di - to Ni - na, E ti ga da del "ti!„ Ti mi.— Se
heart would still be loy - al, And think of thee as "ti!" How me.— But

1. 2.

pp

ti xe do - na sen - ti - te, Qui, sul - la mia banchet - ta, Te me - ne - rò in bar-
if thou art a wo - man, dear, Ah, come and sit be - side me, Then o'er the wa - ter

chet - ta, E vo - ga - rò per ti.
glide we: Oh joy, to fly with thee!

lunga

A NINA.

1.

Quel dì che te go visto,
Quel dì che ti m'ha piasso,
Mi no go fato un passo
Ma no so sta più mi.

2.

No go pensà al to stato,
No go cercà el to nome,
No go savesto come
Me so trovà con ti.

3.

So che ti gà do oci,
Che dixe tante cose;
So che ti gà una vose
Che canta fino al "si.„

4.

O nata da una zingana,
O fia de una regina,
El cuor t'ha dito Nina,
E ti ga dà del "ti!„

5.

Ti pol mostrarte soto
Qualunque forma strana,
Metterte la sotana,
No vogio dir de chi.

6.

Un certo che me avisa,
Che ti me xe vicina,
So che ti xe la Nina,
Sento che ti xe ti.

7.

Nina, se ti xe un anzolo
Cascà da qualche stella,
Quando ti torni in quella,
Portime su anca mi.

8.

|:Se ti xe dona sentite,
Qua, sulla mia banchetta,
Te menarò in barchetta,
E vogarò per ti.:|

TO NINA.

1.

That day when first I saw thee,
That day thou didst so please me,
I find no balm to ease me,
I'm not myself, d'ye see.

2.

I think not of thy station,
Thy name has not been told me,
I seek but to behold thee,
And find myself near thee.

3.

Two eyes hast thou so lovely,
So many things expressing;
The sweetest voice possessing,
That sings as high as "si."

4.

Wert thou of Gipsy origin,
Or born of lineage royal,
My heart would still be loyal,
And think of thee as "ti!"

5.

Howe'er disguised thy form were,
However strange appearing,
Whatever garments wearing, —
Whose, I will not say here:

6.

If thou unseen wert near me,
Tho' no sign might reveal it,
Yet I should surely feel it,
That thou, my love, wert near.

7.

And if thou art an angel fair,
New-fallen from some star there,
When mounting up afar there,
Then with thee, dear, take me.

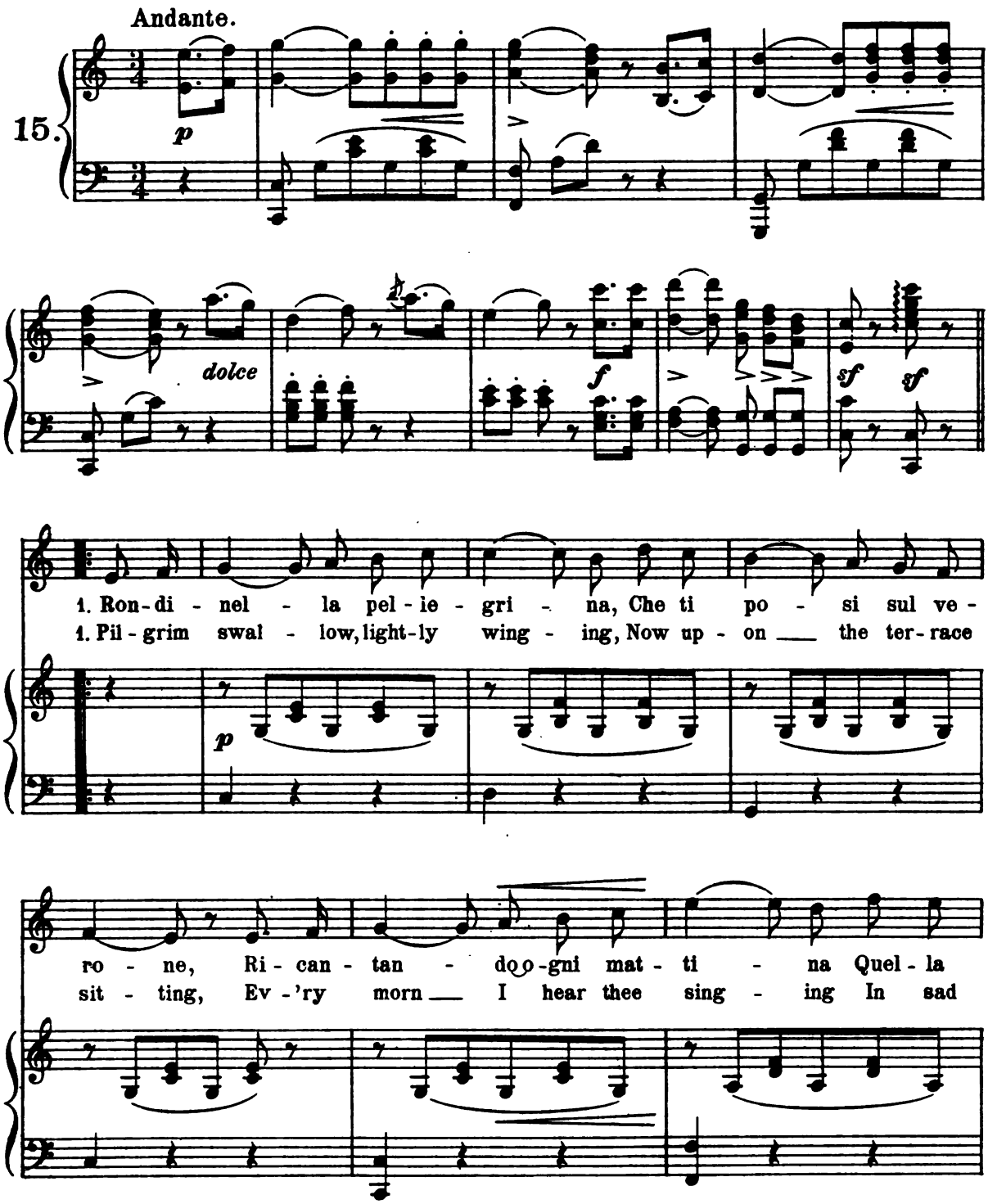
8.

|:But if thou art a woman, dear,
Ah, come and sit beside me,
Then o'er the water glide we:
Oh joy, to fly with thee!:|

La Rondinella. | The Swallow.

English version by.
Maria X. Hayes.

Tuscany.



fle - bi - le can - zo - ne, Che vuoi dir - mijn tua fa -
tones thy song re - peat - ing. What may be the tale thou'rt

p *dolce*

vel - la, Pel - le - gri - na ron - di - nel - la? Che vuoi
tell - ing, Pil - grim swal - low, near my dwell - ing? What may

dir - mijn tua fa - vel - la, Pel - le - gri - na ron - di - nel - la?
be the tale thou'rt tell - ing, Pil - grim swal - low, near my dwell - ing?

p *sf* *p*

dolce *f* *sf* *sf*

LA RONDINELLA.

1.

Rondinella pellegrina,
Che ti posi sul verone,
Ricantando ogni mattina
Quella flebile canzone,
|: Che vuoi dirmi in tua favella,
Pellegrina rondinella? :|

2.

Solitaria nell'oblio,
Dal tuo sposo abbandonata,
Piangi forse al pianto mio
Vedovetta sconsolata?
|: Piangi, piangi, in tua favella,
Pellegrina rondinella. :|

3.

Pur di me manco infelice
Tu alle penne almen t'affidi,
Scorri il lago, e la pendice,
Empi l'aria de tuoi gridi,
|: Tutto il giorno in tua favella
Lui chiamando, o rondinella! :|

4.

Oh se anch'io!... Ma lo contende
Questa bassa angusta volta,
Dove'l sole non risplende,
Dove l'aria ancor m'è tolta,
|: D'onde a te la mia favella
Giunge appena, o rondinella. :|

5.

Il Settembre innanzi viene
E a lasciarmi ti prepari:
Tu vedrai lontane arene,
Nuovi monti, nuovi mari,
|: Salutando in tua favella,
Pellegrina rondinella. :|

6.

Ed io tutte le mattine
Riaprendo gli occhi al pianto,
Fra le nevi e fra le brine
Crederò d'udir quel canto,
|: Onde par che in tua favella
Mi compianga, o rondinella. :|

7.

Una croce a primavera
Troverai su questo suolo:
Rondinella, in su la sera
Sovra lei raccogli il volo;
|: Dimmi pace in tua favella,
Pellegrina rondinella. :|

THE SWALLOW.

1.

Pilgrim swallow, lightly winging,
Now upon the terrace sitting,
Ev'ry morn I hear thee singing
In sad tones thy song repeating.
|: What may be the tale thou 'rt telling,
Pilgrim swallow, near my dwelling? :|

2.

In thy solitude abandoned,
By thy mate perchance forsaken,
Dost thou weep to see me weeping,
Gentle widow all heartbroken?
|: From thy tears relief I borrow,
Weep then, weep, thou pilgrim swallow. :|

3.

Thou art happier far than I am,
On free wing at least thou 'rt flying;
Over lake and breezy mountain,
Thou canst fill the air with crying
|: His dear name through cave and hollow:
Thou art free, thou pretty swallow. :|

4.

Were I free! — but 't is denied me —
This low roof my soul confineth,
E'en of air they have deprived me,
Here the bright sun never shineth;
|: From this murky dungeon hollow
Scarce my words can reach thee, swallow! :|

5.

Soon September will be coming,
Soon wilt thou prepare for leaving,
To far shores wilt thou be roaming,
O'er new seas and mountains cleaving.
|: O, thy flight could I but follow! —
Greet them for me, pilgrim swallow! :|

6.

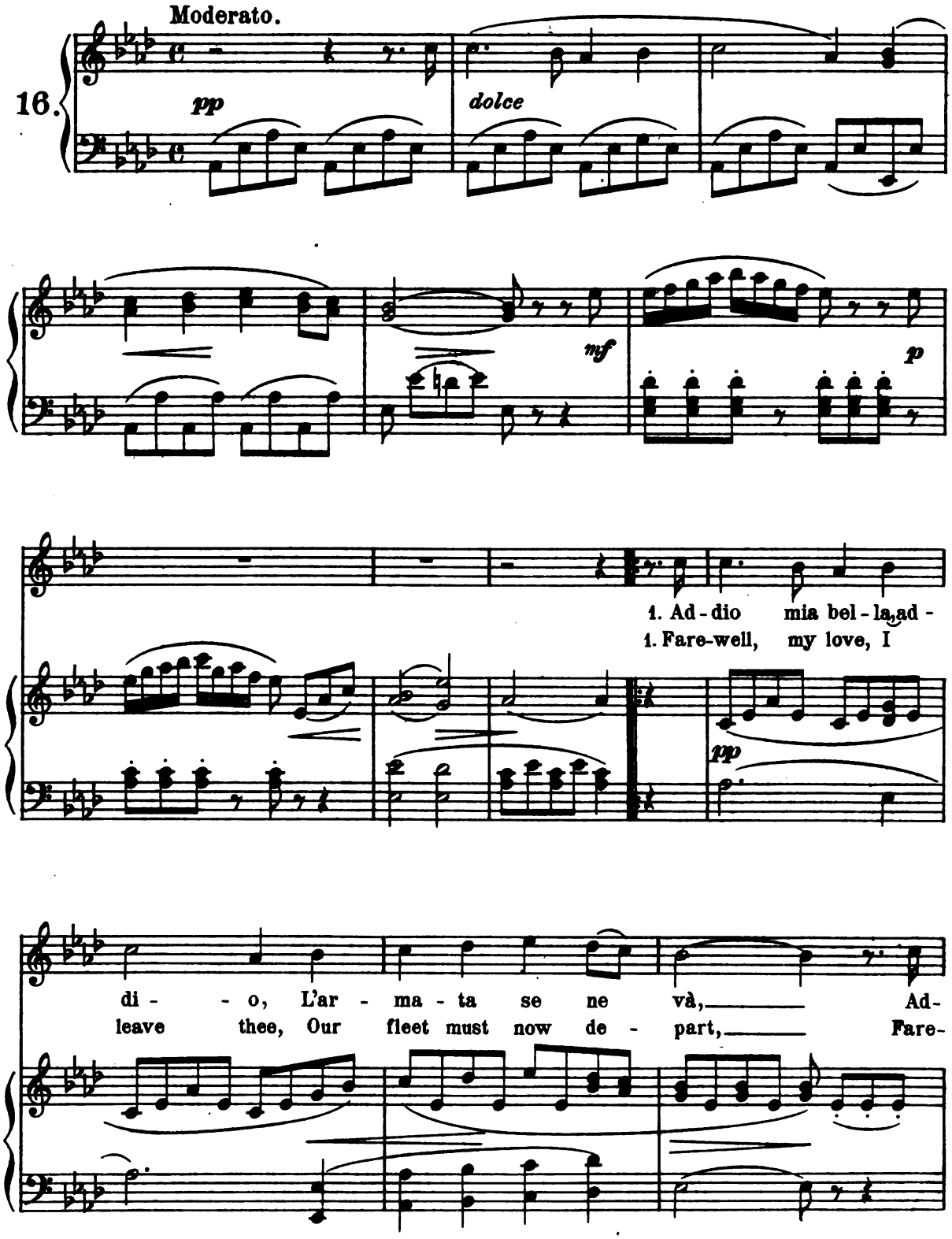
Here then ev'ry morn awaking,
In mine eyes will tears be springing,
'Mid the snow and frost so chilling
I shall deem I hear thee singing;
|: And 't will seem that in thy ditty
Thou art fain to tell thy pity. :|

7.

In the spring a cross so lonely
On this soil wilt thou find planted;
Swallow, in the shades of evening
Let my last poor wish be granted:
|: Circle round my narrow dwelling,
While thy song of peace is telling. :

L'Addio del Volontario. | The Volunteer's Farewell.

Florence (Tuscany).



dio mia bel - la, ad - di - o, L'ar - ma - ta se ne_
well, my love, I leave thee, Our fleet must now de -

và; _____ Se_ non par - tis - se an - ch'i - o, Sa - reb - be u -
part; _____ Should I not go, be - lieve me, 'Twould show a

na vil - - tà; _____ Se_ non par - tis - si an -
cow - - ard heart; _____ Should I not go, be -

mf

last time

ch'i - o, Sa - reb - be u - na vil - tà. _____
lieve me, 'Twould show a cow - ard heart. _____

cresc. *sf* *sf* *sf*

mf *p*

1 - 7. *last time*

L'ADDIO DEL VOLONTARIO.

1.

|: Addio, mia bella, addio,
L'armata se ne va, :|
|: Se non partissi anch'io,
Sarebbe una viltà. :|

2.

|: Il sacco e le pistole,
Lo schioppo io l'ho con me : :|
|: Allo spuntar del sole
Io partirò da te. :|

3.

|: Asciuga o bella il ciglio,
Sol dei codardi è il duol, :|
|: Chi dell'Italia è figlio
Muora pel patrio suol. :|

4.

|: Non è fraterna guerra,
La guerra ch'io farò, :|
|: Dall'italiana terra
L'estraneo scaccerò. :|

5.

|: Non pianger, mio tesoro,
Forse ritornerò, :|
|: E se in battaglia moro,
In ciel ti rivedrò. :|

6.

|: Alla mia tomba appresso,
La gloria sederà, :|
|: E invece del cipresso,
Un fior vi spunterà. :|

7.

|: Quel fiore, idolo amato,
I tre colori avrà, :|
|: Bacialo e di ch'è nato
In suol di libertà ! :|

8.

|: Si stracci il giallo e nero,
Simbolo del dolor, :|
|: E l'Italiano altero
Inalzi il tricolor ! :|

THE VOLUNTEER'S FAREWELL.

1.

|: Farewell, my love, I leave thee,
Our fleet must now depart ; :|
|: Should I not go, believe me,
'T would show a coward heart. :|

2.

|: My sack and my good pistols
And gun I take with me, :|
|: And at the dawn of morning
I must depart from thee. :|

3.

|: Then dry thy tears, my darling,
Grief is the coward's plea ; :|
|: To die is only duty
For sons of Italy. :|

4.

|: It is no civil warfare
I go forth to maintain, :|
|: It is to drive the alien[1]
From soil which now they stain. :|

5.

|: Then do not weep thus vainly,
I may return, my love ; :|
|: But if I'm slain in battle,
We 'll meet in heav'n above. :|

6.

|: And Fame will there be seated
Upon my glorious tomb, :|
|: And stead of mournful cypress,
A flower there will bloom. :|

7.

|: This flow'r, my well-beloved,
Will bear the colors three ; :|
|: Embrace it, for 't will spring from
A soil that will be free ! :|

8.

|: We 'll rend the black and yellow,[2]
Symbol of grief and dread, :|
|: Then raise we, proud Italians,
The green and white and red ![3] :|

[1] The Austrians. [2] The Austrian colors. [3] The Italian colors.

La Barchetta. | The Little Boat.

English version by
Maria X. Hayes.

Florence (Tuscany).

Allegretto.

17.

f

1. La bar - chet - ta che scor - re sul - l'on - de, S'av - vi -
1. Now the ves - sel that flies o'er the bil - low Is ap -

p

ci - na por - tan - do il mio be - ne, O con - ten - to! fi - ni - scon' le
proach-ing and brings home my lov - er, O what joy! soon all pain will be

pe - ne, Fra brev' o - ra il mio a-mor ri - ve - drò! Vien t'af -
o - ver, Soon a - gain my true love I shall see! Swift - ly

fret - ta ad ar - - ri - var, la la ra la la, Che t'a -
bring — him back — once more, la la ra la la, I a -

pp

spet - - to in ri - - va al mar, la la ra la la, Vien t'af -
wait — him on — the shore, la la ra la la, Swift - ly

p *pp*

fret - ta ad ar - ri - var, Che — t'a - spet - to in ri - va al mar. —
bring him back once more, I — a - wait him on the shore. —

p *f*

LA BARCHETTA.

1.

La barchetta che scorre sull'onde
S'avvicina portando il mio bene:
O contento! finiscon le pene,
Fra brev'ora il mio amor rivedrò!
|: Vien t'affretta ad arrivar,
La la ra la la la!
Che t'aspetto in riva al mar,
La la ra la la la! :|

2.

Egli riede ricolmo d'onori,
Conquistati sul campo di gloria,
Là qual prode il guidò la vittoria,
Qui al mio fianco l'adduce l'amor.
Vien t'affretta, ecc.

3.

Voga, voga oh barchetta veloce,
Sopra l'alghe del placido mare:
Corri, vola, non far più penare
Quest'afflitta che tanto sperò!
Vien t'affretta, ecc.

4.

Gli dirò del mio pianto versato,
Dell'affanno che opprime il mio core,
Poi fra i baci d'un tenero amore
Ogni traccia di duol sparirà.
Vien t'affretta, ecc.

5.

Gli dirò delle notti vegliate
Fra i sospiri d'un lungo tormento,
Poi stringendolo al sen dal contento
Il mio cor, sul suo cor poserà!
Vien t'affretta, ecc.

THE LITTLE BOAT.

1.

Now the vessel that flies o'er the billow
Is approaching, and brings home my lover;
O what joy! soon all pain will be over,
Soon again my true love I shall see!
|: Swiftly bring him back once more,
La la ra la la!
I await him on the shore,
La la ra la la! :|

2.

He returns now with proud honors laden,
From the field where so bravely he bore him,
Vict'ry pointed the way there before him,
But 'tis love guides him hither to me.
Swiftly bring him back once more, etc.

3.

Row then, row, happy vessel, so swiftly
O'er the weeds of the bright tranquil ocean,
Fly then, fly then and calm this emotion
Of a mourner, and blest let me be.
Swiftly bring him back once more, etc.

4.

I will tell him of tears I shed for him,
How my heart was oppress'd with its sorrow,
Love's caresses shall soothe me to-morrow,
And all traces of grief disappear.
Swiftly bring him back once more, etc.

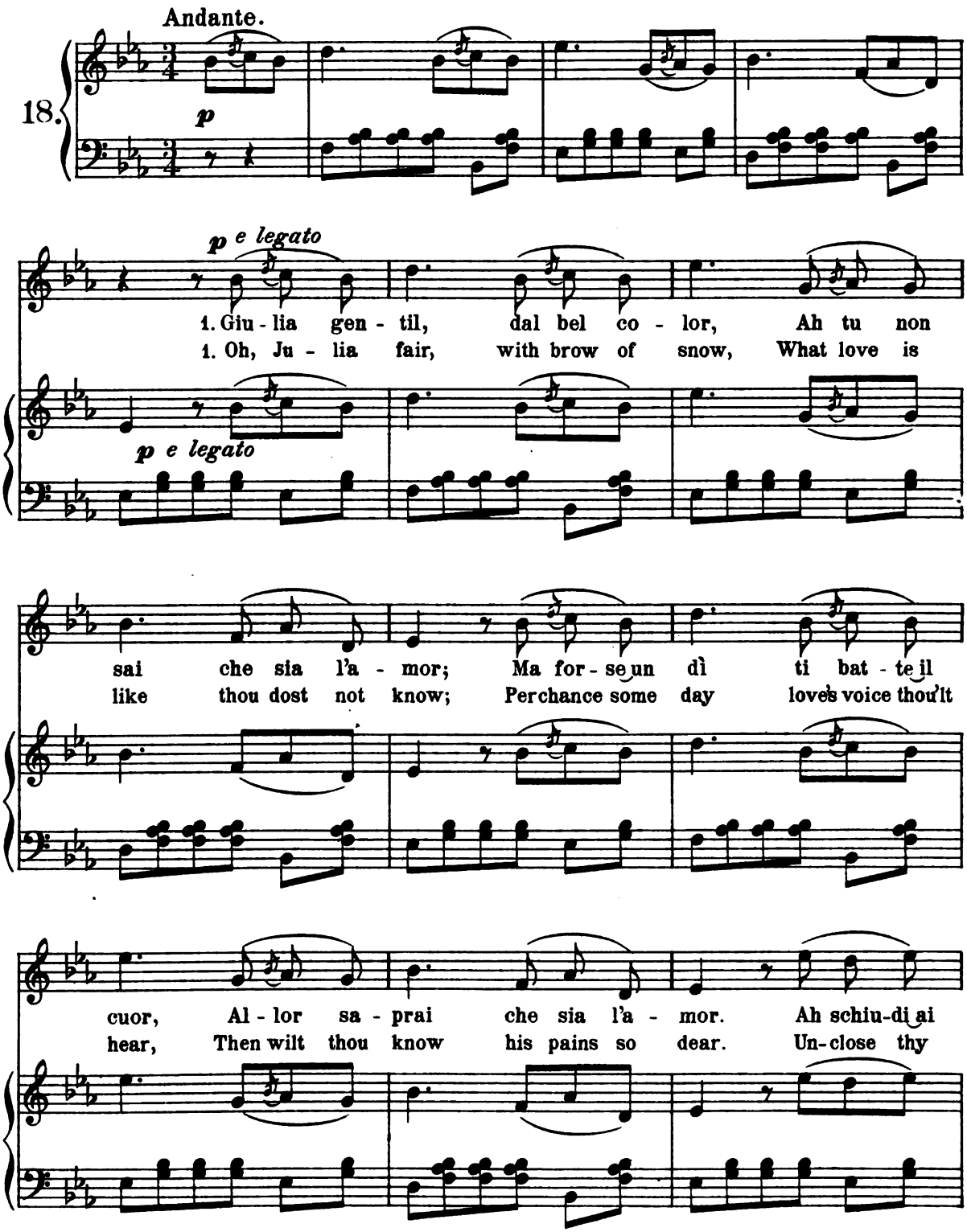
5.

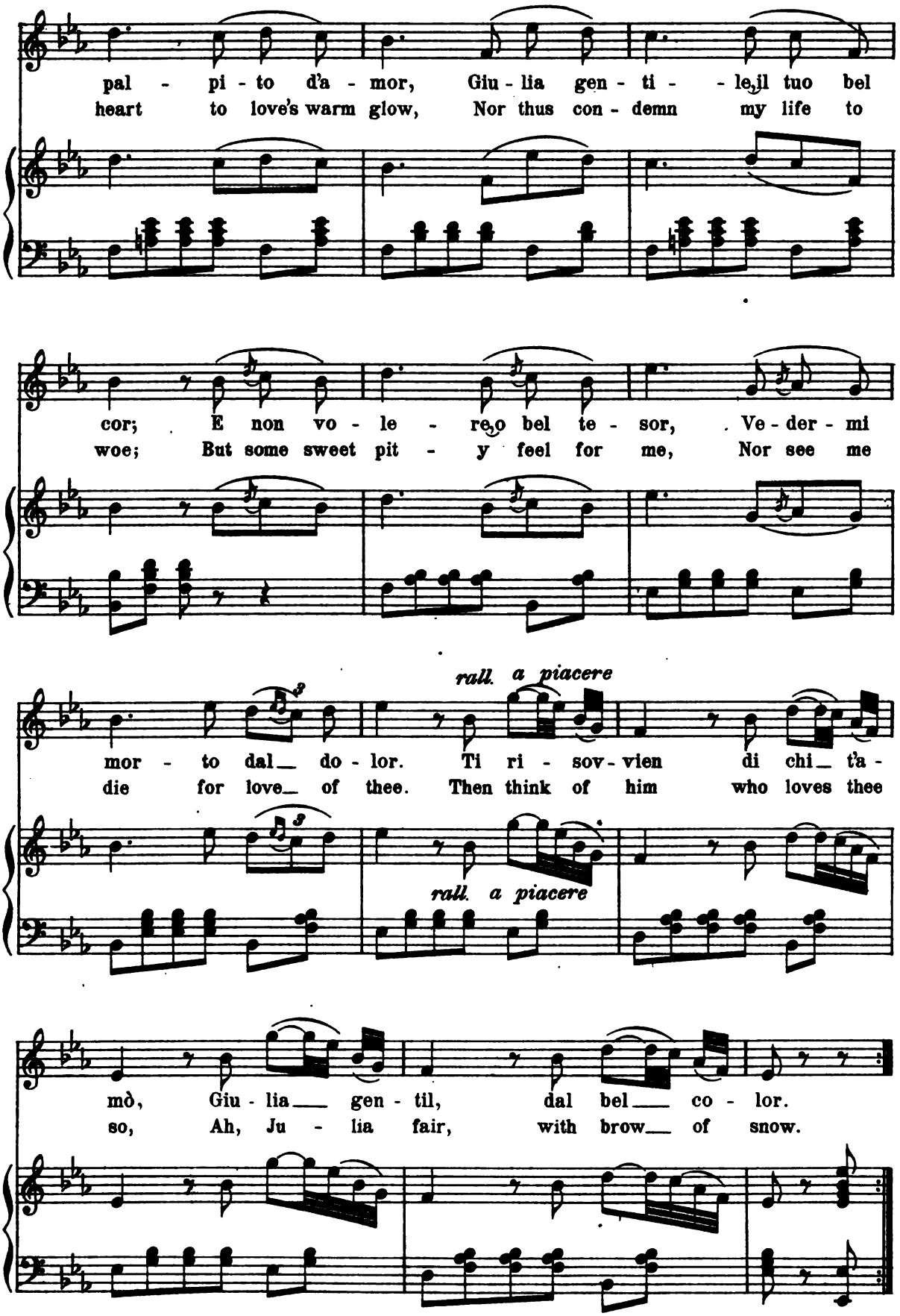
I will tell him of nights robb'd of slumber,
Pass'd in sighs, and with terror tormented;
With his presence so dear well-contented,
Then my heart will repose free from fear.
Swiftly bring him back once more, etc.

"Giulia gentil." | Fair Julia.

English version by Mariu X. Hayes.

Florence (Tuscany).




pal - pi - to d'a - mor, Giu - lia gen - ti - le, il tuo bel
heart to love's warm glow, Nor thus con - demn my life to
cor; E non vo - le - re, o bel te - sor, Ve - der - mi
woe; But some sweet pit - y feel for me, Nor see me
rall. a piacere
mor - to dal_ do - lor. Ti ri - sov - vien di chi_ t'a -
die for love_ of thee. Then think of him who loves thee
rall. a piacere
mò, Giu - lia_ gen - til, dal bel_ co - lor.
so, Ah, Ju - lia fair, with brow_ of snow.

"GIULIA GENTIL."

1.

UOMO.

Giulia gentil dal bel color,
Ah tu non sai che sia l'amor,
Ma forse un dì ti batta il cuor,
Allor saprai che sia l'amor.
Ah schiudi ai palpiti d'amor,
Giulia gentile, il tuo bel cor,
E non volere, o bel tesor,
Vedermi morto dal dolor.
Ti risovvien di chi t'amò,
Giulia gentil dal bel color.

DONNA.

Giovanottin dal bel color,
Non vo' saper che sia l'amor,
Ne mai quel dì verrà che il cuor
Io schiuda ai palpiti d'amor.
Giovanottin, credilo a me,
Non piangerò giammai per te,
Nè dì verrà, in cui d'amor
Palpiterà per te il mio cuor.
Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Tra la la la, tra la la la!

2.

UOMO.

Soave palpito del cor,
Immensa gioja egli è l'amor,
Della fortuna è nel rigor,
Conforto e speme nel dolor.
Ah, schiudi, ecc.

DONNA.

Allegra troppo io son così,
Felice passo e notte e dì,
Per me il destin non ha rigor,
Pianto non ha, non ho dolor.
Giovanottin, ecc.

3.

UOMO.

Dunque sorridimi, o gentil,
Come sorride un fior d'april;
Unisci o cara, al mio il tuo amor,
Saran felici i nostri cor.
Ah, schiudi, ecc.

DONNA.

Forse nascosta in fondo al cuor
Sta già la fiamma dell'amor,
Ma se quel dì per me verrà,
Per te il mio cor non batterà!
Giovanottin, ecc.

FAIR JULIA.

1.

HE.

Oh, Julia fair, with brow of snow,
What love is like thou dost not know;
Perchance some day love's voice thou 'lt hear,
Then wilt thou know his pains so dear.
Unclose thy heart to love's warm glow,
Nor thus condemn my life to woe,
But some sweet pity feel for me,
Nor see me die for love of thee.
Then think of him who loves thee so,
Ah, Julia fair, with brow of snow!

SHE.

Ah, gentle youth, with tawny cheek,
In vain to me of love you speak,
Ne'er will you see the day when I
For any youth with love shall sigh.
Ah, gentle youth, believe thou me,
I ne'er shall weep for love of thee;
Nor ever deem this heart of mine
Will e'er respond to love of thine.
Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Tra la la la, tra la la la.

2.

HE.

There is no joy like love on earth,
For love in Heaven first had birth;
Amid all fortune, care, and grief,
Love brings us comfort and relief.
Unclose thy heart, etc.

SHE.

Too blest am I, my heart so light,
I 'm joyous still from morn till night;
Fate has for me nor gloom nor dread,
And all my tears are yet unshed.
Ah, gentle youth, etc.

3.

HE.

Then smile on me as smiles the flow'r
That greets us from its April bow'r;
Then love unite thy fate with mine,
Our happiness shall be divine.
Unclose thy heart, etc.

SHE.

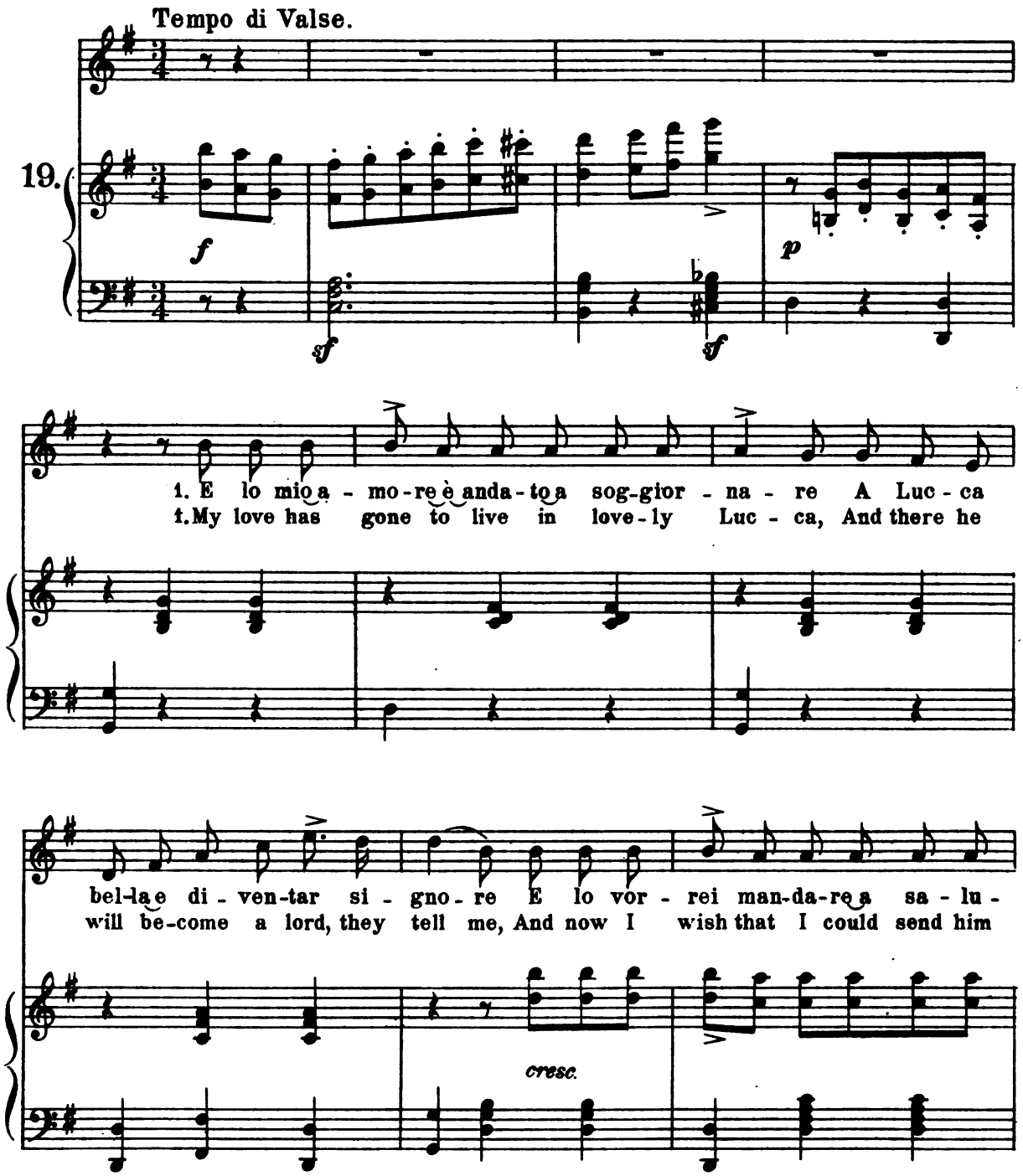
Perchance conceal'd within my heart,
Of love may lurk the flaming dart;
But when that day arrives for me,
This heart will never beat for thee.
Ah, gentle youth, etc.

"E lo mio amore è andato a soggiornare."

"My love has gone to live in lovely Lucca."

Florence (Tuscany).

L. Gordigiani.



ta - re, Ma non mi fi - do dell' am-ba - cia - to - re. Val più 'na
greet - ing, But I'm a - fraid my mes-sen-ger would fail me: One word a

pa - ro - li - na dell' a - man - te Che dell' am - bascia - tor che ne fa
lov - er speaks will find more fa - vor Than an - y mes-sag - es of love what-

cresc.

tan - te, Val più 'na pa - ro - li - na del mio a - mo - re Che cen - to
ev - er, One word from his own lips would more con - tent me Than fif - ty

Lento

f *Lento*

a tempo

mi - la dell' ambascia - to - re.
thousand that he ev-er sent me!

a tempo

sf *f* *sf* *sf* *p*

"E LO MIO AMORE È ANDATO A SOGGIORNARE."

1.

E lo mio amore è andato a soggiornare
  A Lucca bella e diventar signore,
  E lo vorrei mandare a salutare,
  Ma non mi fido dell'ambasciatore.
Val più 'na parolina dell'amante
  Che dell'ambasciator che ne fa tante,
  Val più 'na parolina del mio amore
  Che cento mila dell'ambasciatore.

2.

Tutti mi dicon che son nera nera,
  La terra nera ne mena buon grano,
  E guarda il fior garofan com'è nero,
  Con quanta signoria si tiene in mano.
Tutti mi dicon che il mio damo è tinto
  Ed a me pare un angiolin dipinto,
  Tutti mi dicon che il mio damo è nero
  Ed a me pare un angiol vero vero.

"MY LOVE HAS GONE TO LIVE IN LOVELY LUCCA."

1.

My love has gone to live in lovely Lucca,
  And there he will become a lord, they tell me,
And now I wish that I could send him greeting,
  But I 'm afraid my messenger would fail me:
One word a lover speaks will find more favor
Then any messages of love whatever,
One single word from him would more content me
Than fifty thousand that he ever sent me.

2.

They tell me I 'm as dark as any brownie,
  But where the soil is black, the grain is finest;
And see how darkly the carnation flowers,
  Yet in your hand it waves in grace divinest.
Altho' they say my love with dyes is tinted,
He looks to me an angel as they 're painted,
Altho' they say he 's black as any raven,
He seems to me an angel straight from heaven.

16689

"Tempo passato perchè non ritorni!„
"Why are days we have lived lost for ever?"

Florence (Tuscany).

L. Gordigiani.

Lento.

20.

1. Spe - ran - za del mio cor e - ri u-na
1. Time was, when of my heart you were the

vol - - - ta, Or ti sei fat - to
trea - - - sure, And now of oth - er

la spe - ran - za al-tru - i. Non ti ri - cor - di
hearts you win th'e - mo - tion, Have you for-got - ten

sf *cresc.*

più di quel - la vol - - - ta
all our for - mer plea - - - sure,

affrett.

Ch'e - ra - mo in - na - mo - ra - ti tut - ti e du - - -
When we both loved so fond - ly, all de - vo - - -

cresc. *affrett.*

pp *affrett.*

i? Non ti ri - cor - di più, non ti ri - cor - di più di quei bei
tion? Have you for - got - ten all, have you for - got - ten all our love's sweet

pp *cresc.*

rall.

gior - ni? Ah! tem - po pas - sa - to per - chè non ri -
sa - vor? Ah! why are the days we have lived lost for

sf *p* *rall.*

tor - - ni!
ev - - er?

a tempo *pp*

"TEMPO PASSATO PERCHÈ NON RITORNI?„

1.

Speranza del mio cor era una volta,
Or ti sei fatto la speranza altrui.
Non ti ricordi più di quella volta
Ch'eramo innamorati tutti e dui?
Non ti ricordi più di quei bei giorni?
Ah! tempo passato perchè non ritorni!

2.

Ti ho scritto tante volte inutilmente
E sempre invano attendo la risposta.
Dimmi pur che ti sono indifferente,
Ma scrivi per pietà... cosa ti costa?
Non ti ricordi più, ecc.

"WHY ARE DAYS WE HAVE LIVED LOST FOR EVER?"

1.

Time was, when of my heart you were the treasure,
And now of other hearts you win th' emotion;
Have you forgotten all our former pleasure,
When we both lov'd so fondly, all devotion?
Have you forgotten all our love's sweet savor?
Ah! why are the days we have liv'd lost for ever?

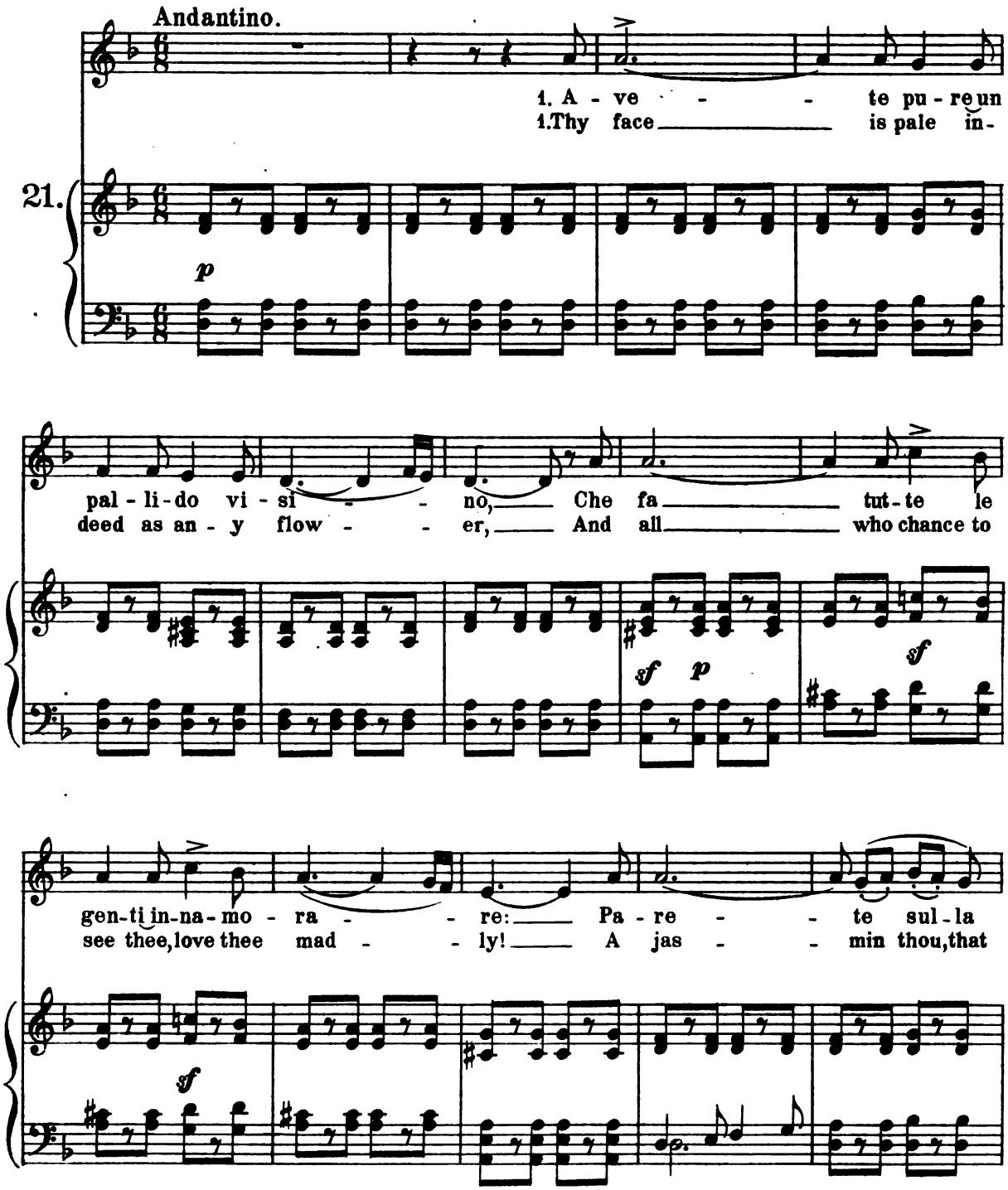
2.

How many a time I've vainly writ you a letter,
Not even comes the answer, that I've lost you!
Tell me you love no longer — it were better,
Only a line, I pray — what does it cost you?
Have you forgotten, etc.

La Bianchina. | Bianchina.

Florence (Tuscany).

L. Gordigiani.


Andantino.
21.
1. A - ve - - te pu - re un
1. Thy face is pale in-
pal - li - do vi - si - - no, Che fa tut - te le
deed as an - y flow - - er, And all who chance to
gen - ti in - na - mo - ra - - re: Pa - re - - te sul - la
see thee, love thee mad - - ly! A jas - - min thou, that

sie-pe un gel-so-mi-no E la
hath in a hedge her bow-er, And my

sf *p*

Bian-chi-na vi vo-glio chia-ma-re. E
Bian-chi-na I would name thee glad-ly. Ah!

sf *p*

Maggiore

se vor-re-te far con me al-la-mo-re, Vi chia-me-
could I win thee o'er with ten-der art, love, I'd call thee

cresc.

rò la don - na del mio cuo - re, E se vor - re - te con
e'er the la - dy of my heart, love! Ah! could I win thee

p *cresc.*

rall.

me far al - l'a - mo - re, Vi chia-me-rò la don-na del mio cuo - -
o'er with tender art, love, I'd call thee e'er the la - dy of my heart,

rall. *col canto* *p*

re.
love!

a tempo *tr* *sf*

LA BIANCHINA.

1.

Avete pure un pallido visino,
Che fa tutte le genti innamorare:
Parete sulla siepe un gelsomino
E la Bianchina vi voglio chiamare.
|: E se vorrete far con me all'amore,
Vi chiamerò la donna del mio cuore. :|

2.

Donatemi una ciocca di capelli,
Che per memoria gli terrò sul core;
Voltate verso me quegli occhi belli,
Mi sentirete sospirar d'amore,
|: D'amore sospirar mi senterete
Se un bacio, angiolo mio, voi mi darete. :|

BIANCHINA.

1.

Thy face is pale indeed as any flower,
And all who chance to see thee love thee madly!
A jasmin thou, that hath in a hedge her bower,
And my Bianchina I would call thee gladly;
|: Ah, could I win thee o'er with tender art, love,
I'd call thee e'er the lady of my heart, love! :|

2.

One only let me have of all thy tresses,
That for remembrance on my heart I'll bind me;
From thy sweet eyes if only a glance caresses,
For love before thee sighing thou shalt find me,
|: For love thou soon shalt hear me sigh before thee,
If thou wilt kiss me: my angel, I adore thee! :|

La Treccia Bionda. | The Flaxen Tress.

Romanesca.

Transcription by F. Marchetti.

Andante.

22.

1. Bel - la ra - gaz - za dal - - la trec - cia bionda, Per no - me via chia - ma - te Ve - ne - randa; Li gio - va - ni per voi fan - no la ron - da. Pa - pà non vuo - le, Mamma nem - me - no: Co - me fa - re - mo Per far l'a - mor?

1. O love - ly maid - en mine with flax - en tresses, The name they call you by is Ve - ne - randa, The lads all want to pay you their ad - dresses: Pa - pa won't hear it, Mamma can't bear it: Tell me, how can we ev - er make love?

LA TRECCIA BIONDA.

1.

Bella ragazza della treccia bionda,
Per nome vi chiamate Veneranda:
Li giovani per voi fanno la ronda.
Papà non vuole,
Mammà nemmeno:
Come faremo
Per far l'amor?

2.

Venir se voi volete nel giardino,
Voi troverete, o bella, un tulipano
Che fatto par pel vostro canestrino.
Papà non vuole, ecc.

3.

E se mi date un sguardo rubacore,
Io, bella, proprio a voi lo voglio dare
Quel fior che tengo e che m'ha dato amore.
Papà non vuole, ecc.

4.

Poi vi dirò che rosa in primavera
Non è tanto voi siete tanto cara,
E voi ci avrete gusto...e buona sera.
Papà non vuole,
Mammà nemmeno:
Così faremo
Per far l'amor.

THE FLAXEN TRESS.

1.

Oh lovely maiden mine with flaxen tresses,
The name they call you by is Veneranda,
The lads all want to pay you their addresses:
Papa won't hear it,
Mamma can't bear it:
Tell me, how can we ever make love?

2.

Come down into the garden when I shall ask it,
And there you'll find a tulip, oh, my beauty!
That looks as if it grew for your wee basket:
Papa, etc.

3.

And if you send me one of your dear glances,
Ah, then, my only darling, I will give you
A flow'r that Love gave me, and love enhances:
Papa, etc.

4.

And I will say to you, In spring's delight, love,
There's not a rose compares with you in sweetness!
And that will please your heart — and so good night, love!
Papa won't hear it,
Mamma can't bear it:
That is the way that we shall make love!

Er Passagallo. | The Improvvisatore.

Romanesca.

Transcription by F. Marchetti.

Andante.

grandioso quasi a piacere

23.

1. Quanno No-e-ne l'ar-ca frabbi-co-ne, O-mini e bes-tie dren-to fe-ce en-trane, Ma er cor-vo, che assor-di-va le per-so-ne, L'aria fre-sca man-nò presto a pi-

1. When Father No-ah built the ark a-fore-time, He let the beasts in with the men to-gether; The ra-ven, tho', who yelled as if 'twere war-time, He sent out on the roof to watch the

gliane. Er ci-gno in-ve-ce co' tut-ti re-
weather. The swan, how-ev-er, he gave ra-ther

sto-ne E li fe-ce cor can-to ral-le-grane.
more time, For his sing-ing re-joiced them al-to-gether.

Io qui so er ci-gno e de can-tane ho drit-to,
I sing, the swan! my right, who dare de-ny it?

Tu er corvo, dunque sfarda e stat-te zit-to!
The raven you, so get a-long and be qui-et!

ER PASSAGALLO.

1.

Quanno Noene l'arca frabbicone,
Omini e bestie drento fece entrane,
Ma er corvo, che assordiva le persone,
L'aria fresca mannò presto a pigliane.
Er cigno invece co' tutti restone
E li fece cor canto rallegrane.
Io qui so er cigno e de cantane ho dritto:
Tu er corvo, dunque sfarda e statte zitto!

2.

Tu fai dritto lo storto e storto er dritto,
Ma che cigno non sei lo dirà er fatto.
Io te disfido a singolar confritto
E chi ci ascorta dica si so matto.
Dimme quar fune de Tarpea er delitto,
O tu che de sapienza sei lo stratto!
Dimme che fine fece, e, si lo sai,
Dimme si er gallo a Roma cantò mai.

3.

Tarpea tradì la patria, e ho detto assai;
Morì la rea sotto li scudi artrui.
Dichi si er gallo a Roma cantò mai?
Per Dio, lo senti coll'orecchi tui!
Ma si arza er volo, nun ce so più guai,
Chè Roma troverà li fiji sui.
Mo' tu che sei dottore in battilonta,
Quante le stelle sò, si poi, racconta.

4.

Dotto nun so, ma la risposta è pronta:
Rena in der mare nun ce ne sta tanta,
Quante so stelle; e tu vattele a conta,
Si nun credi de crede a chi lo canta,
Ma che serve de fà chi più ci affronta,
Quanno de forza avemo tanta e tanta?
Io lasso er canto e me ne torno ar monte,
Te do la bona notte e passo ponte.

THE IMPROVVISATORE.

1.

When Father Noah built the ark aforetime,
He let the beasts in with the men together:
The raven, tho', who yelled as if 't were wartime,
He sent out on the roof to watch the weather.
The swan, however, he gave rather more time,
For his singing rejoiced them altogether.
I sing, the swan! my right, who dare deny it?
The raven you, so get along, and be quiet!

2.

White you call black, sir; black you say is white, sir,
But you are no swan, that I soon will show you!
I dare you here to meet me in fair fight, sir:
All who hear, let them tell me if I know you!
Tell me the misdeed of Tarpeia aright, sir,
For I feel I 'm in wisdom far below you!
Tell me what was her end, and, if you 're able,
Did e'er the cock of Rome crow? is 't a fable?

3.

Tarpeia betrayed Rome — that you 've comprehended;
Where she was buried, shields were overflowing;
And if the cock of Rome to crow pretended?
If you open your ears, you 'll hear him crowing!
If he should fly off, our sorrows were ended,
For her children Rome has a way of knowing!
And now, you scholar in a wig, I 'll task you:
How many stars are in the sky, let me ask you?

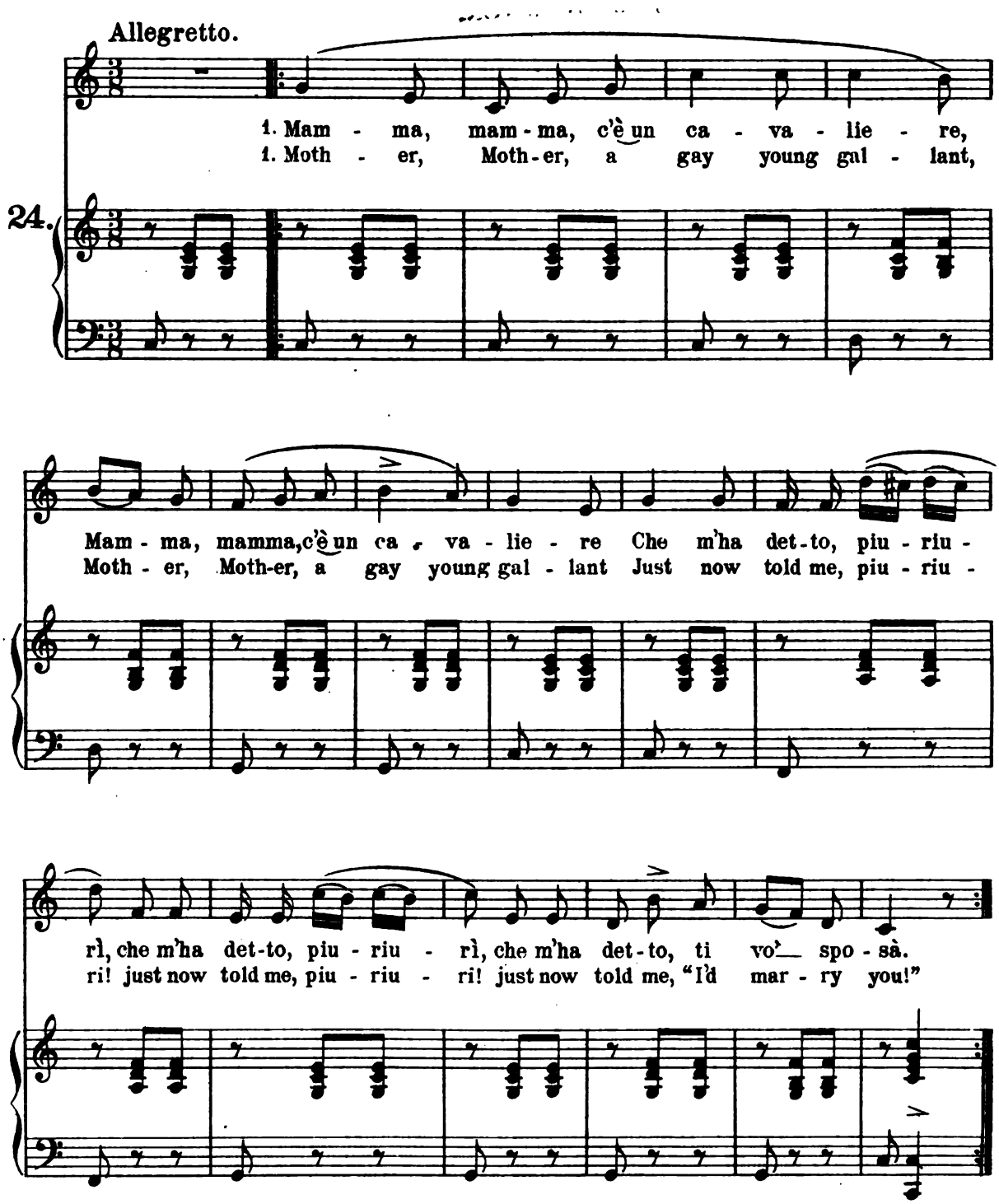
4.

I am no scholar, but I know the answer:
Not in the ocean are the sands as many
As stars in heav'n; now count them if you can sir!
Tho' you value my singing not a penny!
But why go on so, and fight man to man, sir,
When we two are as near alike as any?
I 'll sing no longer, but go home to bed, now,
And so good-night, and never mind what I 've said, now!

"Piuriurì, ti vo' sposà.„ | "Piuriurì, I'd marry you!"

Romanesca.

Transcription by
F. Marchetti.



"PIURIURÌ, TI VO' SPOSA."

1.

Mamma, mamma, c'è un cavaliere,
Mamma, mamma, c'è un cavaliere
Che m'ha detto, piuriurì,
Che m'ha detto, piuriurì,
Che m'ha detto, ti vo' sposà.

2.

Figlia, figlia, sta un po'a vedere
Se t'ha detto la verità.

3.

Mamma, mamma, baciarme ha chiesto,
Che fo, mamma? lo lascio fà?

4.

Figlia, figlia, va troppo presto,
Fa che l'abbia da sospirà.

5.

A li piedi d' un confessore,
Mamma, mamma, io voglio andà.

6.

Come devi fare l'amore
Al curato puoi domandà.

7.

Colla bocca dirò i peccati,
Cogli occhietti farò l'amor.

8.

Ne sai quanto tutti i curati;
Ai piè sei del confessor.

9.

Padre, padre, io voglio amare,
S'è peccato domando a te.

10.

Figlia, figlia, sappilo fare,
Che l'amore peccato non è.

"PIURIURÌ, I'D MARRY YOU!"

1.

Mother, Mother, a gay young gallant,
Mother, Mother, a gay young gallant
Just now told me, piuriurì,
Just now told me, piuriurì,
Just now told me: "I'd marry you!"

2.

Daughter, Daughter, if you have talent,
You'll discover if he says true.

3.

Mother, Mother, he asked to kiss me!
Shall I let him? what shall I do?

4.

Daughter, Daughter, he goes too briskly,
Keep him waiting and let him sue.

5.

Mother, Mother, in such a matter
To confession I ought to go.

6.

How one ought to make love, my daughter,
From the parson you soon will know.

7.

With my lips I'll confess transgression,
With my glances my love I'll tell!

8.

Now, my daughter, you're at confession,
Not a parson knows love so well!

9.

Father, Father, for love I'm yearning!
Is it sinful, when I begin?

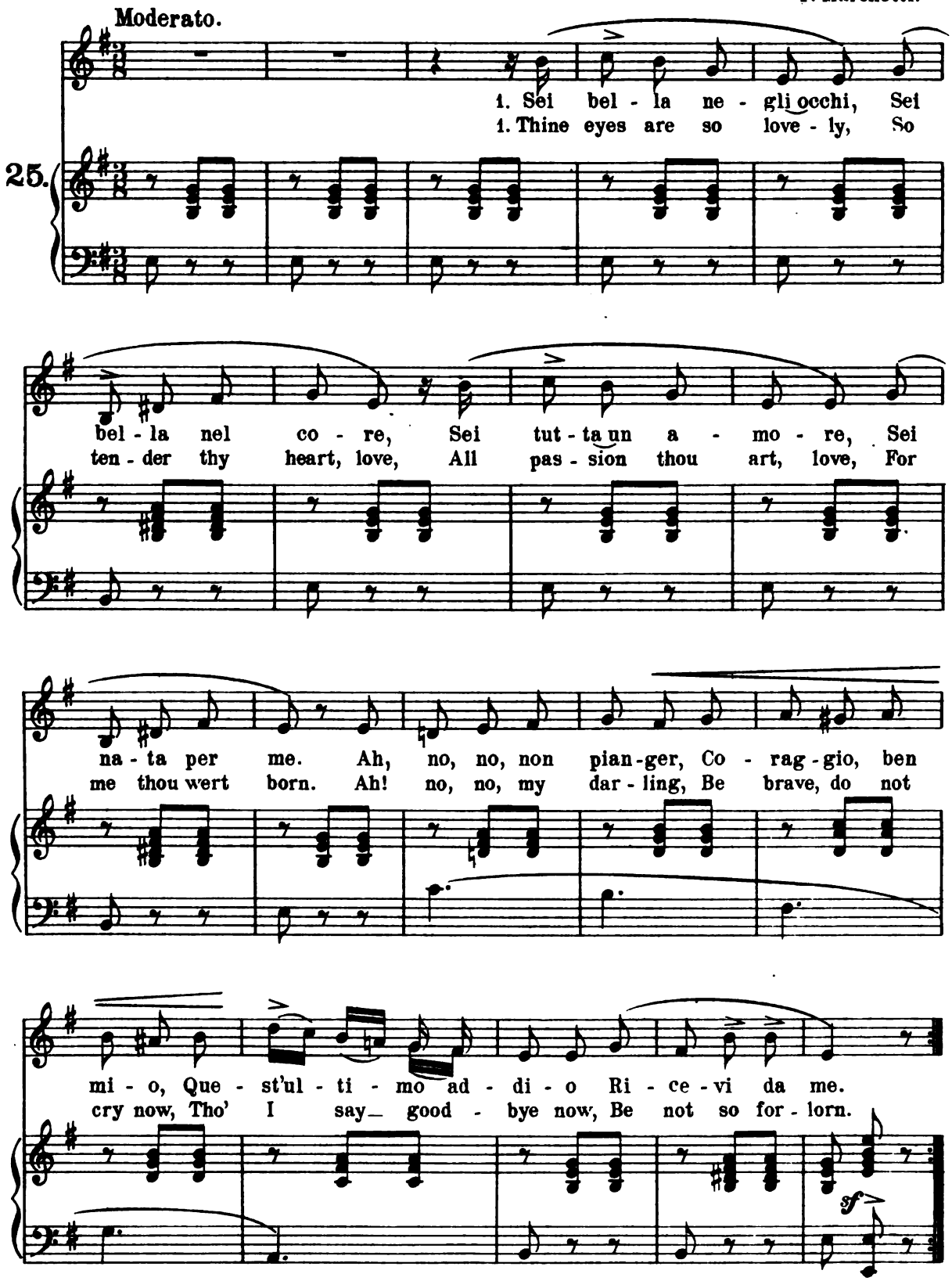
10.

Daughter, Daughter, you should be learning
How to do it, and not to sin.

"Coraggio, ben mio.,, | "My darling, be brave."

Romanesca.

Transcription by F. Marchetti.



"CORAGGIO, BEN MIO."

1.

Sei bella negli occhi,
Sei bella nel core,
Sei tutt'un amore,
Sei nata per me.
Ah! no, no, non pianger,
Coraggio, ben mio,
Quest'ultimo addio
Ricevi da me.

2.

Ti vedo si veglio,
Si dormo ti vedo,
E viver non credo
Diviso da te.
Ah! no, no, ecc.

3.

Sei bella nel viso,
Nel pianto sei bella,
E barbara stella
Mi parte da te.
Ah! no, no, ecc.

4.

Ma s'io da te parto,
Qui resto coll'alma,
Tu gioia, tu calma
Sei solo per me.
Ah! no, no, ecc.

5.

Sei bella, e vagando
Su rive straniere
Sarò col pensiere
Io sempre con te.
Ah! no, no, ecc.

6.

Tu pensa che fede
Ti do in questo giorno,
Che s'io non ritorno,
Son morto per te.
Ah! no, no, ecc.

"MY DARLING, BE BRAVE."

1.

Thine eyes are so lovely,
So tender thy heart, love,
All passion thou art, love,
For me thou wert born.
Ah, no, no, my darling,
Be brave, do not cry now,
Tho' I say good-bye now,
Be not so forlorn.

2.

Awake I shall see thee,
And when I am dreaming,
Alive hardly seeming
Until I return.
Ah, no, no, etc.

3.

In tears thou art lovely,
Or smiling thy favor;
How cruel that ever
Asunder we're torn!
Ah, no, no, etc.

4.

But tho' I must leave thee,
My heart stays with thy heart,
Thou only my joy art,
Of peace thou my bourne.
Ah, no, no, etc.

5.

Oh love, on thy beauty
When far I shall ponder,
Wherever I wander,
Wherever I turn.
Ah, no, no, etc.

6.

To-day but remember
The promise I make thee:
That ne'er to forsake thee
Till death, I have sworn.
Ah, no, no, etc.

"Ti faccio far' n' zinale.„ "A stripèd apron they shall make."

Olevano (Romè).

For one or two voices.

Allegro.

26.

sempre p

Ti fac - cio far'n' zi - na - le col - le stri - sce, Un'
A strip - ed a - pron they shall make for you, love, A

faz - zo - let - to col - le ri - ghe ros - se, Un' se "Oi -
ker - chief barr'd with red I'll give you too, love, A love. "O

bò, oi - bò, oi - bò, oi - bò! Mamma à - det - to, che tot - to non vuo; Oi -
dear, O dear, O dear, O dear! Mamma says, Pa - pa nev - er will hear! O

bò, oi - bò, oi - bò, oi - bò! Mamma à - det - to, che tot - to non vuò„
dear, O dear, O dear, O dear! Mamma says, Pa - pa nev - er will hear!"

D.C.

"Fatte la nonna.„ Lullaby.

Olevano (Rome).

Andante, ma sciolto.

p

1. Fat - te la non - na e pos - si ben dor -
1. Now by - low, ba - by, and slum - ber sweet and

27.

sempre pp

mi - re! Il let - to ti si - a fat - to di vi -
sound - ly, Your ti - ny bed be of vi - o - lets soft and

o - le, Il cu - sci - net - to di se - ta gen - ti - le, E le len -
e - ven, Your downy pil - low of silk smooth and shin - y, And all the

zuo - le di chia - ri - - to so - le.
bed-clothes of gold - en sun - - beams wo - ven!

"FATTE LA NONNA."

1.

Fatte la nonna e possi ben dormire!
Il letto ti sia fatto di viole,
Il cuscinetto di seta gentile,
E le lenzuole di chiarito sole.

2.

Fatte la nonna e la nonna ti venga,
Dormite, figlia, e fa contenta mamma,
È mamma stracca più di gunnolare
E notte e giorno e tutti quanti l'ore.

3.

Fatte la nonna, Ninna bene mia,
La pace e lo riposo ti dai Dio!
Fatte la nonna, e la nonna ti canta
Padre, Figluolo, e lo Spirito santo.

4.

O Gesù Christo, mio consolatore!
Che consolasti due donne assieme,
E consolasti Marta e Maddalena,
Consola questa figlia e chi la leva!

5.

E consolasti Maddalena e Marta.
Consola questa figlia e chi la latte:
Fatte la nonna, che sopra ti fiocca
Annelli d'oro e perle d'ogni sorte.

LULLABY.

1.

Now bylow, baby, and slumber sweet and soundly,
Your tiny bed be of violets soft and even,
Your downy pillow of silk smooth and shiny,
And all the bedclothes of golden sunbeams woven.

2.

Now bylow, baby, and slumber soon will find you!
My darling daughter, now sleep and please your mother,
For she is weary with long rocking your cradle
All night and day, and one hour like the other.

3.

Now bylow, baby, my love, my darling Ninna,
And may the Father repose and comfort bring you!
Now fall asleep, and a lullaby together
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost shall sing you.

4.

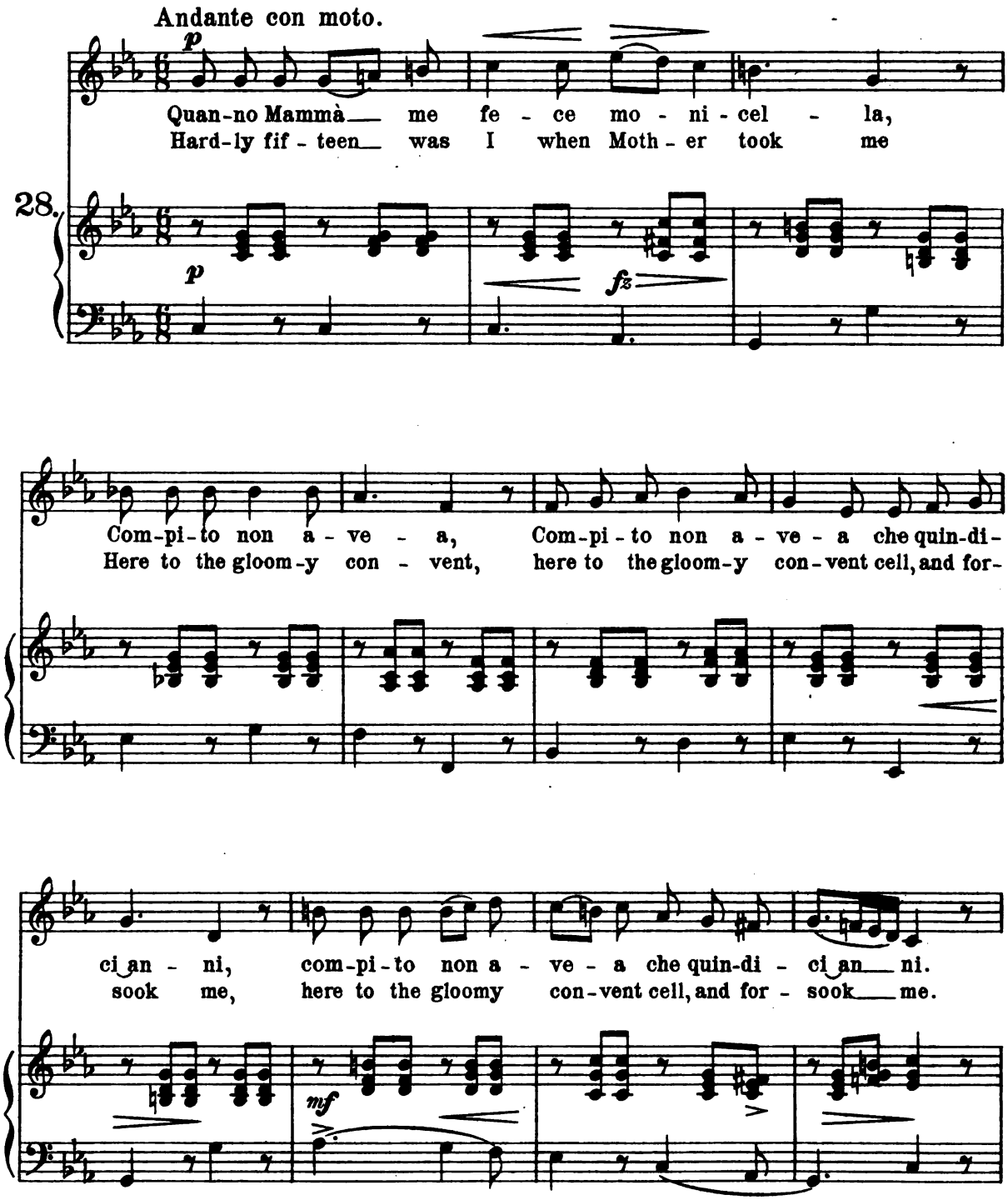
O Holy Saviour, Who art my consolation,
Thou Who didst comfort two women sore afflicted,
Consoler Thou of Martha and Mary,
Be babe and mother by Thy love protected!

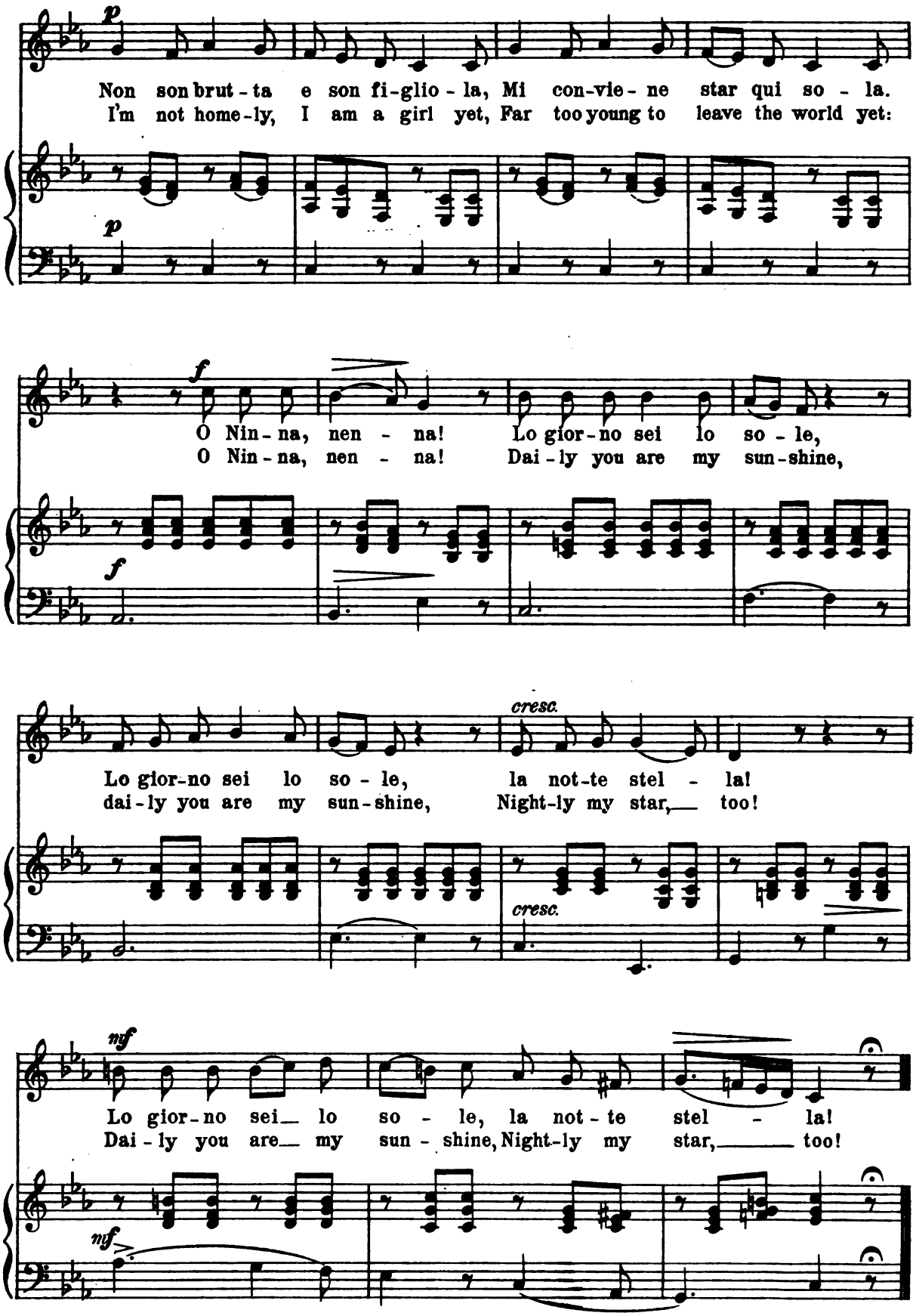
5.

Thy consolation was giv'n to Mary and Martha,
In mercy daughter and mother Thou invitest!
Now bylow, baby, and over you a shower
Shall fall of golden rings and pearls the brightest!

La Monacella. — The Young Nun.

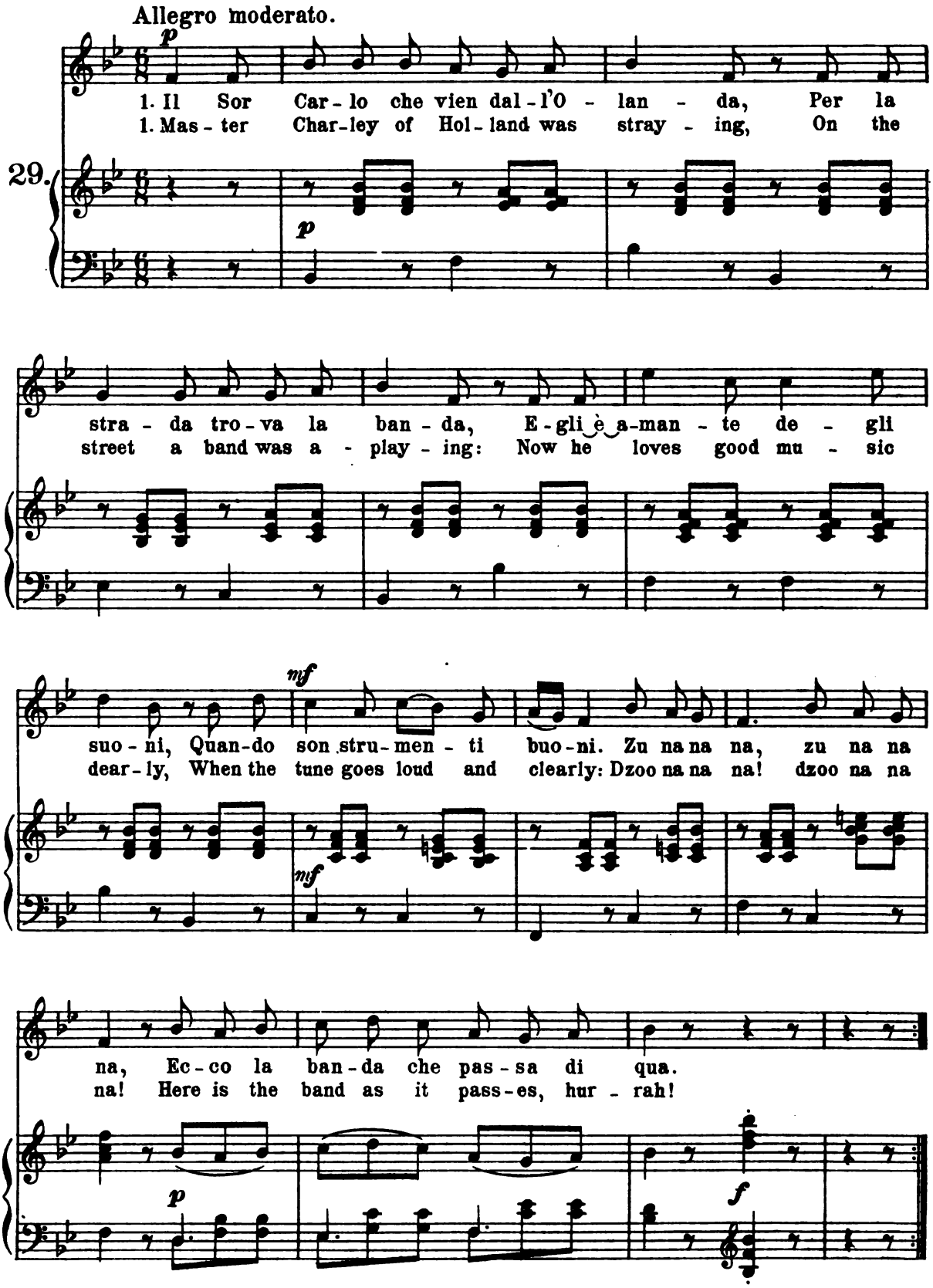
Rome.




p
Non son brut - ta e son fi - glio - la, Mi con - vie - ne star qui so - la.
I'm not home - ly, I am a girl yet, Far too young to leave the world yet:
p
f
O Nin - na, nen - na! Lo gior - no sei lo so - le,
O Nin - na, nen - na! Dai - ly you are my sun - shine,
f
Lo gior - no sei lo so - le, la not - te stel - la!
dai - ly you are my sun - shine, Night - ly my star, too!
cresc.
cresc.
nf
Lo gior - no sei lo so - le, la not - te stel - la!
Dai - ly you are my sun - shine, Night - ly my star, too!
nf

Il Sor Carlo l'armonico. The Musical Master Charley.

Rome.



IL SOR CARLO L'ARMONICO.

1.

Il Sor Carlo che vien dall'Olanda
Per la strada trova la banda,
Egli è amante degli suoni,
Quando son strumenti buoni:
Zu na na na, zu na na na!
Ecco la banda che passa di qua.

2.

A quel suono dolce e grato
Il Sor Carlo appresso è andato;
Quando al Popolo è alla porta
Il Sor Carlo si conforta:
Mira di qua, mira di là,
Che bella piazza, che rarità!

3.

Quando fu al Palazzo Fiani,
Liticavano tre cani;
Per fuggire il Sor Carlo in fretta
Inciampò a una chiavichetta,
Grida soccorso... ohimè pietà!
I cani in terra lo fecero andà.

THE MUSICAL MASTER CHARLEY.

1.

Master Charley of Holland was straying,
On the street a band was a-playing;
Now he loves good music dearly,
When the tune goes loud and clearly:
Dzoo na na na! dzoo na na na!
Here is the band as it passes, hurrah!

2.

While so sweetly the harmonies twined them,
Master Charley followed behind them;
Now the People's Gate he reaches,
And he takes a reef in his breeches:
See him look here! see him look there!
O, what a beautiful, beautiful square!

3.

Soon the Palace of Fiani he's sighting,
And he meets three doggies a-fighting,
And he runs in such a flutter
That he stumbles in the gutter,
Crying for help! Oh, his fine togs!
Into the gutter he's thrown by the dogs!

Canzonetta di Campagnuolo. Peasant's Song.

From the country near Rome.

Quasi recitativo. Allegro. Adagio. Andante.

Al - be-ro, ti te-ne-va tan-to ca - ro, E t'inna-cquava coi miei su-
Tree of mine, that so care-ful-ly I've tend-ed, That I have water'd with the sweat of

30.

do-ri, Pri - ma ba-gna-va la ci-ma e poi i ra - mi, I fo - gli
my brow, Wa - t'ring the branches the first, and then the root - lets, Why are thy

Adagio. Andante.

han-no per - so i co - lo - ri, I be-i frut-ti son di-ve-nu - t'a -
leaves so fad - ed and so dry now? Thy love-ly fruit, too, all has be-come so

Allegro.

ma - ri, Ed hanno per-so i va-ghi sa - po-ri. Vien mor-te pu-re, quando ti
bit - ter, And it has lost its once de-light-ful sa-vor: O Death! I'll welcome thee when thou

Andante.

pa - re, Men-tre la mi - a bel - la ha can-gia-t'a - mo - re.
near-est, For I have lost my dar - ling's love, and for ev - er.

"Che mai t'ho fatt', amor?,, | "Why do you turn your eyes away?"

Abruzzi.

Transcription by F. Paolo Tosti.

Assai moderato.

31. *legato assai* *p* *pp*

1. Che mai t'ho fat - t', a - - mor, Che non mi guar - - - di? Dim - mi - lo per pie - - tà! Non più ri - tar - - di.

1. Why do you turn your eyes away? A - way in an - - - ger? What have I done? oh say! De - lay no long - - er.

pp *dimin.*

"CHE MAI T'HO FATT', AMOR?"

1.

Che mai t'ho fatt', amor,
Che non mi guardi?
Dimmelo per pietà!
Non più ritardi.

2.

La lunga chioma bionda,
E il tuo bel viso,
Angiol ti fan sembrar
Del Paradiso.

3.

Se ti tormento, o cara,
Ah! non son io:
È questo cor la causa,
È l'amor mio.

"WHY DO YOU TURN YOUR EYES AWAY?"

1.

Why do you turn your eyes
Away in anger?
What have I done?—oh, say!
Delay no longer.

2.

So golden shines your hair,
So fair your face is,
As of an angel arm'd
With heav'nly graces.

3.

If I torment you, love,
Myself 't is never:
Only this heart of mine,
That loves you ever!

"Tu nel tuo letto a far de' sogni d'oro."

"Within, you are in bed and dreaming sweetly."

Abruzzi.

Transcription by
F. Paolo Tosti.

Andantino mosso.

(Uomo.) 1. Tu
(He.) 1. With -

32.

pp come un mormorio

rit. un poco

nel tuo let-to a far de' so - gni
in, you are in bed and dream - ing

col canto

a tempo

d'o - ro, Io
sweetly, With -

a tempo

rit. un poco

del- - - - - -l'a-per-to al ge-lo, o mio te-
out, I fear me, love, I'll freeze com-

col canto

a tempo

so - ro! ah! (Donna.) Di
plete-ly! Ah! (She.) I

sentito

a tempo

rit. un poco

te m'in-ere-sce tan-to, o bel can-
grieve for you, fair sing-er, in your

col canto

to - re! Fred -
tri - al; Not

rit. un poco

da non son, ma ho già do - na - to il
cold am I, my heart is on - ly

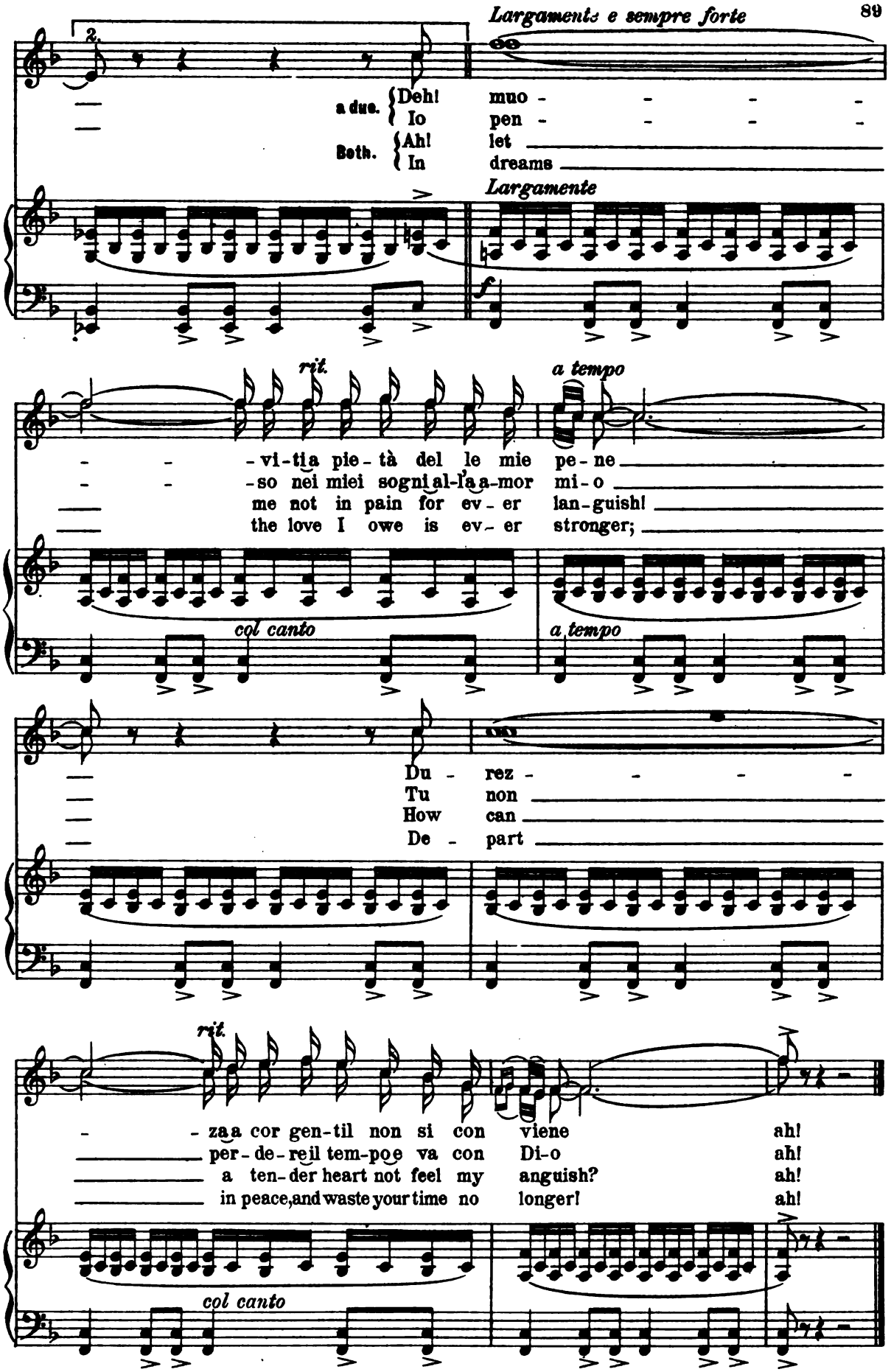
col canto

a tempo

1.

co - re. (Uomo.) 2. Deh!
loy - al. (He.) 2. Ah!

a tempo


Largamente e sempre forte
a due. Deh! muo - - - -
Io pen - - - -
Both. Ah! let
In dreams
Largamente
rit.
a tempo
- - -vi-ti a pie-tà del le mie pe-ne
- - -so nei miei sogni al-l'a a-mor mi-o
me not in pain for ev-er lan-guish!
the love I owe is ev-er stronger;
col canto
a tempo
Du - rez - - - -
Tu non
How can
De - part
rit.
- - za a cor gen-til non si con viene ah!
per-de-re il tem-po e va con Di-o ah!
a ten-der heart not feel my anguish? ah!
in peace, and waste your time no longer! ah!
col canto

"TU NEL TUO LETTO A FAR DE'SOGNI D'ORO."

1.

UOMO.
Tu nel tuo letto a far de'sogni d'oro,
Io dell'aperto al gelo, o mio tesoro!

DONNA.
Di te m'incresce tanto, o bel cantore!
Fredda non son, ma ho già donato il core.

2.

UOMO.
Deh! muoviti a pietà delle mie pene!
Durezza a cor gentil non si conviene.

DONNA.
Io penso nei miei sogni all'amor mio;
Tu non perdere il tempo e va con Dio!

(*Repeat Verse 2 as duet.*)

"WITHIN, YOU ARE IN BED AND DREAMING SWEETLY."

1.

HE.
Within, you are in bed, and dreaming sweetly,
Without, I fear me, love, I 'll freeze completely.

SHE.
I grieve for you, fair singer, in your trial;
Not cold am I, my heart is only loyal.

2.

HE.
Ah! let me not in pain for ever languish!
How can a tender heart not feel my anguish?

SHE.
In dreams the love I owe is only stronger;
Depart in peace, and waste your time no longer!

(*Repeat Verse 2 as duet.*)

"Crudele Irene, tu m'hai lasciato.„ | "Unkind Irene, why have you left me?"

Abruzzi.

(For one or two voices.)

Transcription by
F. Paolo Tosti.

Allegretto.

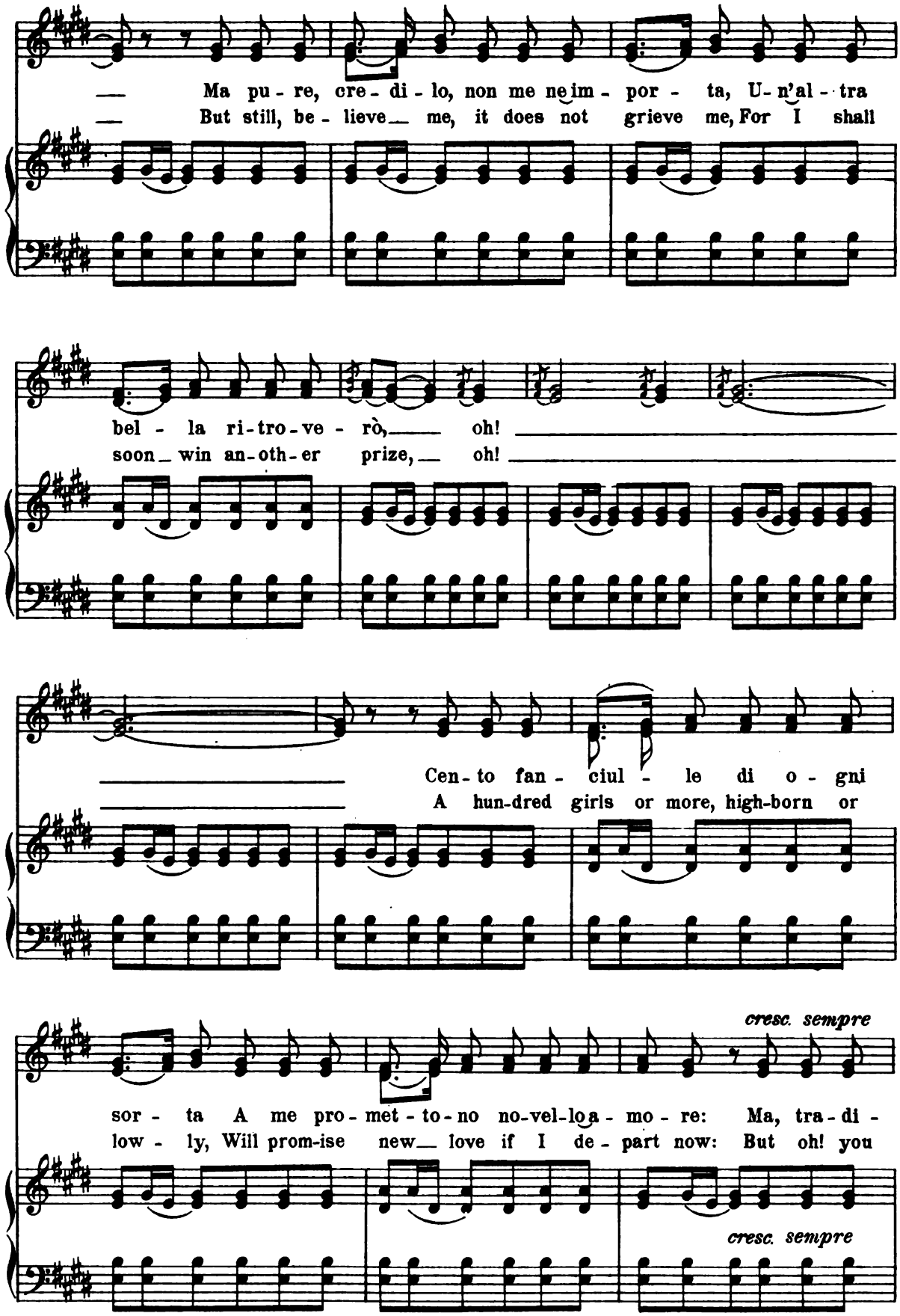
33.

ppp sempre

1. Cru - de - le I -
1. Un - kind I -

re - ne, tu m'hai la - scia - to, Tu m'hai tra - di - to, ab - ban - do -
re - ne, why have you left me? You have be - tray'd me, you have be -

na - to, oh!
reft me, oh!


Ma pu - re, cre - di - lo, non me ne im - por - ta, U - n'al - tra
But still, be - lieve me, it does not grieve me, For I shall
bel - la ri - tro - ve - rò, oh!
soon win an - oth - er prize, oh!
Cen - to fan - ciul - le di o - gni
A hun - dred girls or more, high - born or
cresc. sempre
sor - ta A me pro - met - to - no no - vel - la a - mo - re: Ma, tra - di -
low - ly, Will prom - ise new love if I de - part now: But oh! you
cresc. sempre

tri - ce, ri-dammi il co - re Che quel tuo sguar - do a me ru -
false_ one! re - turn the heart_ now That you have sto - len from me with your

f

bò. Tu — pian - gi, tu — pian - gi... O come io ri - do! ah!
eyes. You are weep - ing! you are weep-ing! Oh how I laugh at you, ha!

ff

pp

ah! Tu — pian - gi, tu — pian - gi... O come io ri - do! ah!
ha! You are weep - ing! you are weep-ing! Oh how I laugh at you, ha!

pp sempre

dimin.

ah!
ha!

dimin.

"CRUDELE IRENE, TU M'HAI LASCIATO."

1.

Crudele Irene, tu m'hai lasciato,
  Tu m'hai tradito, abbandonato;
  Ma pure credilo, non me ne importa,
  Un'altra bella ritroverò.
Cento fanciulle di ogni sorta
  A me promettono novello amore:
  Ma, traditrice, ridammi il core
  Che quel tuo sguardo a me rubò.
    Tu piangi... O come io rido! ah! ah!

2.

Irene, credilo, è un sogno matto
  Quel che lasciandomi tu forse hai fatto;
  Pensavi certo ch'io ne morissi,
  Ma di te presto mi scorderò!
E se tu allora te ne pentissi,
  Io riderei del tuo dolore:
  Ma, traditrice, ridammi il core
  Che quel tuo sguardo a me rubò.
    Tu piangi... O come io rido! ah! ah!

"UNKIND IRENE, WHY HAVE YOU LEFT ME?"

1.

Unkind Irene, why have you left me?
You have betray'd me, you have bereft me!
But still, believe me, it does not grieve me,
  For I shall soon win another prize.
A hundred girls or more, highborn or lowly,
Will promise new love if I depart now:
But oh! you false one! return the heart now
  That you have stolen from me with your eyes.
    You are weeping! Oh, how I laugh at you!
      Ha ha!

2.

Irene, surely 't was a foolish dream you had
When you forsook me so, maybe a scheme you had;
You must have thought that I would lay me down and die,
  But he 'll forget you soon, whom you despise!
I 'll only laugh at you if you are sorry,
And if you ever try on me your art now!
But oh! you false one! return the heart now
  That you have stolen from me with your eyes.
    You are weeping, etc.

"Fanciullo appena, ti parlai d'amore.,,

"While yet a boy, I told you how I lovd you."

Abruzzi.

Transcription by F. Paolo Tosti.

Allegretto.

34.

pp e leggiero

f

1. Fan - -
1. While

ciul - lo ap - pe - na ti par - lai d'a - mo - re, Gar - zo - ne
yet a boy, I told you how I lovd you, A youth, I

t'a - do - rai co - me il buon Di - - - - -
wor - shipp'd you like my Cre - a - - - - -

o; Tu per tra - stul - lo
tor; You led me on, as

mi do - na - vil co - re E gio - can - do ir - ri - de - vi al - l'a - mor
tho' my pas - sion mov'd you, Till I saw love be - tray'd and you the

mi - - - - o.
trai - - - - tor!

senza respirare sino alla fine
Ah!
Ah!

dimin. - - - -

"FANCIULLO APPENA, TI PARLAI D'AMORE."

1.

Fanciullo appena, ti parlai d'amore,
Garzone, t'adorai come il buon Dio:
Tu per trastullo mi donavi il core,
E giocando irridevi all'amor mio.

2.

Domani appiè dell'ara al nuovo affetto
Darai promessa d'illibata fede:
Io coll'antico amor sepolto in petto,
Porrò domani in altra terra il piede.

"WHILE YET A BOY, I TOLD YOU HOW I LOV'D YOU."

1.

While yet a boy, I told you how I lov'd you,
A youth, I worshipp'd you like my Creator;
You led me on, as tho' my passion mov'd you,
Till I saw love betray'd, and you the traitor!

2.

Kneeling before the altar, you, to-morrow,
Will give a promise of unstain'd devotion:
I, with a heart forlorn in secret sorrow,
Shall seek another home beyond the ocean.

"Dammi un ricciolo dei capelli.„ | "Give me only a curl, to wear it."

Abruzzi.

Transcription by
F. Paolo Tosti.

Allegro.

35.

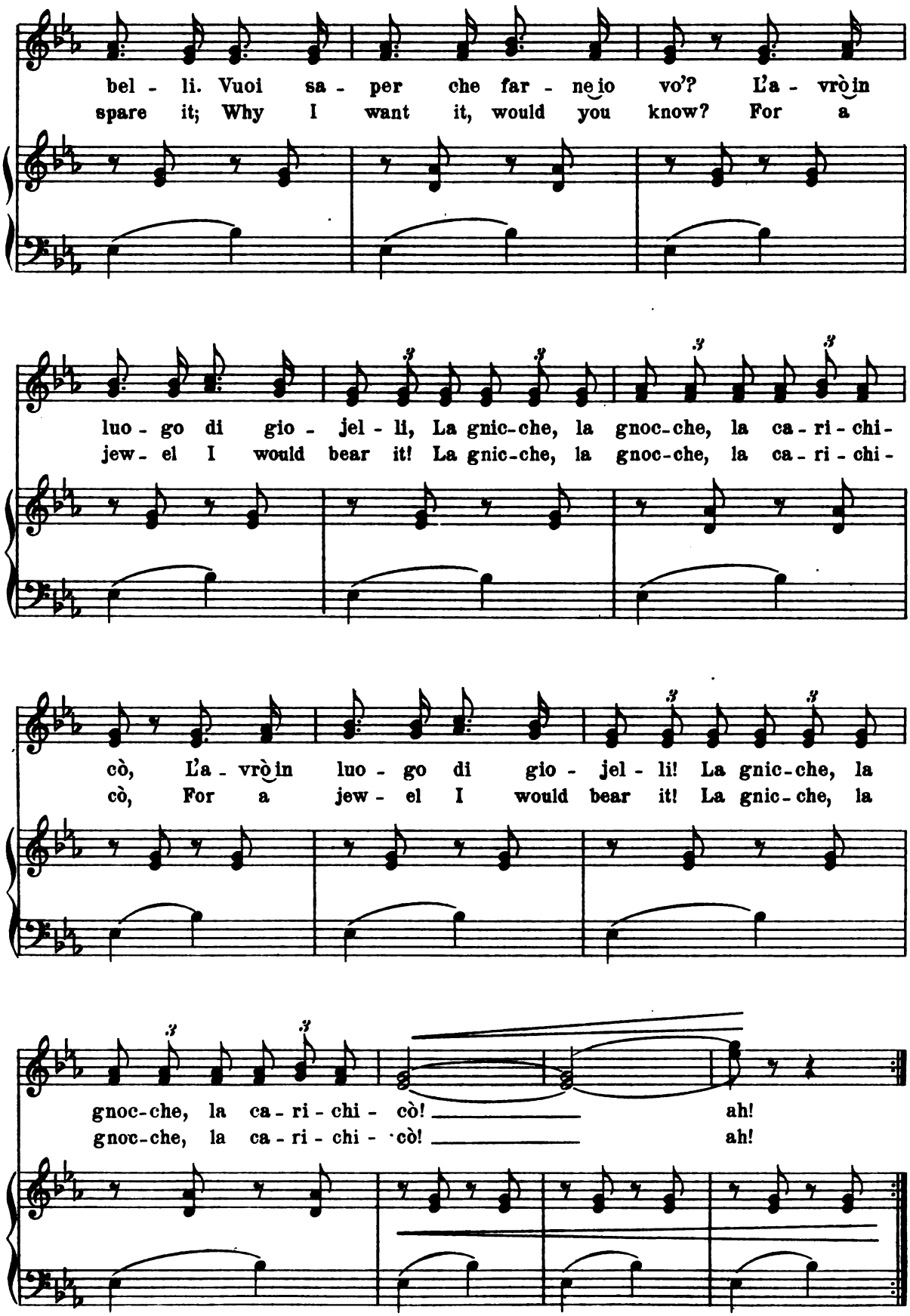
pp e legato

1. Dam- miun
1. Give me

ric-cio - lo dei ca - pel - li, La gnic-che, la gnoc-che, la ca - ri - chi-
on - ly a curl, to wear it, La gnic-che, la gnoc-che, la ca - ri - chi -

cò, Dam-miun ric-cio - lo dei ca - pel - li, La gnic-che, la
cò, Give me on - ly a curl, to weal it, La gnic - che, la

gnoc-che, la ca - ri - chi - cò! Co - sì bion - di, co - sì
gnoc - che, la ca - ri - chi - cò! Fair and full, you well can


bel - li. Vuoi sa - per che far - ne io vo'? L'a - vrò in
spare it; Why I want it, would you know? For a
luo - go di gio - jel - li, La gnic-che, la gnoc-che, la ca - ri - chi-
jew - el I would bear it! La gnic-che, la gnoc-che, la ca - ri - chi -
cò, L'a - vrò in luo - go di gio - jel - li! La gnic-che, la
cò, For a jew - el I would bear it! La gnic-che, la
gnoc-che, la ca - ri - chi - cò! ah!
gnoc-che, la ca - ri - chi - cò! ah!

"DAMMI UN RICCIOLO DEI CAPELLI."

1.

|: Dammi un ricciolo dei capelli!
La gnicche, la gnocche, la carichicò! :|
Così biondi, così belli.
Vuoi saper, che farne io vo'?
|: L'avrò in luogo di giojelli.
La gnicche, la gnocche, la carichicò! :|

2.

|: Di tua mano donami un fiore,
La gnicche, ecc. :|
Da serbarlo sopra il core.
Vuoi saper, che farne io vo'?
|: Un emblema dell'amore!
La gnicche, la gnocche, la carichicò! :|

3.

|: Dammi il core, mio giovinetto,
La gnicche, ecc. :|
È gran tempo che l'aspetto.
Ma del cor che mai farò?
|: La mia immagine ci metto!
La gnicche, la gnocche, la carichicò! :|

"GIVE ME ONLY A CURL, TO WEAR IT."

1.

|: Give me only a curl, to wear it,
La gnicche, la gnocche, la carichicò! :|
Fair and full, you well can spare it,
Why I want it, would you know?
|: For a jewel I would bear it!
La gnicche, la gnocche, la carichicò! :|

2.

|: From your hand let me have a flower,
La gnicche, etc. :|
On my heart I'll keep the dower.
Why I want it, would you know?
|: Of my love to show the power!
La gnicche, la gnocche, la carichicò! :|

3.

|: Darling, give me your heart a minute,
La gnicche, etc. :|
I have waited long to win it.
With your heart, what would I do?
|: I'd engrave my features in it!
La gnicche, la gnocche, la carichicò! :|

Antonià.

Naples.

Transcription by
Vincenzo de Meglio.

Allegretto vivace.

36.

T'aje fat - ta la gon - nel - - la, Anto - ni - à, T'aje
The gown you wear is new, An - to - ni - à, the

p

fat - ta la gon-nel - - la, Anto - ni - à, Te l'a - je fat-ta col - la cre-
gown you wear is new, An - to - ni - à! And when you got it, it was on

p

pp

den - za, Quan - no cam - mi - ne sem - pe ce pien - ze! Sem-
cred - it, While you are walk - ing you can't for - get it! 'Twill

pe ce pien-ze e bi - a Na - so de ca - ne, bel-lez - za mi - a, An-
al - ways be the case, too; Nose in the air and a pret - ty face, too! An-

cresc.

cresc.

f con intenzione

to - ni - el - la, An - to - ni - à! An - to - ni - el -
to - ni - el - la, An - to - ni - à! An - to - ni - el -

la, An - to - ni - à! Vo - ta - te, Nen - na bel - la, vo - ta - te
la, An - to - ni - à! Turn around, dain - ty darling, now turn a -

poco riten.

cca, Ve - dim - mo sta — gon - nel - la com - me te
round, Give us a chance to see how well you are

p col canto

va! *a tempo*
gowned!

allegramente

ff

D.C.

ANTONIÀ.

1.

|: T'aje fatta la gonnella, Antonià, :|
Te l'aje fatta colla credenza,
Quanno cammine sempe ce pienze!
Sempe ce pienze e bia
Naso de cane, bellezza mia!
|: Antoniella, Antonià! :|
Votate, Nenna bella, votate ccà,
Vedimmo sta gonnella comme te va!

2.

|: T'aje fatta pettenessa, Antonià, :|
Te l'aje fatta colla credenza,
Quanno cammine, cammine i renza,
Cammine i renza e core,
Nennella mia, si tutta ammore.
|: Antoniella, Antonià! :|
Votate, Nenna bella, votate ccà,
Vedimmo a pettenessa comme te stà!

3.

|: T'aje fatta la scarpetta, Antonià, :|
Te l'aje fatta cianciosamente,
Quanno cammine nce tiene mente,
Vola, palomma, e vola!
Cara carella, si mariola.
|: Antoniella, Antonià! :|
Votate, Nenna bella, votate ccà,
Vedimme sta scarpetta si acconcia stà!

ANTONIÀ.

1.

|: The gown you wear is new, Antonià, :|
And when you got it, it was on credit,
While you are walking you can't forget it!
'T will always be the case, too;
Nose in the air and a pretty face, too!
|: Antoniella, Antonià! :|
Turn around, dainty darling, now turn around,
Give us a chance to see how well you are gowned!

2.

|: The comb you wear is new, Antonià. :|
You did n't pay for it, oh, you know it!
Now you walk sideways and try to show it!
And tho' you walk so funny,
Darling, your heart is as sweet as honey,
|: Antoniella, Antonià! :|
Turn around, dainty darling, now turn around,
Give us a chance to see the new comb you found!

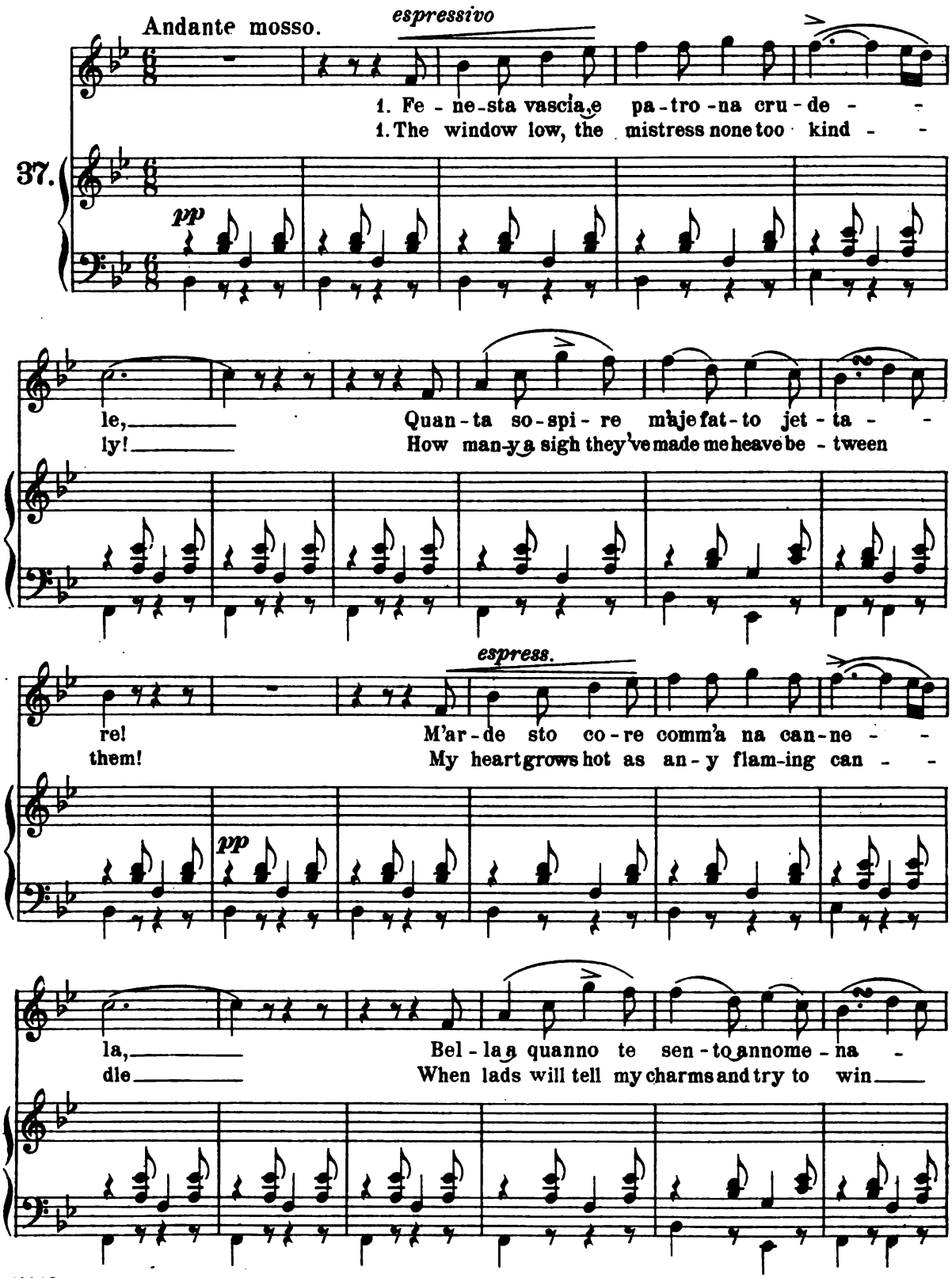
3.

|: The shoes you wear are new, Antonià, :|
Oh what a fine way you took to get them!
While you are walking you can't forget them!
Now fly away, my dovey,
You are a naughty young thing, my lovey!
|: Antoniella, Antonià! :|
Turn around, dainty darling, now turn around,
Give us a chance to see your shoes on the ground!

"Fenesta vascia." | "The window low."

Naples.

(Calascionata.)



re! Oje pi-glia la spe-rien-zia de la ne - -
them. Ah, take the snow out yon-der for a mod - -

ve! La ne-ve è fred-da e se fa ma-ni - a - -
el! The snow is cold, for love'tis nev-er grate -

re, E tu com-me sì tan-t'aspra e cru - de - - - le?
ful; There's one who'd see me die, and nev er save _____ me!

poco riten. *lento*

Muor-to mme vi - de e non mme vuò a - ju - ta - - re?
How can a heart be al - ways hard and hate - ful?

a tempo

col canto

p

last verse

"FENESTA VASCIA."

1.

Fenesta vascia e padrona crudele,
Quanta sospire m'aje fatto jettare!
M'arde sto core comm'a na cannela,
Bella a quanno te sento annomenare!
Oje piglia la sperienzia de la neve!
La neve è fredda e se fa maniare,
E tu comme si tant'aspra e crudele?
Muorto mme vide e non mme vuò ajutare?

2.

Vorria arreventare no picciuotto
Co na lancella a ghire vennenno acqua,
Pe mme nne i da chiste palazzuotte:
Belle femmene meje, a chi vò acqua?
Se vota na nennella da la'ncoppa:
Chi è sto ninno che va vennenno acqua?
E io responno co parole accorte:
So lagrime d'ammore, e non è acqua!

"THE WINDOW LOW."

1.

The window low, the mistress none too kindly!
How many a sigh they've made me heave between them!
My heart grows hot as any flaming candle
When lads will tell my charms and try to win them.
Ah! take the snow out yonder for a model:
The snow is cold, for love 't is never grateful;
There's one who'd see me die, and never save me!
How can a heart be always hard and hateful?

2.

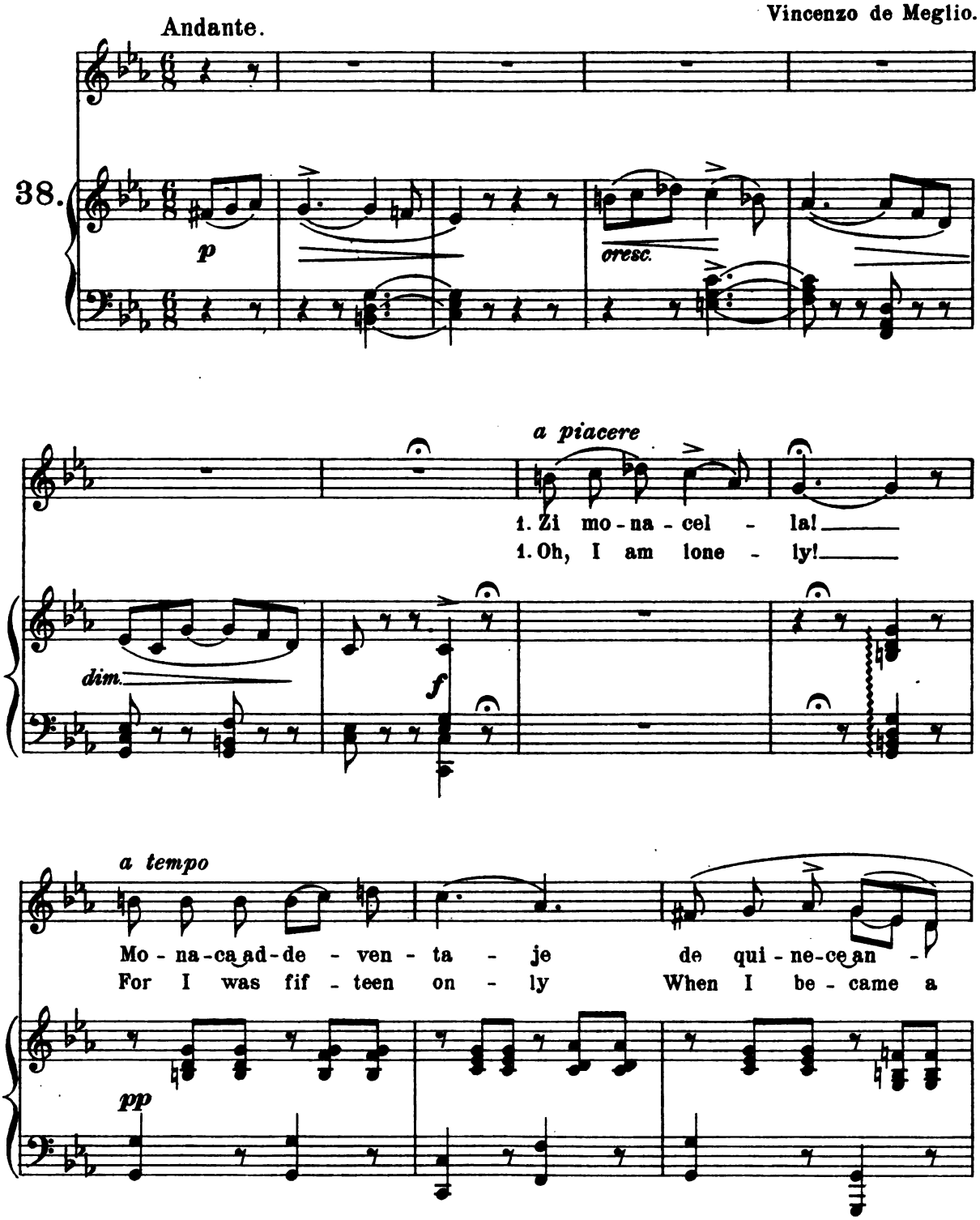
I wish I could become a handsome laddie,
And wander thro' the alleys selling water,
I'd stand below the windows, calling loudly:
My lovely ladies, ah! who'll have some water?
Perhaps the fairest maid would turn to scan me:
Who is this boy who wanders selling water?
And thereupon I'd give my answer shortly:
These are the tears of love — it is no water.

La Monacella. | The Young Nun.

Naples.

Song from Santa Lucia.

Transcription by
Vincenzo de Meglio.



ne, Non sò brut - ta e sò fi - glio - la, Pec - chè
nun. I'm a girl, and not so home - ly, Am I

pp

von - no ca sto so - la? Nce pen - so e su -
here be - cause I'm come - ly? Have I of - fend -

a piacere

col canto

do! Bar - ba - ro mio de - stin ti - -
ed? Where - fore a life be - gun, So

mf a tempo

mf

ran - no e cru - do!
sad - ly end - ed?

dim.

dim.

p

f

LA MONACELLA.

1.

Zi monacella!
Monaca addeventaje de quinece anne,
Non sò brutta e sò figliola,
Pecchè vonno ca sto sola?
Nce penso e sudo!
Barbaro mio destin tiranno e crudo!

2.

Zi monacella!
Aje ca non pensa a mene cchiù nisciuno!
E tu, che tanto m'aje jurato,
Che mai m'avisse abbandonata,
Aje traditore!
Tu manco t'allecuorde l'antico amore!

THE YOUNG NUN.

1.

Oh, I am lonely!
For I was fifteen only
When I became a nun.
I am a girl, and not so homely:
Am I here because I 'm comely?
Have I offended?
Wherefore a life begun,
So sadly ended?

2.

O, I am weary!
Life is too dull and dreary
When one is all alone.
Thou, who didst vow thy bride to make me,
That thou wouldst nevermore forsake me —
Ah me, thou traitor!
Thou wilt not even own
Thy love, or regret her!

Michelemmà. | Fishermen's Song.

Naples.

Transcription by Vincenzo de Meglio.

Allegro con brio.

39.

ff

1. E na - ta mmie-zo ma - re, mi-chelem - mà e mi-chelem -
1. There grows beneath the o - cean, Mi-che-lem - mà, eh! mi-che-lem -

pp

mà... E na - ta mmie-zo ma - re, mi-chelem - mà e mi-chelem -
mà! There grows beneath the o - cean, Mi-che-lem - mà, eh! mi-che-lem -

ff *p* *ff*

mà... Oje na sca-ro - la! oje na sca-ro - la! oje
mà! O - ho! a let - tuce! O - ho! a let - tuce! O -

ff *pp* *ff*

p *last verse*

na sca-ro - la! oje na sca-ro - la! je!
ho! a let - tuce! O - ho! a let - tuce! wise!

pp *ff* *ff*

MICHELEMMA.

1.

E nato mmiezo mare,
Michelemmà e michelemmà...
E nato mmiezo mare,
Michelemmà e michelemmà,
Oje na scarola! (*Repeat.*)

2.

Li Turche se nce vanno
A reposare.

3.

Chi pe la cimma e chi
Pe lo streppone.

4.

Viato a chi la vence
Co sta figliola.

5.

Sta figliola ch'è figlia
Oje de Notare.

6.

E mpieto porta na
Stella diana.

7.

Pe fà morì l'amante
A duje a duje.

MICHELEMMÀ.

1.

There grows beneath the ocean,
Michelemmà, eh! michelemmà!
There grows beneath the ocean,
Michelemmà, eh! michelemmà!
Oho! a lettuce! (*Repeat.*)

2.

The Turks all wander thither,
To take a rest there.

3.

Some hold it by the head, oh!
Some hold the stalk, oh!

4.

He always will be happy,
Who wins this maiden.

5.

This girl, who is the daughter
Of yonder Notary.

6.

And wears Diana's star, too,
Upon her bosom.

7.

Her lovers all are dying,
Are dying pairwise!

"Fenesta che lucivi e mò non luci.,, | "Thou window that hast shone."

Naples.

Andantino malinconico.

40.

p

1. Fe - nesta che lu - ci - vie mò non
1. Thou window that hast shone, and shin'st no

dolce

lu - ci, Sign' è ca Nen - na mia stace am - ma - la - - ta. S'af-
long - er, Dost thou my Nenna's ill - ness thus be - to - ken? But

faccia la so - rel - la e me lo di - ce: Nen - nel - la to - ja è morta e s'è atter-
now the sis - ter meets me, and she tells me, My love was dead and buried ere I'd

con passione

ra - - ta. Chia - gne - va sem - pe ca dor - me - va
spo - - ken! She wept so long because her couch was

trattenendo

so - la, ah! Mò dor - me co li muor - te accom - pa - gna - -
lone - ly, ah! And now she lies with man - ya one heart - bro - -

col canto

ta!
ken,

trattenuto

Mò dor - me co li
and now she lies with

con espress.

col canto

muor - te accom - pa - gna - - ta!
man ya one heart - bro - - ken.

1. ta.
2. der.

"FENESTA CHE LUCIVI E MO NON LUCI."

1.

Fenesta che lucivi e mò non luci,
Sign'è ca Nenna mia stace ammalata.
S'affaccia la sorella e me lo dice:
Nennella toja è morta e s'è atterrata.
Chiagneva sempe ca dormeva sola, ah!
|: Mò dorme co li muorte accompagnata! :|

2.

Va nella chiesa e scuopre lo tavuto,
Vide Nennella toja comm'è tornata.
Da chella vocca che n'asceano sciure,
Mo n'esceno li vierme, oh che piatate!
Zi Parrocchiano mio, abbice cura, ah!
|: Na lampa sempe tienece allumata! :|

"THOU WINDOW THAT HAST SHONE."

1.

Thou window that hast shone, and shin'st no longer,
Dost thou my Nenna's illness thus betoken?
But now the sister meets me, and she tells me,
My love was dead and buried ere I'd spoken!
She wept so long because her couch was lonely, ah!
|: And now she lies with many a one heartbroken. :|

2.

To church, and ope the tomb that hides my darling,
That in her shroud I may again behold her!
Oh! from the lips whence flowers used to issue,
Now worms are crawling—ah! how charms must moulder!
Good Father mine, now have a care, I pray you,
|: And tend the lamp, that it may never smoulder. :|

Cicerenella.

Posilipo (Naples).

Tarantella of Posilipo.

Transcription by
Vincenzo de Meglio.

Allegretto.

41.

1. Ci - ce - re - nel - la te - nea no ciar - di - no E l'a - da -
1. Ci - ce - re - nel - la, the gar - den - er's daugh - ter, Spray'd her

p

cqua - va coll' a - cqua e lo vi - no, Ci - ce - re - nel - la te - nea no ciar -
gar - den with wine and with wa - ter, Ci - ce - re - nel - la, the gar - den - er's

di - no E l'a - da - cqua - va coll' acqua e lo vi - no; Ma l'a - da -
daugh - ter, Spray'd her gar - den with wine and with wa - ter; Wa - ter'd it

cqua - va pò sen - za lan - cel - la, Chi - sto ciar - di - no è de Ci - ce - re -
well, tho' she had n't a pail, ah! This is the gar - den of Ci - ce - re -

nel - la, Ma l'a - da - cqua - va pò sen - za lan - cel - la, Chisto è o ciar-
nel - la, Wa - ter'd it well, tho' she had n't a pail, ah! This is the

di - no de Ci - ce - re - nel - la. Ci - ce - re - nel - la mi - a, sì
garden of Ci - ce - re - nel - la. Ci - ce - re - nel - la dar - ling, my

bo - na e bel - la!
bon - ny belle, ah!

ff

D. C.

CICERENELLA.

1.

|: Cicerenella tenea no ciardino,
E l'adacquava coll'acqua e lo vino, :|
|: Ma l'adacquava pò senza lancella...
Chisto ciardino è de Cicerenella. :|
Cicerenella mia sì bona e bella!

2.

|: Cicerenella teneva na gatta
Ch'era cecata e purzì scontrafatta, :|
|: La strasceneva co mmeza codella...
Chesta è la gatta de Cicerenella. :|
Cicerenella, ecc.

3.

|: Cicerenella teneva no gallo,
Tutta la notte nce jeva a ccavallo, :|
|: Essa nce jeva pò senza la sella...
Chisto è lo gallo de Cicerenella. :|
Cicerenella, ecc.

4.

|: Cicerenella tenea na gallina
Che facea l'uovo de sera e matina, :|
|: L'avea mparata a magnà farenella...
Chesta gallina è de Cicerenella. :|
Cicerenella, ecc.

5.

|: Cicerenella teneva na votta,
Mettea da ncoppa e asceva da sotta, :|
|: E non ce steva tompagno e cannella...
Chesta è la votta de Cicerenella. :|
Cicerenella, ecc.

CICERENELLA.

1.

|: Cicerenella, the gardener's daughter,
Spray'd her garden with wine and with water, :|
|: Watered it well, tho' she had n't a pail, ah!
This is the garden of Cicerenella! :|
Cicerenella, darling, my bonny belle, ah!

2.

|: Cicerenella, because she 'd a mind to,
Kept a pussycat crooked and blind, too, :|
|: And she would drag it around by the tail, ah!
This is the pussy of Cicerenella! :|
Cicerenella, darling, etc.

3.

|: Cicerenella, she had an old rooster,
All night long on his back he would boost her, :|
|: Bareback she rode him, and rode him right well, ah!
This is the rooster of Cicerenella! :|
Cicerenella, darling, etc.

4.

|: Cicerenella, she had an old hen, too,
Laid at night and at morning again, too, :|
|: And she had taught her to feed on cornmeal, ah!
This is the biddy of Cicerenella! :|
Cicerenella, darling, etc.

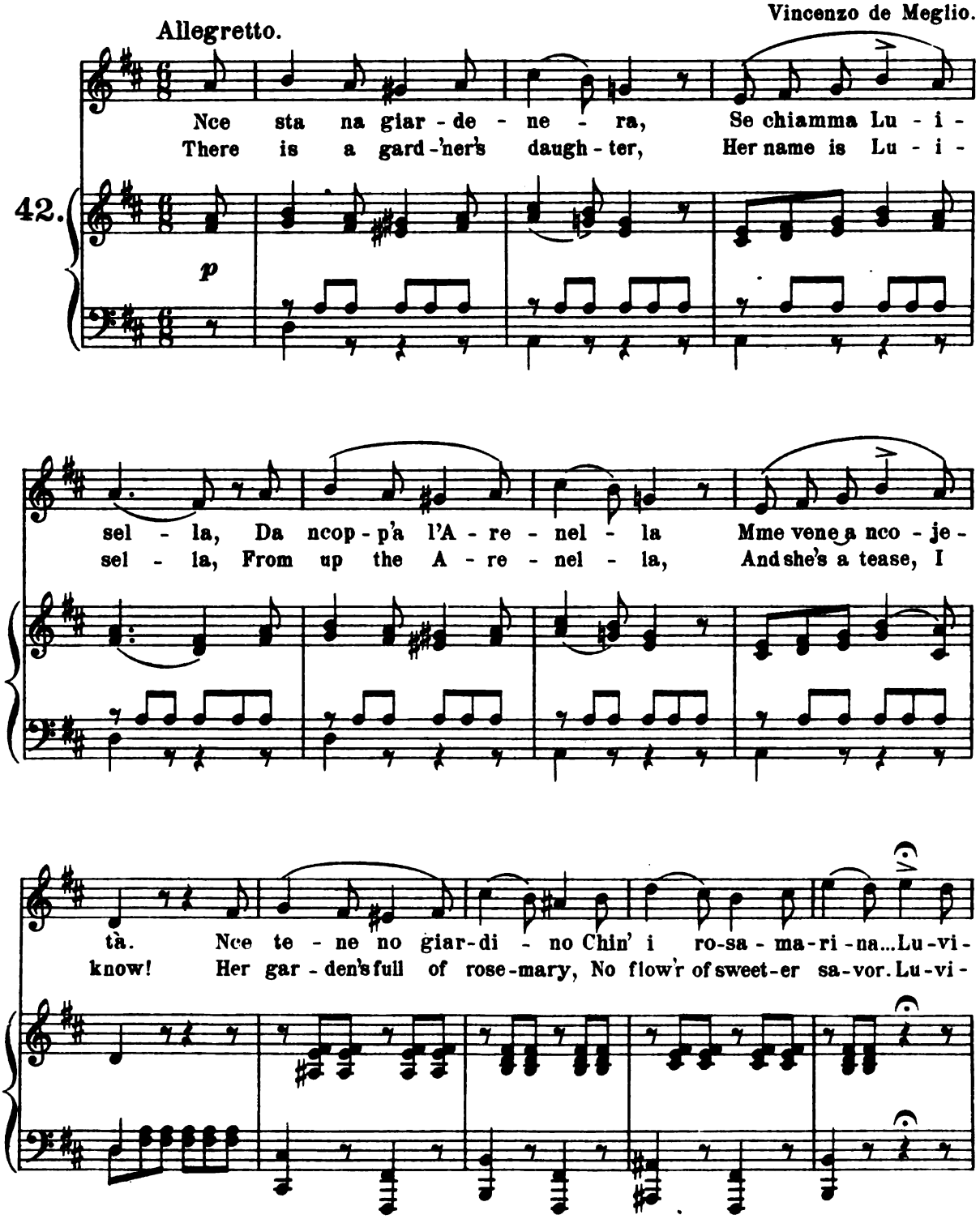
5.

|: Cicerenella her barrel was filling
From the top while the bottom was spilling, :|
|: Never a head or a stave to the shell, ah!
This is the barrel of Cicerenella! :|
Cicerenella, darling, etc.

La Luisella. | Luisella.

Naples.

Transcription by
Vincenzo de Meglio.



sè, sera e ma - ti - na Non me ve - nìa 'ppret - ta - re, Lu - vi -
sè, why can you nev - er Meet me, but you plague me so? Lu - vi -

p

sè, se-ra e ma - ti - na Non me ve - nìa 'ppret - tà.
sè, why can you nev - er Meet me, but you plague me so!

p

f *p* *f*

D.C.

LA LUISELLA.

1.

Nce sta na giardenera,
Se chiamma Luisella,
Da ncopp'a l'Arenella
Mme vene a ncojetà.
Nce tene no giardino
Chin'i rosa marina...
|: Luvisè, sera e matina
Non me venì a 'pprettà. :|

2.

Pe chillo vecenato
Non c'è n'auta nennella
Comm'essa acconcia e bella
Da farte nnammurà.
Fa l'uocchie a zennariello
Si fà la marranchina...
|: Luvisè, sera e matina
Non me venì a 'pprettà. :|

3.

Lo naso è profilato,
La vocca è n'arciulillo,
Lo musso è russulillo,
Na razia è lu parlà.
Doje schiocche janche e rosse
Sta 'nchella faccia fina...
|: Luvisè, sera e matina
Non me venì a 'pprettà. :|

4.

Na capuzzella tonna,
Capille a filo d'ore,
Che 'nce le 'ntrezza Ammore
Pe farla ciancià.
E co chill'uocchie pare
Na stella matutina...
|: Luvisè, sera e matina
Non me venì a 'pprettà. :|

5.

Luvisè, si me te sposo,
T'accatto li sciuqquaglie;
Lazziette a trenta maglie
Te voglio fa piglià:
Te piglio no corpetto,
Purzì na manteglina...
|: Luvisè, sera e matina
Non me venì a 'pprettà. :|

LUISELLA.

1.

There is a gard'ner's daughter,
Her name is Luisella,
From up the Arenella,
And she 's a tease, I know!
Her garden 's full of rosemary,
No flow'r of sweeter savor:
|: Luvisè, why can you never
Meet me, but you plague me so? :|

2.

Among the neighbors' daughters
There is not one to match her,
If I could only catch her,
I should be glad, I vow!
And when she feels like flirting,
She 'll wink her eye so clever:
|: Luvisè, why can you never
Meet me, but you plague me so? :|

3.

Her nose is quite bewitching,
Over a mouth t' entice you,
Her coral lips rejoice you,
Whispering sweet and low,
And on her cheeks red roses
With white contend for favor:
|: Luvisè, why can you never
Meet me, but you plague me so? :|

4.

Her head is neatly rounded
Golden her hair, and braided
By Cupid, who persuaded
Her to her follies, too!
No morning star will ever
Shine brighter than her eyes do:
|: Luvisè, why can you never
Meet me, but you plague me so? :|

5.

I 'll give you, if you ever
Marry me, Luisella,
Fine earrings, so I tell you!
Rings, and a necklace too.
I 'll buy you a mantilla,
And love you, dear, for ever:
|: Luvisè, why can you never
Meet me, but you plague me so? :|

La vera Sorrentina. | The Real Maid of Sorrento.

Naples.

Transcription by
Vincenzo de Meglio.

Moderato.

43.

1. La ve - det - te a Pie - di - grot - ta, Tut - t'a
1. When we met at Pie - di - grot - ta, All her

p

ffes - ta e - -ra pa - ra - ta, Pe guar - dà la trup-pa
fin - 'ry she was wear-ing, To the ar - my on pa -

n'frot - ta, Da la mamma ac- -com - pa - gna - ta. Na giac-
rade there With her moth - er she was far - ing In a

chet - ta ag - gal - lo - na - ta, Na pet - ti - glia ri - ca-
gold - en - braid - ed jack - et, An em - broi - der'd waist to

ma - ta, Na gon - nel - la cremme - si - na, E du -
match it, Bright - er eyes I've nev - er seen, ah! And of

je noc - chie da ncan - tà, E la bel - la Sor - ren -
crim - son was her gown: And the love - ly Sor - ren -

ti - na La sen - tet - te an - nom - me - nà.
ti - na She was call'd in all the town.

ff

D. C.

LA VERA SORRENTINA.

1.

La vedette a Piedigrotta,
Tutt'a ffesta era parata,
Pe guardà la truppa n'frotta,
Da la mamma accompagnata.
Na giacchetta aggallonata,
Na pettiglia ricamata,
Na gonnella cremmesina,
E duje uocchie da ncantà..
E la bella Sorrentina
La sentette annommenà.

2.

Da chell'ora nn'aggio pace,
Stongo sempe a sosperare;
Cchiù la rezza non me piace,
Cchiù no ntenno lo ppescare:
Co la misera varchetta
A Sorriento nfretta nfretta
Ogne sera, ogne mmatina
Vaco lagreme a jettà...
Ma la sgrata Sorrentina
Non ha maje da me pietà.

3.

Mme spaventa la tempesta,
Mme fa affritto la bonaccia,
Chisto core è sulo nfesta
Quanno vede chella faccia.
L'auto juorno, io sbenturato,
Ca lo mare era ngrossato,
Mmiezo all'acque de Resina
Quase stea pe mm'annjà...
E la sgrata Sorrentina
Non ha maje de me pietà.

4.

Si non cura cheste pene,
Quanto cana, tanto bella,
Voto strada, e do lo bbene
A quacc'aüta nennella.
Ma chedè?... vi che sbentura!
Lampa, e l'aria se fa scura.
Aggio spersa la banchina...
La varchetta è p'affonnà...
Pe tte, sgrata Sorrentina,
Io me vaco ad affucà!

THE REAL MAID OF SORRENTO.

1.

When we met at Piedigrotta,
All her fin'ry she was wearing,
To the army on parade there
With her mother she was faring
In a golden-braided jacket,
An embroider'd waist to match it;
Brighter eyes I've never seen, ah!
And of crimson was her gown:
And the lovely Sorrentina
She was called in all the town.

2.

Since that hour my peace is banish'd,
I am always sadly sighing,
All my love for fishing's vanish'd,
Idle too my nets are lying.
In my lonesome boat returning
Ev'ry evening, ev'ry morning
I am hasting to my queen, ah!
Many a tear I there let fall:
But th' ungrateful Sorrentina
Never pities me at all!

3.

I am fearful when 't is stormy,
When 't is calm I'm sad and sadder,
Only with her face before me
Does my heavy heart leap gladder.
Not long since, there came a billow—
I was sailing, wretched fellow,
In the bay there by Resina—
Nearly drown'd me in a squall:
But th' ungrateful Sorrentina
Never pities me at all!

4.

If she will not hear me kindly,
She, who's cruel as she's pretty,
I'll forsake her, and I'll find me
Other love, another city!
Ah! how dreadful! Hear the thunder,
See the lightning flashing yonder!
Lost in darkness unforeseen, ah!
Now my boat is sinking down!
You ungrateful Sorrentina,
'T is for you I have to drown!

Santa Lucia.

Naples.

Barcarole.

Andantino.

44.

Sul ma - re luc-ci - ca L'a - stro d'ar - gen - to,
Bright - ly the sil - ver star Shines o'er the o - cean,

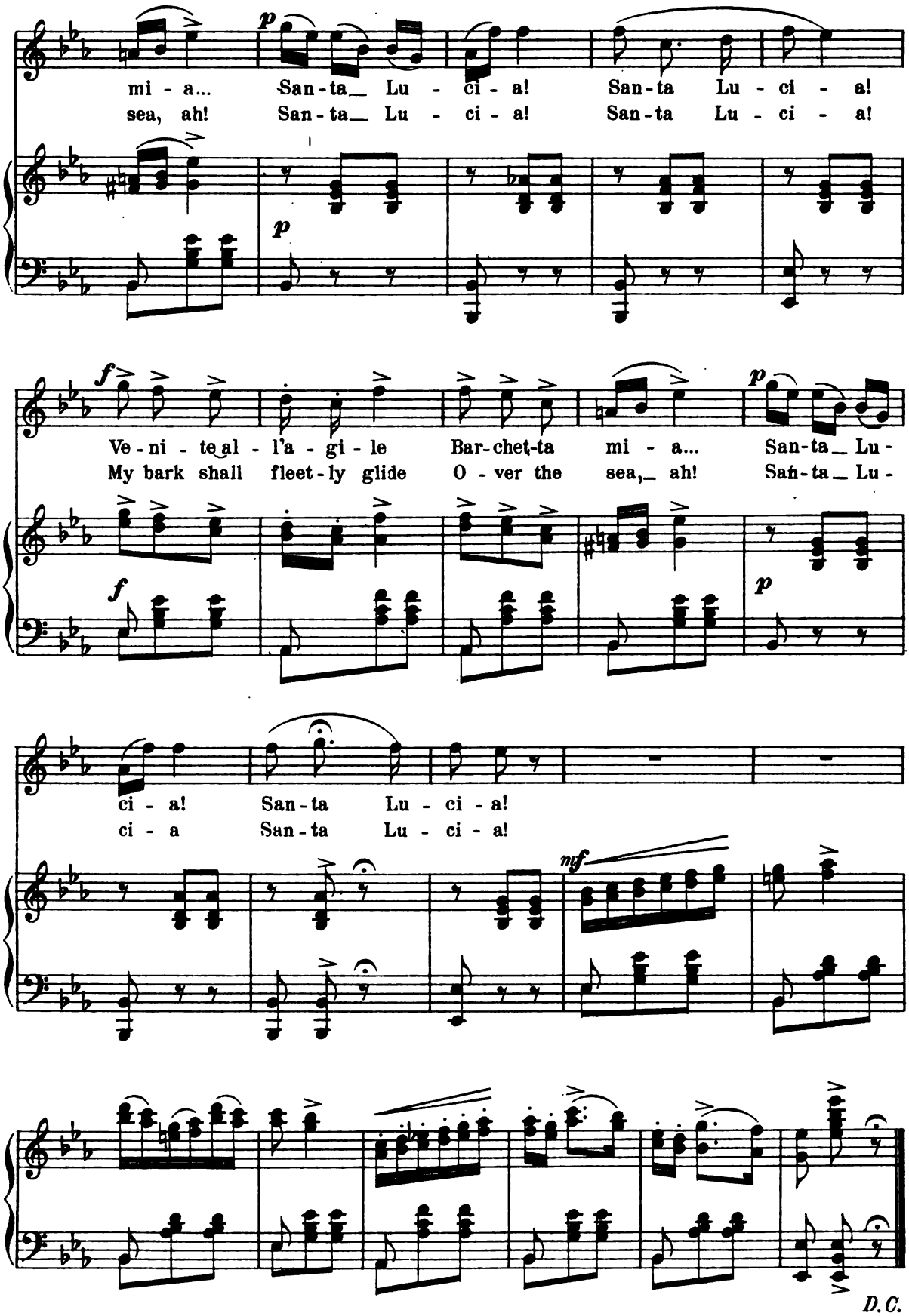
p

Pla - ci - da è l'on - da, Pro - spe-ro è il ven-to; Sul ma - re
Fair winds woo bil - lows Calm - ly in mo-tion, Bright - ly the

luc-ci - ca L'a - stro d'ar - gen-to, Pla - ci - da è l'on - da,
sil-ver star Shines o'er the o - cean, Fair winds woo bil - lows

f

Pro - spe-ro è il ven-to; Ve - ni - te al - l'a - gi - le Bar - chet - ta
Calm - ly in mo-tion, My bark shall fleet - ly glide O - ver the


p
mi - a... San-ta_ Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!
sea, ah! San-ta_ Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!
p
f
Ve - ni - te al - l'a - gi - le Bar-chet-ta mi - a... San-ta_ Lu-
My bark shall fleet-ly glide O - ver the sea,_ ah! San-ta_ Lu-
f
p
ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!
ci - a San-ta Lu - ci - a!
mf
D.C.

SANTA LUCIA.

1.

|: Sul mare luccica
L'astro argento,
Placida è l'onda,
Prospero è il vento, :|
|: Venite all'agile
Barchetta mia !...
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia ! :|

2.

|: Con questo zeffiro
Così soave,
Oh ! com'è bello
Star su la nave ! :|
|: Su passagieri,
Venite via !...
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia ! :|

3.

|: O dolce Napoli,
O suol beato,
Ove sorridere
Volle il creato, :|
|: Tu sei l'impero
Del armonia !...
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia ! :|

4.

|: Or che tardate?
Bella è la sera,
Spira un auretta
Fresca e leggera, :|
|: Venite all'agile
Barchetta mia !...
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia ! :|

SANTA LUCIA.

1.

|: Brightly the silver star
Shines o'er the ocean,
Fair winds woo billows
Calmly in motion, : :|
|: My bark shall fleetly glide
Over the sea, ah !
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia ! :|

2.

|: Borne on by willing airs
So smoothly floating,
Oh, what a joy when
Yonder we're boating ! :|
|: Ho, friends ! now all aboard !
Come sail with me, ah !
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia ! :|

3.

|: Oh charmful Napoli !
Oh happy nation,
Smiling fair welcome
From thy creation ! :|
|: Thou realm of harmony,
All hail to thee, ah !
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia ! :|

4.

|: Why are ye waiting now?
Eve glows in splendor,
Light airs invite ye,
Cooling and tender : :|
|: Here in my bonny bark
Come all with me, ah !
Santa Lucia !
Santa Lucia ! :|

La Carolina. | Caroline.

Naples.

English version by
Maria X. Hayes.

Transcription by
Vincenzo de Meglio.

Allegretto.

45.

ff

1. Ag-gio vi - sto na fi - gliola, Bel - l'as - sa-je e gra - zi - o - sa, Tut - t'ac - con-cia e vruc-cu - lo - sa, Uh! che zuc - ca - ro che d'è! Quan - t'è do - ce chel - la voc-ca, Quan - t'è su - gar, too, is she. My poor heart I must sur - ren-der, She en -

1. I have seen a maid-en slender, Grace-ful, pret-ty, young and spright-ly, And with dark eyes beam-ing bright - ly, Sweet as

pp

bel - lo chil - lo ri - so! Tu te cri - de mpa - ra - di - so Quan - no
chants me when she's smil - ing, And her glance is so be - guil - ing, 'Tis like

sta vi - ci - no a te. Quan - t'è bel - lo chil - lo vi - so, Quan - t'è
Pa - ra - dise to me. She en - chants me when she's smil - ing, And her

do - ce chillo ri - so! Tu te cri - de mpa - ra - di - so Quan - no
glance is so be - guil - ing, ah! her glance is so be - guil - ing, 'Tis like

sta vi - ci - no a te.
Pa - ra - dise to me!

last verse

LA CAROLINA.

1.

Aggio visto na figliola,
Bell'assaje e graziosa,
Tutt'acconcia e vrucculosa,
Uh! che zuccaro che d'è!
|:Quant'è doce chella vocca,
Quant'è bello chillo riso!
Tu te cride mparadiso
Quanno sta vicino a te.:|

2.

Quann'a sera stonco sulo,
Penso sempe a Carolina;
Vene nsuonno a mme vicino,
M'accarezze e se ne va.
|:Quanno pò se schiara juorno,
Chella varca menco a mare,
Voca vo... che buò vocare,
N'aggio forza de vocà.:|

3.

Carolì quanto si bella
Co sto musso a cerasiello!
Ch'aggio fatto io puveriello
Che mme faje tanto patè?
|:Dice buono Tata mio,
Oh! che guajo che è l'ammore!
Tu te vide ntutte l'ore,
Mpilo, mpilo ajemè sperè.:|

4.

Tu te cride ca non pozzo?
Io non songo no falluto;
No, vestito de velluto
Te lo faccio mmeretà.
|:Quanno pò jamm'a Puzzano,
Chi te dice: quant'è bella!
Chi: mme pare na fatella
Mieze a tutte chelle lla.:|

5.

Aggio perzo a pace ntunno,
Chiù non beco, chiù non sento;
Faccio sempe nu lamiento;
Ah chi sa si pensa a me?
|:Si speranza chiù non aggio,
Ca tu bene mme vurraje,
Viene a mare e truvarraje
Nu cadavere pe tte!:|

CAROLINE.

1.

I have seen a maiden slender,
Graceful, pretty, young, and sprightly,
With her dark eyes beaming brightly,
Sweet as sugar, too, is she!
|:My poor heart I must surrender,
She enchants me when she 's smiling,
And her glance is so beguiling,
'T is like Paradise to me.:|

2.

In the night, alone and weary,
Thoughts of Caroline come o'er me,
And in sleep she stands before me
With a soft, caressing air:
|:When the dawn is faintly glowing,
In my bark I 'm sadly rowing,
But so feeble I am growing,
I 've no strength, I do declare!:|

3.

Caroline, she is so pretty,
And her voice, it does so please me;
Then why should she always tease me,
Causing my poor heart such pain?
|:Father tells me — more 's the pity! —
While you love, you 'll be in trouble!
At her sight my woes redouble,
For I feel my hopes are vain.:|

4.

Do you think I am not able?
Never mind, I shall not fail yet,
I can buy a dress of velvet
Any time that you may care:
|:When we travel to Puzzano,
Some will say, She 's like a fairy!
And the others, She is very
Sweet beside those women there!:|

5.

All my peace of mind has left me,
Nothing now can give me pleasure;
I am mourning for my treasure;
Does she ever think of me?
|:Since of hope you have bereft me,
There is naught in life to bind me,
And some morning you will find me
Floating dead upon the sea.:|

La Fiera de Mast'Andrea. | The Fair of Mast'Andrea.

Naples.

Tarantella.

Transcription by Vincenzo de Meglio.

46.

Allegretto brioso.

p *ff*

p

A la fie-ra de Mast' An-
At the fair of Mast' An-

pp

dre - a m'ac - cat - taie no cam - pa - niel - lo, nding - he - te
dre - a, Once I bought my - self a bell, oh! Ting - a - ling,

(imitating)

poco ritard.

ndinghe - te u cam - pa - niel - lo, ohie Me - ne - chel - la, ohie Me - ne -
ting - a - ling, ling, a bell, O - ho, Me - ne - chel - la, oh Me - ne -

col canto

a tempo

chè. A la fie - ra de Mast' An - dre - a m'ac - cat -
chè! At the fair of Mast' An - dre - a, Once I

a tempo

(imitating)

taie no tam - mur - riel - lo, ttup - pe - te ttup - pe - teu tam - mur-
bought my - self a drum, oh! Rub - a - dub, dub - a - dub dub! a

ritard.

riel - lo, nding-he - te nding-he-teu cam - pa - niel - lo, ohie Me - ne-
drum, oh! Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling ling! a bell! O - ho Me - ne-

col canto

- *sempre più* -

chel - la, ohie Me - ne - chel - la, ohie Me - ne - chel - la, ohie Me - ne - chè.
chel - la, oh Me - ne - chel - la, oh Me - ne - chel - la, oh Me - ne - chè!

a tempo

col canto

p

ff

p

A la fie-ra de Mast' An - dre - a m'ac - cat-
At the fair of Mast' An - dre - a, Once I

pp *secco*

(imitating)

taie no vi - o - li - no, zi - che - te zu - che-teu vi - o-
bought a vi - o - lin, oh! Twee-dle - dy, oo - dle - dy, vi - o -

li - no, nding-he - te nding-he - teu cam - pa - niel - lo, ttup - pe - te
lin, oh! Ting-a - ling, ting - a - ling ling! a bell, oh! Rub - a - dub,

con grazia *ritard.*

ttup - pe - teu tam - mur - riel - lo, ohie Me - ne - chel - la, ohie Me - ne-
dub - a - dub dub, a drum! O - ho! Me - ne - chel - la, oh Me - ne-

col canto

a tempo *f* *p*

chè. A la fie - ra de Mast' An - dre - a m'ac - cat-
chè! At the fair of Mast' An - dre - a, Once I

f

(imitating)

taie no ca - la - scio - ne, nfrun-ghe - te nfrun - ghe - teu ca - la-
bought my - self a lute, oh! Plink - e - ty, plunk - e - ty plunk! a

scio - ne, ndinghe - te ndinghe - teu cam - pa - niel - lo, ttup - pe - te
lute, oh! Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling ling! a bell, oh! Rub - a - dub,

ttup - pe - teu tam - mur - riel - lo, zi - che - te zu - che - teu vi - o-
dub - a - dub dub! a drum, oh! Twee - dle - dy, oo - dle - dy, vi - o-

ritard.

li - no, ohie Me - ne - chel - la, ohie Me - ne - -chè. A la
lin, O - ho, Me - ne - chel - la, oh Me - ne - chè! At the

col canto

a tempo

a tempo *ff*

fie-ra de Mast' An - dre-a m'ac - cat - ta - ie na scop - pet - ta, na pi-
fair of Mast' An - dre-a, Once I bought my-self a gun, too, Bought a

sto - la e nu can - no - ne, ppà ppà la scop-pet-ta, ppì ppì la pi-
pis - tol and a can-non! Bang! bang! went the gun and Bing! bing! went the

p *cresc.* *sempre*

sto - la, bbù bbù lo can - no - ne, ndinghe-te ndinghe-te u cam - pa-
pis - tol! Bum! bum! went the can-non! Ting-a - ling, ting - a - ling went the

ff

niel - lo, ttup-pe-te ttuppe-te u tam - mur - riel - lo, Me - ne - chel-la, Me - ne-
bell! oh, Rub-a - dub, dub-a - dub, went the drum, oh! Me - ne - chel-la, Me - ne-

p *calando* *col canto*

con abbandono e rall.

Stretto.

chel-la, ohie Me-ne - chel-la, ohie Me-ne - chè. M'ac-cat - taie no ca - la-
chel-la, oh Me-ne - chel-la, oh Me-ne - chè! So I bought my-self a

pp *a tempo* *p*

cresc.

scio - ne, na scop - pet - tae no can - no - ne, la scop - pet - ta ppà
lute, I bought a gun, I bought a can - non! And the gun went bang!

cresc. *ff*

ppà, lo can - no - ne bbù bbù, ppà ppà ppà, bbù, ppà
bang! And the can - non bum! bum! Bang! bang! bang! bum! bang!

ppà ppà, bbù!
bang! bang! bum!

8

Trippole Trappole.

Song of Spanish origin (Naples).

(For one or two voices.)

Transcription by
Vincenzo de Meglio.

Allegretto.

47.

p

U - na pa - lom - ma ghian- -ca
But - ter - fly white would light here,

m'ha muz - ze - ca - to 'mpiet- -to; ahi che do - lo - re
O - ver my heart would bite here: Ah! what a pain 'twas!

nè, mamma mi - a! ahi che do - lo - re nè, ahi che do - lo - re,
nay, Mamma dar - ling! Ah! what a pain 'twas! nay! Ah, what a pain 'twas!

ahi che do - lo - re nè, mam-ma mi - a! ahi che do - lo- -re
ah, what a pain 'twas! nay, Mam-ma dar - ling! Ah! what a pain 'twas!

nè! Trip-po - le, trap-po-le, trip - po-le, trap-po - le,
nay! Trip-po - le, trap-po-le, trip - po-le, trap-po - le,

pp

trip-po - le, trap-po-le, trip - po-le, trà! ahi che do-lo - re
trip-po - le, trap-po-le, trip - po-le, trà! Ah! what a pain 'twas!

nè! mam-ma mi - a! ahi che do-lo- -re nè!
nay, Mam-ma dar - ling! ah! what a pain 'twas, nay!

f

D. C.

TRIPPOLE TRAPPOLE.

1.

Una palomma ghianca m'ha muzzecato 'mpietto;
Ahi che dolore nè, mamma mia! ahi che dolore nè!
Trippole, trappole, trippole, trappole,
Trippole, trappole, trippole, trà!

2.

Se u core m'ha pigliato, lo sujo me l'ha prommiso;
Oje che prejezza, oje mamma mia! oje che prejezza nè!
Trippole, trappole, ecc.

TRIPPOLE TRAPPOLE.

1.

Butterfly white would light here,
Over my heart would bite, here:
Ah! what a pain 't was! nay, Mamma darling!
Ah! what a pain 't was! nay!
Trippole, trappole, trippole, trappole,
Trippole, trappole, trippole, trà!

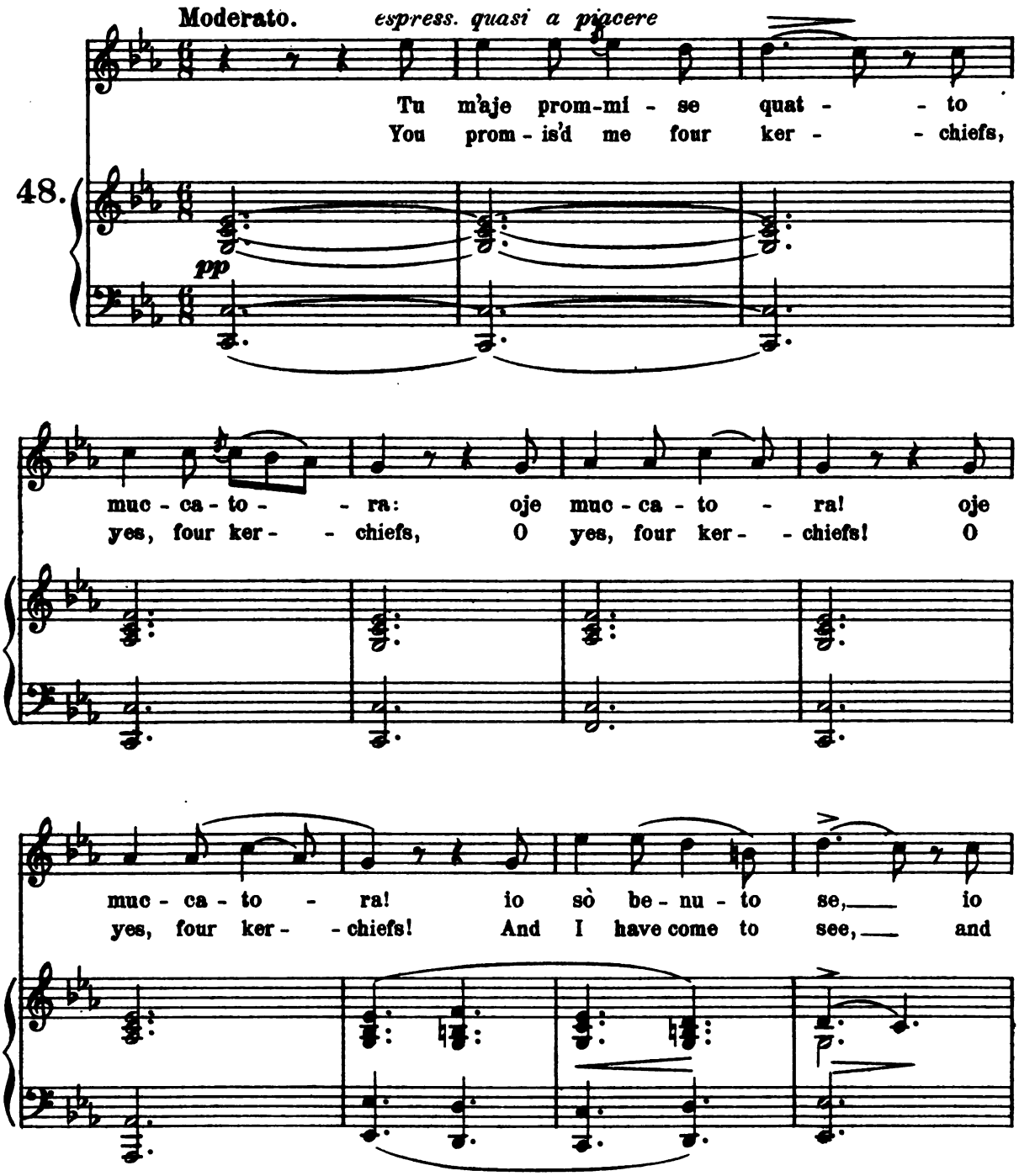
2.

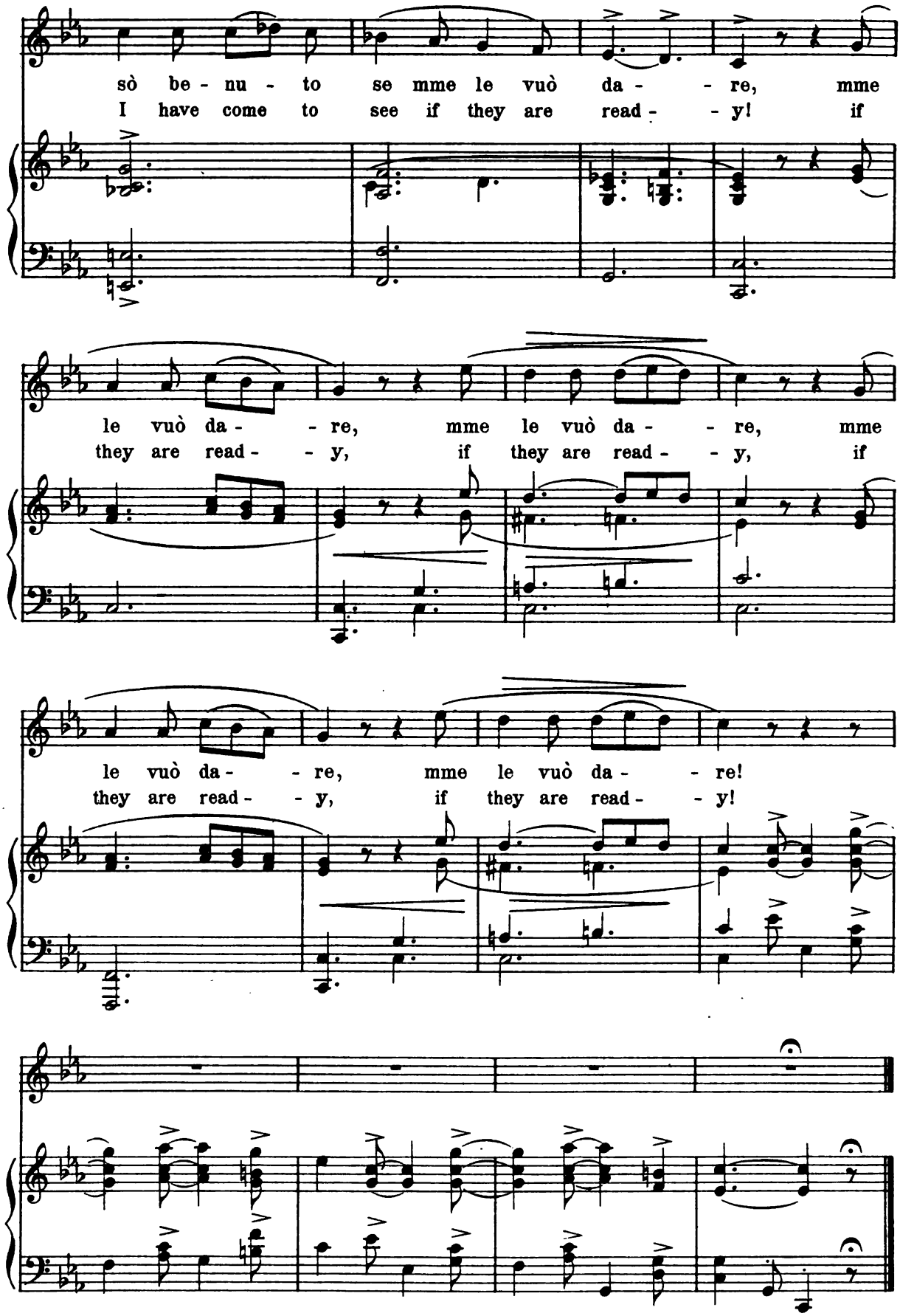
Now I have taken thy heart,
And I will give thee my heart:
Ah! 't will be joyful, eh, Mamma darling!
Ah! 't will be joyful, eh?
Trippole, trappole, etc.

Ritornello delle Lavandare del Vomero.
Refrain of the Washerwomen of Vomero.

Naples.

Transcription by
V. de Meglio.




sò be - nu - to se mme le vuò da - - re, mme
I have come to see if they are read - - y! if
le vuò da - - re, mme le vuò da - - re, mme
they are read - - y, if they are read - - y, if
le vuò da - - re, mme le vuò da - - re!
they are read - - y, if they are read - - y!

RITORNELLO DELLE LAVANDARE DEL VOMERO.

1.

Tu m'aje prommise quatto muccatora:
  Oje muccatora! oje muccatora!
Io sò benuto se...
Io sò benuto se mme le vuò dare,
  Mme le vuò dare, mme le vuò dare!

2.

E se no quatto, embè dammene doje,
Chillo ch'è 'ncuollo a te n'è robba toja.

REFRAIN OF THE WASHERWOMEN OF VOMERO.

1.

You promised me four kerchiefs, yes, four kerchiefs,
  O yes, four kerchiefs! O yes, four kerchiefs,
And I have come to see —
And I have come to see if they are ready,
  If they are ready, if they are ready!

2.

And if there are not four, why, give me two, then:
The one is not your own that you are wearing.

Canzone d'i Zampognari. | Song of the Bagpipers.

Naples.

For one or two voices.

Allegretto moderato.

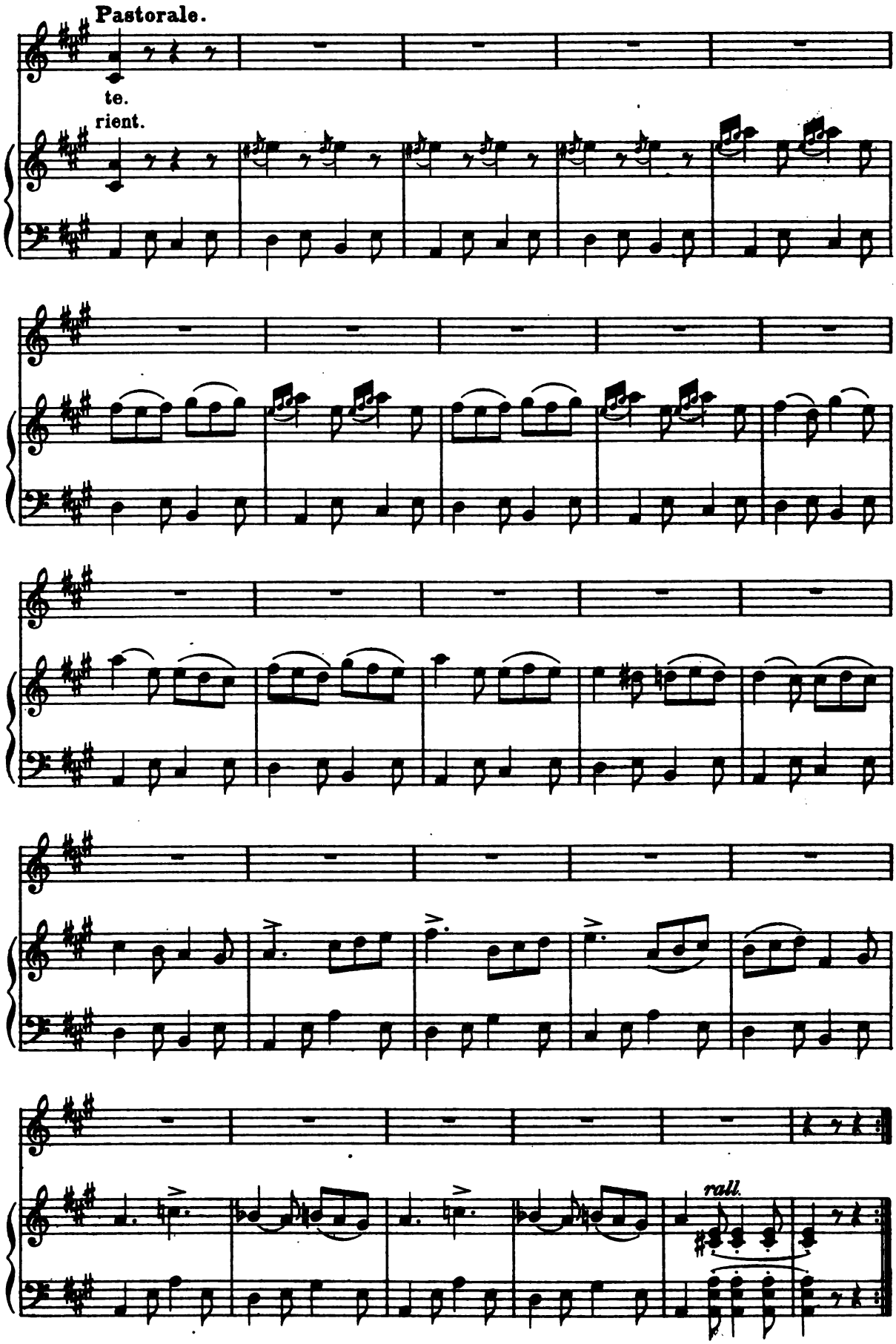
49.

1. Quan - no na-scet - te Nin - no a Bet - te - lem - - me, E -
1. When Christ our Lord was born at Beth-le - hem a - far, Al -

ra not - te e pa - re - - a mmie - zo juor - no! Ma-je le
tho' 'twas night, there shone as bright as noon a star; Nev-er so

stel - le Lu-ste-re e bel - le Se ve - det - te-ro ac-cus - sì! La
bright-ly, Nev-er so white-ly Shone the stars, as on that night! The

chiù lu - cen - te Jet - te a chiammà li Ma - gi in O - ri-en -
bright-est star went A - way to call the Wise Men from the O -


Pastorale.
te.
rient.
rall.

CANZONE D'I ZAMPOGNARI.

1.

Quanno nascette Ninno a Bettelemme,
Era notte e parea mmiezo juorno!
Maje le stelle
Lustere e belle
Se vedettero accussì!
La chiù lucente
Jette a chiammà li Magi, in Oriente.

2.

No n'cerano nemice ppe la terra,
La pecora pascea co lo lione,
Co le crapette
Se vedette
Lo liopardo pazzia:
L'urzo e o vitiello,
E co lu lupo 'npace u pecoriello.

3.

Guardavano le pecore li pasture;
E l'angelo, sbrennente chiù de lu sole,
Comparette,
E le dicette:
Nò ve spaventate, nò!
Contento e riso:
La terra è arrenventata Paradiso!

SONG OF THE BAGPIPERS.

1.

When Christ our Lord was born at Bethlehem afar,
Altho' 't was night, there shone as bright as noon
a star:
Never so brightly,
Never so whitely
Shone the stars, as on that night!
The brightest star went
Away to call the Wise Men from the Orient.

2.

There were no foes on Earth, or warfare blazing,
Beside the lion then the sheep was grazing,
Safe by the leopard
Wander'd the shepherd,
With the bear the calf did play,
The wolf so savage
Would not the tender lamb molest or ravage.

3.

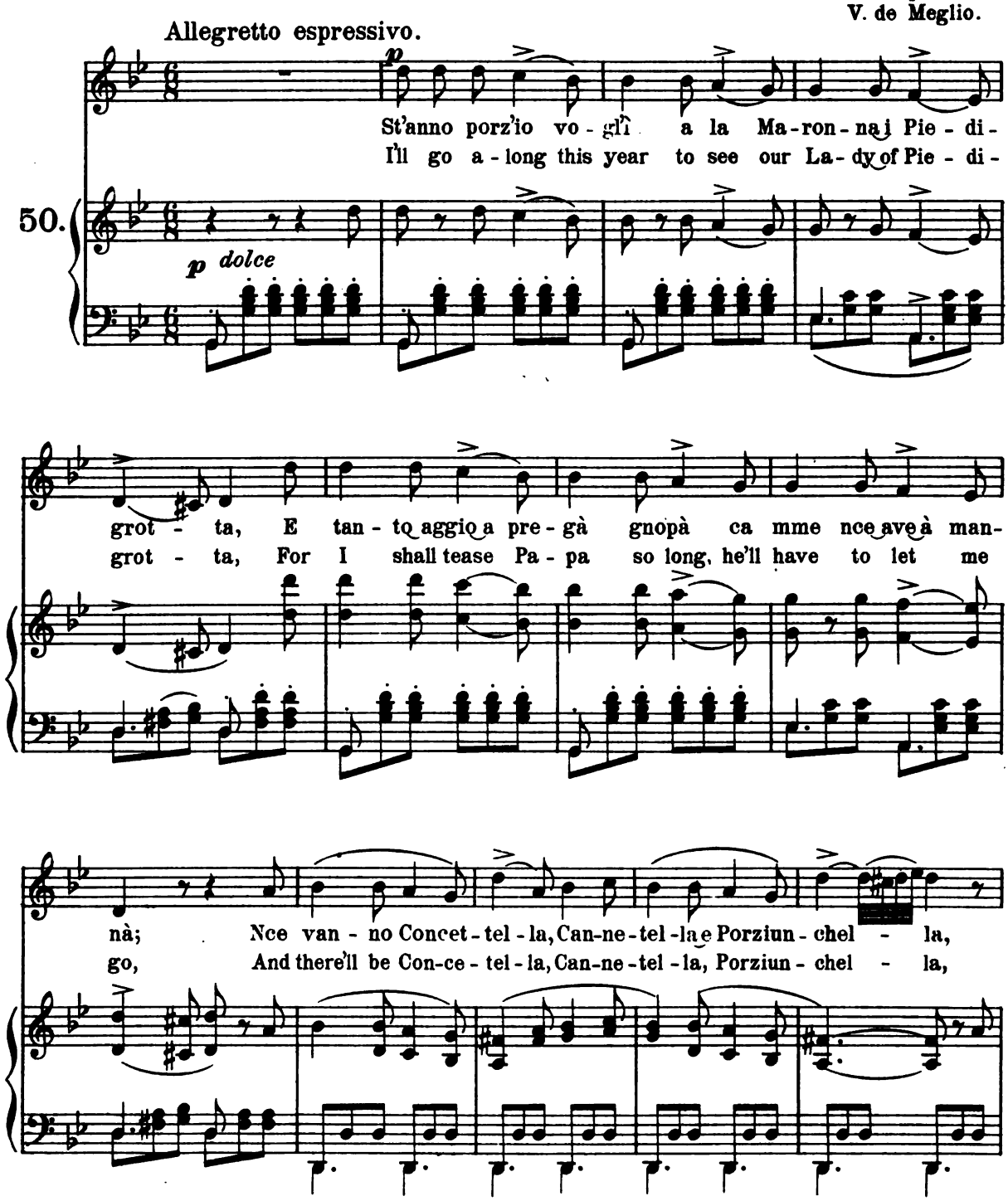
While shepherds in the fields their flocks were tending,
A shining angel came from heav'n descending;
When he beheld them,
Straightway he told them:
Hear my voice, be not afraid!
Be glad, rejoice, now,
For Earth has all become like Paradise, now!

La Festa di Piedigrotta. | The Festival at Piedigrotta.

Naples.

Song of Nocera de' Pagani.

Transcription by
V. de Meglio.



cresc. *incalz.*

N'zomma nce va chi mò, chi pò, e non se di - ce no; E
That is to say, who can, will go, and one can - not say no! And

cresc. *incalz.*

p a tempo *cresc.* *ff stent.*

schit - to ha da toc - ca - rea Bar - ba - rel - la, po - ve - rel - la, De
shall it then be on - ly I, poor lone - ly Bar - ba - rel - la, Who'll

a tempo *cresc.* *ff col canto*

pp a tempo *stent.*

fa - re spu - taz - zel - lae sto go - lio de s'an - noz - zà?
have to stay at home, al - tho' I'd dear - ly love to go?

pp a tempo *col canto* *a tempo*

LA FESTA DI PIEDIGROTTA.

1.

St'anno porz'io vogl'i a la Maronna i Piedigrotta,
E tanto aggio a pregà gnopà ca mme nce ave à mannà;
Nce vanno Concettella, Cannetella, Porziunchella,
N'zomma nce va chi mò, chi pò, e non se dice nò;
E schitto ha da toccare a Barbarella, poverella,
De fare sputazzella e sto goho de s'annozzà?

2.

"Ma tu nun ce può i — se mette a dì — si peccerella;
La strad'è longa, sà, te può fidà de te la fà?„
Io mme la fid'i fà, schitt'a ballà la tarantella,
Co castagnelle e bà, trecc'a ballà, la lera là!
Donca dimme de sì, non fa sperire a Barbarella,
Golïo de zetella è peo de graveda porzì.

THE FESTIVAL AT PIEDIGROTTA.

1.

I 'll go along this year to see Our Lady of Piedigrotta,
For I shall tease Papa until he 'll have to let me go,
And there 'll be Concettella, Cannetella, Porziunchella,
That is to say, who can, will go, and one can not say no!
And shall it then be only I, poor lonely Barbarella,
Who 'll have to stay at home, altho' I 'd dearly love to go?

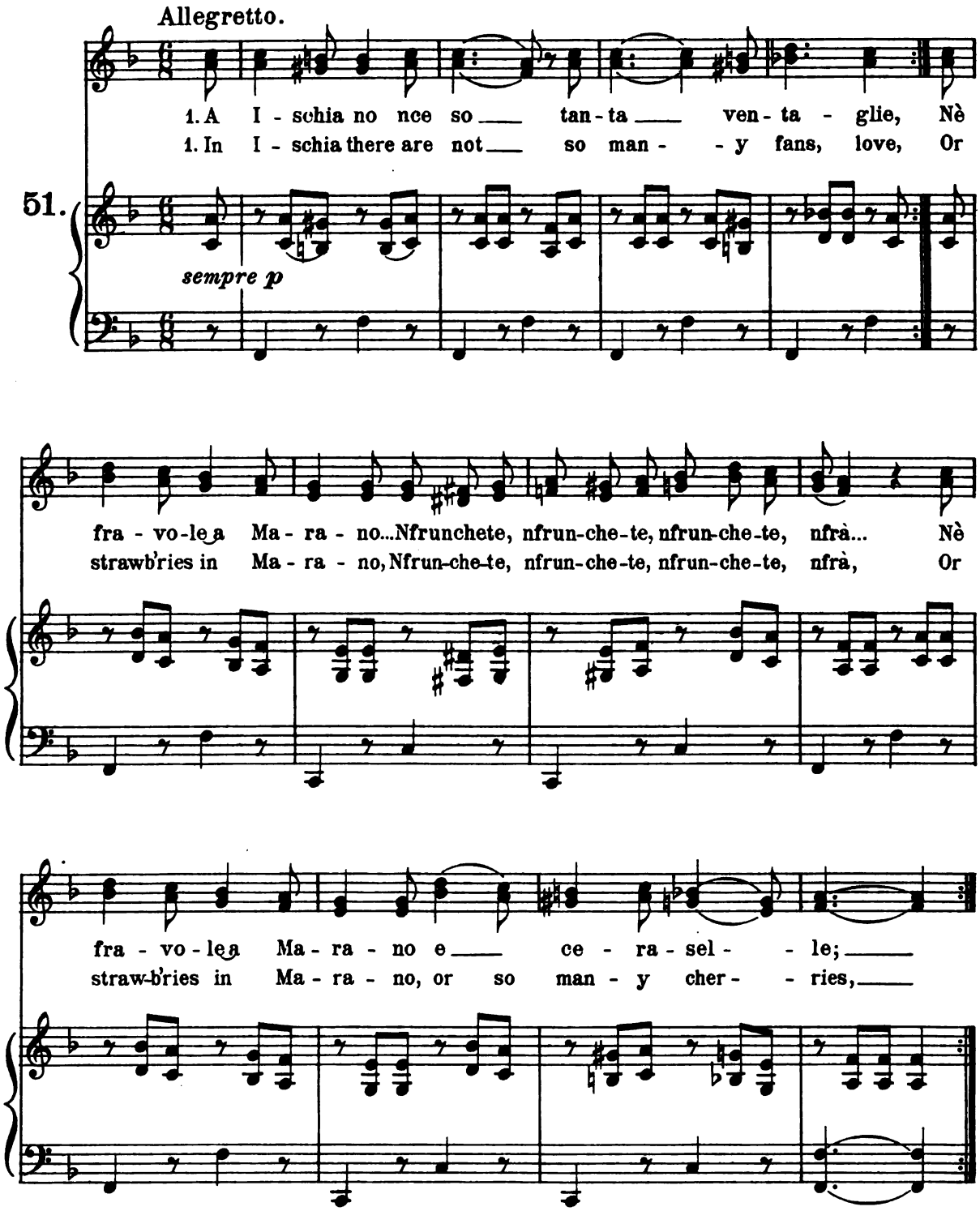
2.

But he will say: "She cannot go, she 's yet too young, I tell her;
The way is long, she is not strong, — she 'll do as she is told!"
But I am strong enough to go and dance the tarantella,
Clicking the castanets, away we fly, and let him scold!
So now say yes, and do not make me cry, poor Barbarella!
Ah! what a young girl wants, she wants far more than one that 's old!

"A Ischia no nce so tanta ventaglie.„ "In Ischia there are not so many fans."

Ischia (Naples).

For one or two voices.



"A ISCHIA NON NCE SO TANTA VENTAGLIE."

1.

A Ischia non nce so tanta ventaglie,
Nè fravole a Marano...
Nfrunchete, nfrunchete, nfrunchete, nfrà...
Nè fravole a Marano e ceraselle;

2.

Non passano pe Crape tanta quaglie,
Nè veneno da Massa...
Nfrunchete, ecc.
Nè veneno da Massa oje recotelle;

3.

A mare non ce so tanta fragaglie,
De quante ne frezzie...
Nfrunchete, ecc.
De quante ne frezzie co st'uocchie belle.

"IN ISCHIA THERE ARE NOT SO MANY FANS."

1.

In Ischia there are not so many fans, love,
Or strawb'ries in Marano,
Nfrunchete, nfrunchete, nfrunchete, nfrà,
Or strawb'ries in Marano, or so many cherries;

2.

And not so many quail fly over Capri,
Nor can you find in Massa,
Nfrunchete, etc.,
Nor can you find in Massa so many cheeses,

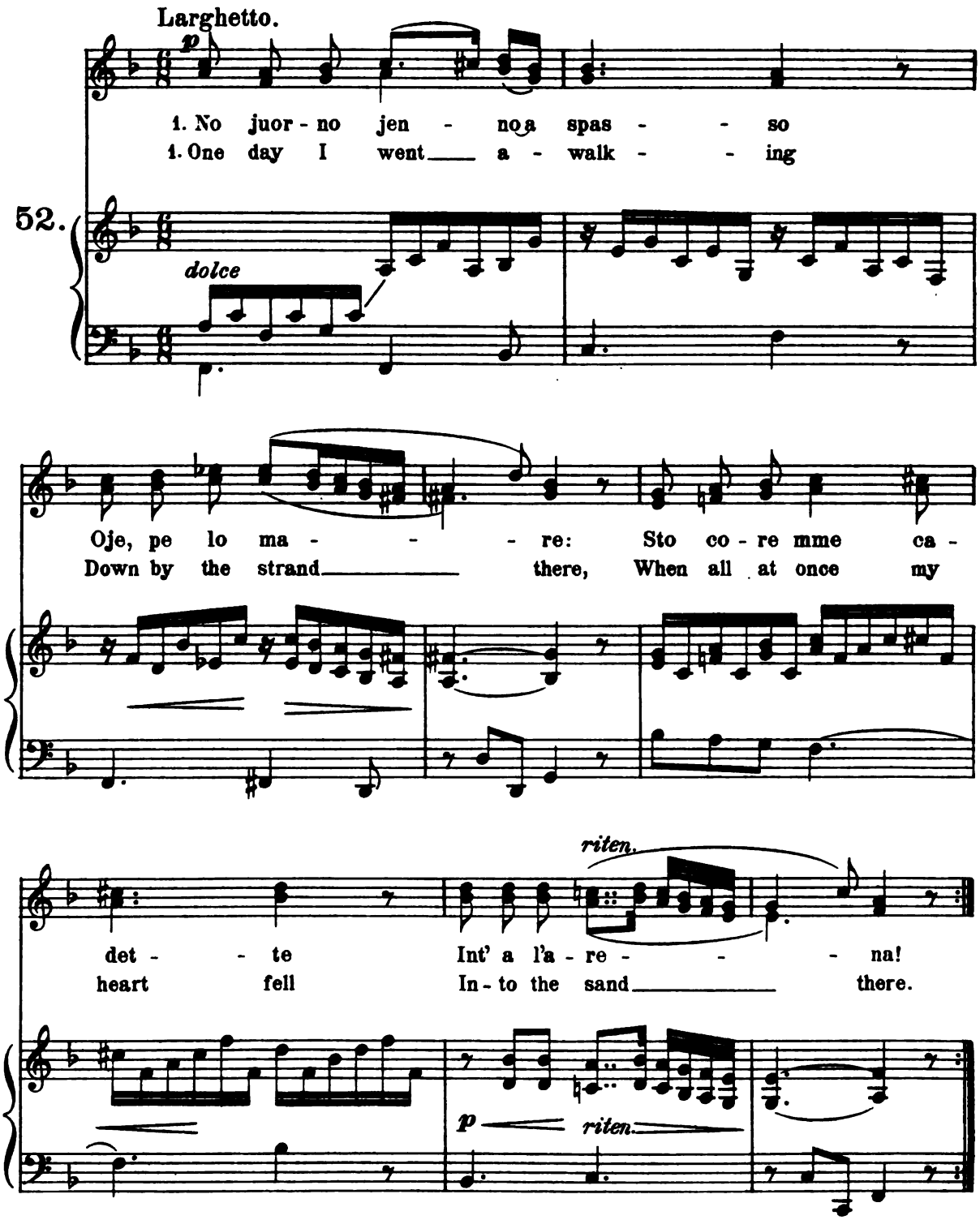
3.

Nor are there in the sea so many minnows
As in your eyes are arrows,
Nfrunchete, etc.,
As in your eyes are arrows, love, for your lovers!

La Capuana. | The Girl from Capua.

Capua (Naples).

For one or two voices.



LA CAPUANA.

1.

No juorno jenno a spasso
Oje, pe lo mare:
Sto core mme cadette
Int'a l'arena!

2.

Addimmannaje a cierte
Marenare:
Dicen, che l'hanno visto
Oje mpiett'a tene!

3.

Io so benuto, pe
Te lo cercare,
Io senza core, e tu...
Duje ne tiene!

4.

E quann'è chesto, embè,
Sa, che può fare?
Lo tujo mme daje e
Lu mio tiene!

THE GIRL FROM CAPUA.

1.

One day I went a-walking
Down by the strand there,
When all at once my heart fell
Into the sand there.

2.

I asked the fishermen near me
Whether they'd seen it;
Look in her breast, they told me,
There we have seen it.

3.

Now I have come to find it,
Ask it of you, love,
I am without a heart now,
And you have two, love.

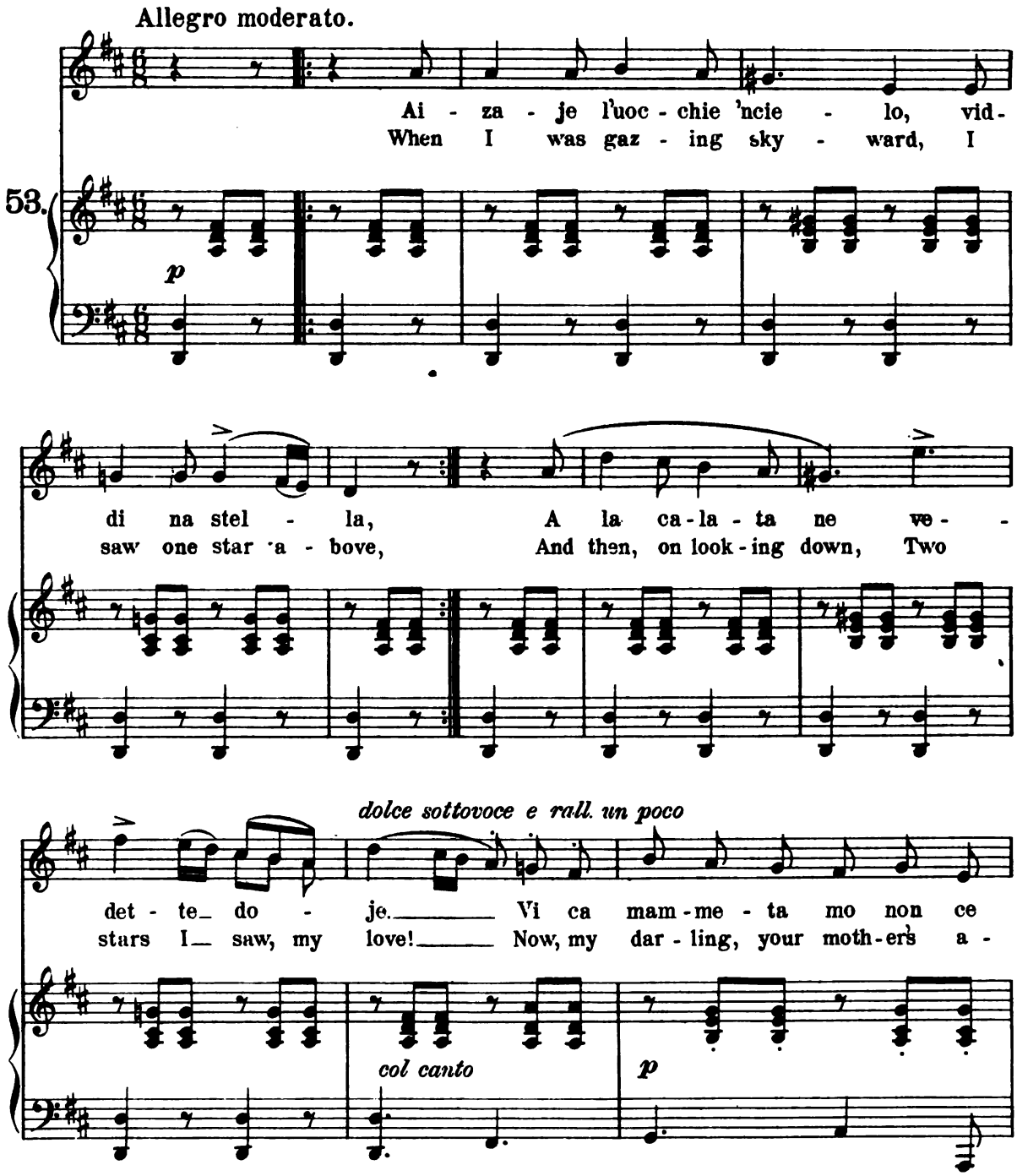
4.

But as 't is so, I 'll tell you
What you can do, love,
If you will give me your heart,
Keep mine for you, love.

Canzone di Somma. | Song from Somma.

Somma (Naples).

Transcription by
V. de Meglio.



dolce

stà, Scinne, nen - na, ca t'aggi'a par - là! scin-ne,
way! So come down, I have some-thing to say! so come

più mosso

scin-ne, ca t'ag-gi'a par - là!
down, I have some-thing to say!

più mosso

p legato

D. C.

CANZONE DI SOMMA.

1.

|: Aizaje l'uocchie 'ncielo, viddi na stella ;:|
A la calata ne vedette doje:
Vi ca mammeta mo non ce stà,
Scinne, nenna, ca t'aggi' a parlà!
Scinne, scinne, ca t'aggi' a parlà!

2.

|: Mmiezo sta strada nce doje sorelle,:|
Co tutte doje vurria fa all'ammore.
Vi ca mammeta, ecc.

3.

|: Me n'avesse lo cielo destinata:|
Una pe sposa, l'auta pe cainata!
Vi ca mammeta, ecc.

SONG FROM SOMMA.

1.

|: When I was gazing skyward,
I saw one star above,:|
And then, on looking down,
Two stars I saw, my love!
Now, my darling, your mother's away,
|: So come down, I have something to say.:|

2.

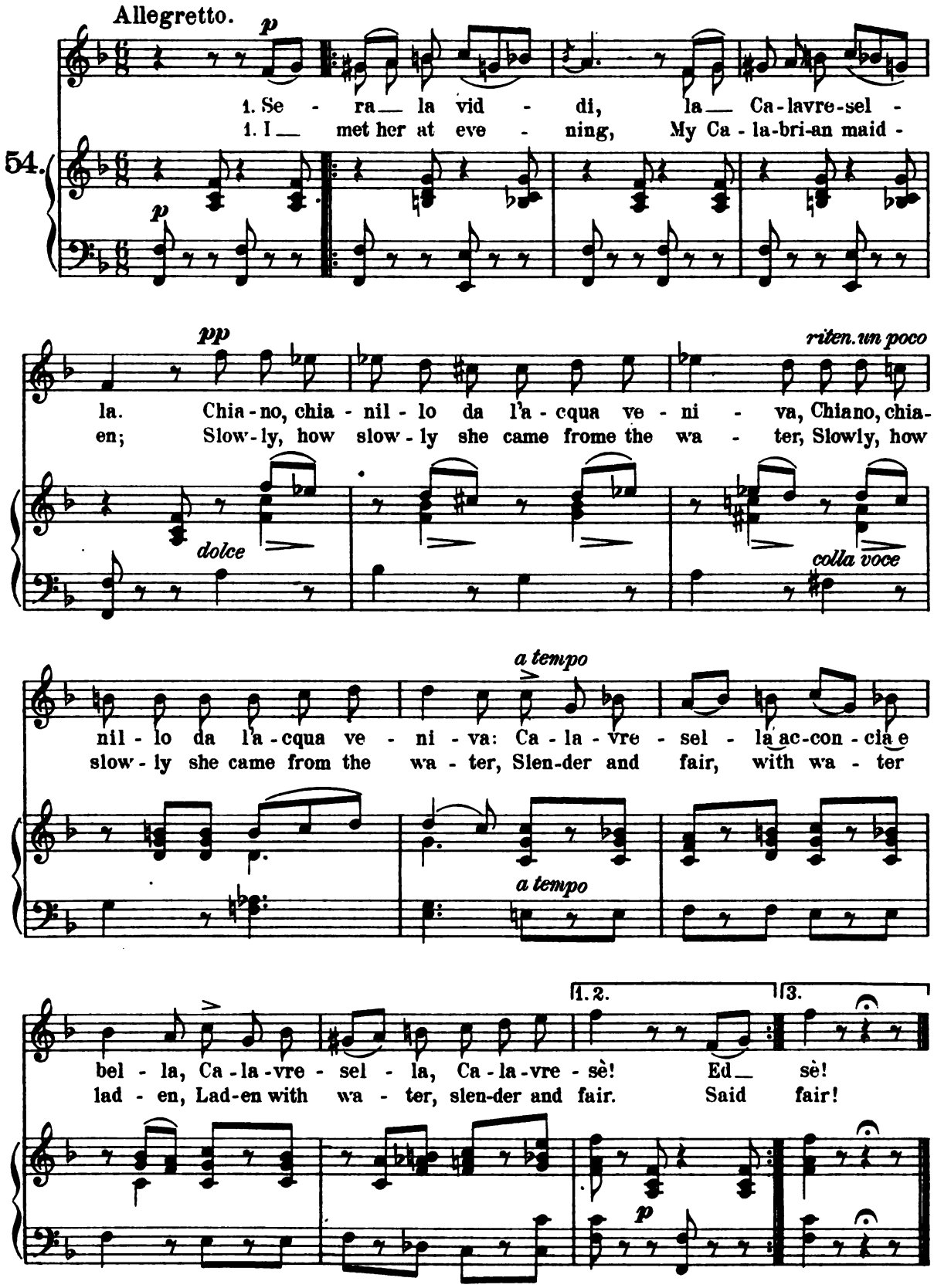
|: There are two sisters living
Together on the street,:|
And I could fall in love,
Whichever I may meet!
Now, my darling, etc.

3.

|: Had only Heaven will'd it
That one should be my wife,:|
I'd love the other like
My sister all my life!
Now, my darling, etc.

La Calavresella. | The Calabrian Maiden.

Calabria.



LA CALAVRESELLA.

1.

Sera la viddi, la Calavresella,
|: Chiano, chianillo da l'acqua veniva :|
Calavresella acconcia e bella,
Calavresella, Calavresè!

2.

Ed io le dissi: "Addio, Calavresella!
|: Na veppeta de st'acqua mme darria! „ :|
Calavresella, ecc.

3.

Ed essa mme respunne, garbata e bella:
|: "Non sulo l'acqua, la perzona mia! „ :|
Calavresella, ecc.

THE CALABRIAN MAIDEN.

1.

I met her at evening, my Calabrian maiden,
|: Slowly, how slowly she came from the water, :|
Slender and fair, with water laden,
Laden with water, slender and fair!

2.

Said I: "Good evening, O Calabrian maiden!
|: I should be glad of a taste of your water!": |
Slender and fair, etc.

3.

And she responded, that beautiful maiden:
|: "Take it, and welcome, and also myself, sir!": |
Slender and fair, etc.

La Scillitana. | The Maiden of Scilla.

Scilla (Calabria).

Arr. by H. Reimann.

Allegro e sempre appassionato. (♩ = 120)

55.

pp sempre staccato quasi chitarre

1. Vit - ti na ti - gra
1. I've seen a ti - ger

din - ta na sil - va scu - ra, na sil - va scu - - ra,
roaming the gloomy for - est, the gloom - y for - - est,

— e — cu lu chiantu mi - u mansue - ta fa - - -
— And there I needed on - ly my tears to tame —

fz

- - - ri!
it.

pp

fz

LA SCILLITANA.

1.

Vitti na tigra dinta na silva scura,
E cu lu chiantu miu mansueta fari!

2.

Vitti cu l'acqua na marmura dura
Calunnu a guccia a guccia arimudari!

3.

E vui che siti bedda criatura,
Vi ni riditi destu chiantu amari?

THE MAIDEN OF SCILLA.

1.

I've seen a tiger roaming the gloomy forest,
And there I needed only my tears to tame it.

2.

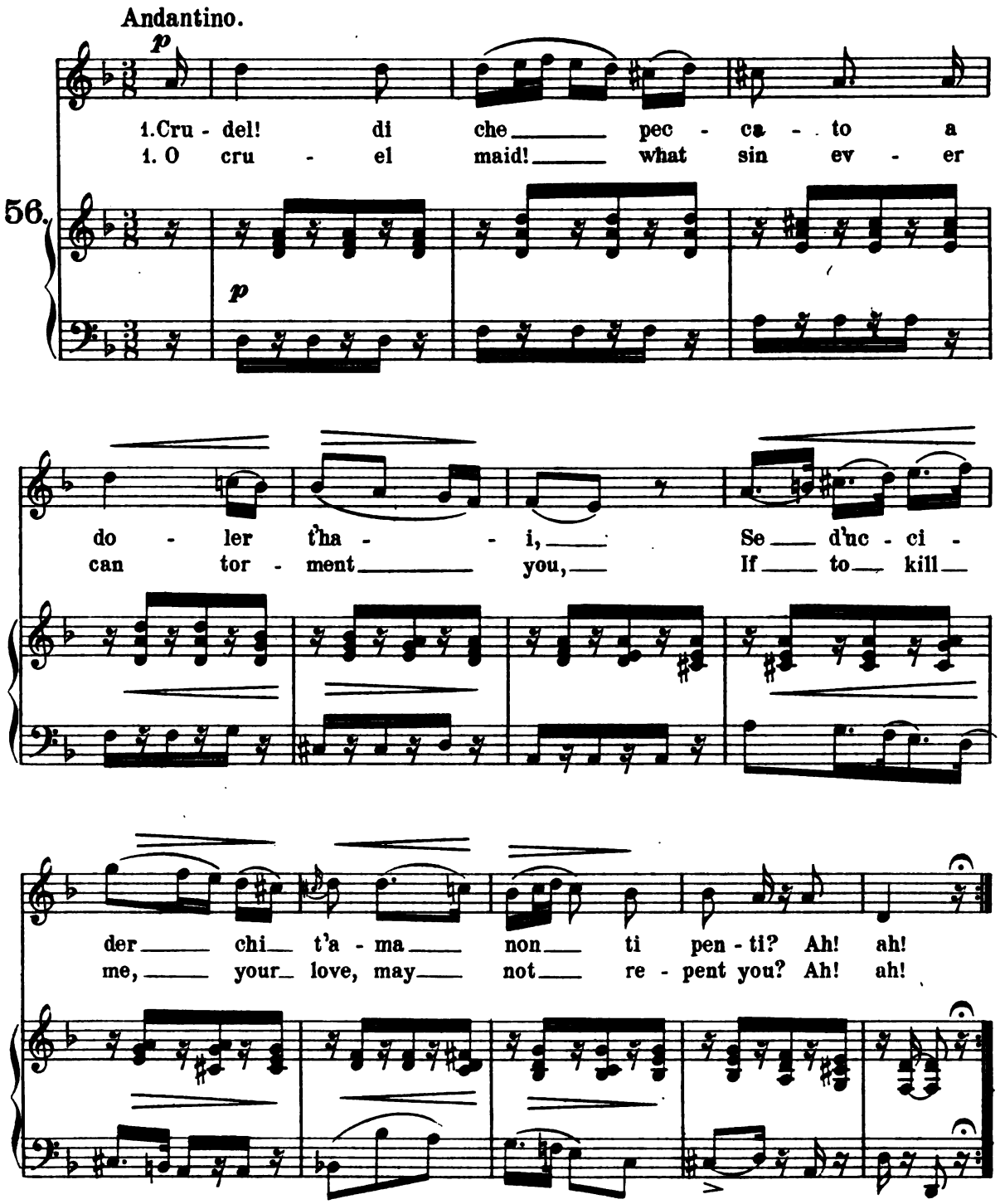
I've seen how dropping water has fall'n with no rest,
Long on the hardest marble, and overcame it.

3.

Yet you deride my sorrow when 't is sorest,
Tho' 't is your charms my heart owns, and so inflame it!

La Catanzarese. | The Maid of Catanzaro.

Catanzaro (Calabria).



LA CATANZARESE.

1.

Crudel! di che peccato a doler t'hai,
Se d'uccider chi t'ama non ti penti?

2.

Se il mancar di tua fe si leggier fai,
Di che altro peso il cor gravar ti senti?

3.

Come tratti il nemico, se tu dai
A me che t'amo sì tanti tormenti?

4.

Ben dirò che justizia in ciel non sia,
Se a veder tardi la vendetta mia.

THE MAID OF CATANZARO.

1.

O cruel maid! what sin ever can torment you,
If to kill me, your love, may not repent you?

2.

If you the faith you plighted can break so lightly,
What else may bind your wanton heart more tightly?

3.

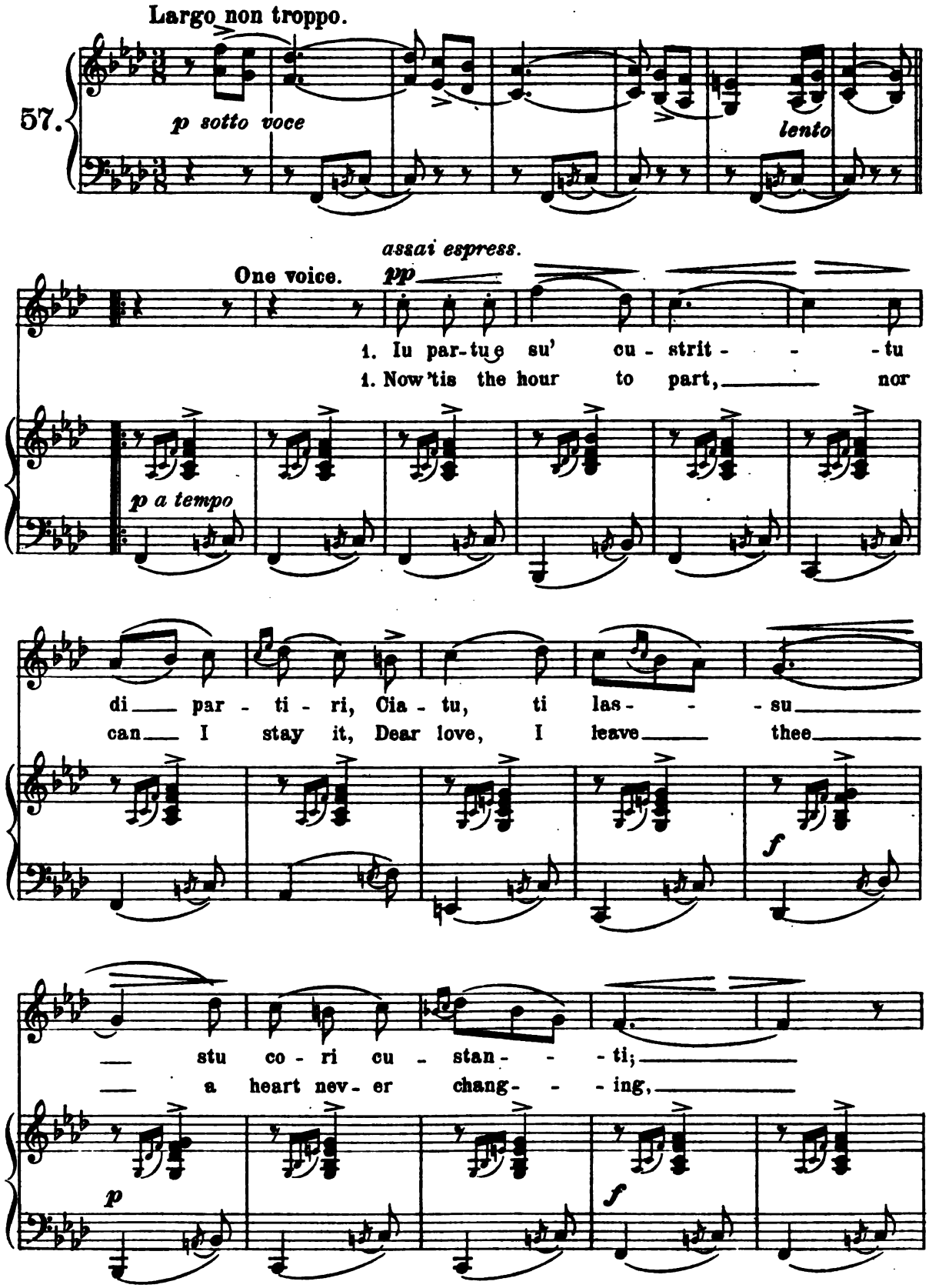
How will you treat a foe, then, if you so slight me,
When thro' my loving heart you pain and spite me?

4.

I 'll say, there lives no justice in heav'n above me,
Should vengeance fail me, that no more you love me.

Canzuna di li Carriteri. | Song of the Wagoners.

Palermo (Sicily).



sotto voce

Cia - tu, ti las - - - su stu co - ri cu -
dear love, I leave thee a heart nev - er

pp

Chorus.

rall. *molto* *p Poco più*

stan - - ti. To - i - nel - la, to - i, na - i, na - i,
chang - - ing. To - i - nel - la, to - i, na - i, na - i,

rall. col canto *p*

p

nà, To - i - nel - la, to - i, na - i, nà,
na, To - i - nel - la, to - i, na - i, na,

p

cresc. poco a poco

f

to - i - nel - - la, to - i, na - i, na - i, nà!
to - i - nel - - la, to - i, na - i, na - i, na!

ff

a piacere portando la voce

To - i - nel - la, to-i, na-i, nà!
To - i - nel - la, to-i, na-i, na!

col canto *f*

CANZUNA DI LI CARRITERI.

1.

Iu partu e su' custrittu di partiri,
|: Ciatu, ti lassu stu cori custanti, :|
Toinella, toi, nai, nai, nà, ecc.

2.

A tia lu lassu e non mi l'hâ' tradiri,
|: Nun fari ca lu fidi a n'autru amanti. :|

3.

Di nottitempu ti vegnu a vidiri,
|: Ti staju comu un'ùmmira davanti; :|

4.

Si senti ventu, su' li me' suspiri,
|: L'acqua ca vivirai su' li me' chianti! :|

SONG OF THE WAGONERS.

1.

Now 't is the hour to part, nor can I stay it,
|: Dear love, I leave thee a heart never-changing. :|
Toinella, toi, nai, nai, nà, etc.

2.

I leave it all to thee, do not betray it,
|: Nor let thine own heart to others be ranging. :|

3.

When all is night around, I shall be nigh thee,
|: As 't were a shadow arising before thee; :|

4.

If thou dost hear the breezes, 't is my sighing,
|: My tears, the water to drink thou dost pour thee. :|

Alla Fontana. | By the Spring.

Palermo (Sicily).

Melody with Chorus.

58.

Lento.

a piacere *p* *fp* *p* *fp* *p*

1. Mam-ma, nun mi man-na-ri al-l'ac-qua su-la, Pic-
1. Mam-ma, pray, do not send me to the spring a-lone, For

Tenors. *fp* Ah! *fp* Ah!

CHORUS.

Basses. *fp* Ah! *fp* Ah!

Lento.

p a piacere *fp* *p* *fp* *p*

ciot-ta su-gnu e mi men-tu a ghiu-ca-ri Pri stra-ta mi ca-
I am young, and may be-gin to play there; To-day by chance I

fp Ah! *fp* Ah!

fp Ah! *fp* Ah!

fp *p* *fp* *p*

scò la tu-vag-ghiu-la E un pic-ciut-ted-du mi l'hap-
lost the ker-chief I had on, A fine young fel-low found it

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

pia pig-ghia-ri. To-i-nel-la, to-i-nà, to-i-nel-la, to-i-nà!
on the way there. To-i-nel-la, to-i-nà, to-i-nel-la, to-i-nà!

Ah! To-i-nel-la, to-i-nà, to-i-nel-la, to-i-nà!

Ah! To-i-nel-la, to-i-nà, to-i-nel-la, to-i-nà!

rall.

D. C.

ALLA FONTANA.

1.

Mamma, nun mi mannari all'acqua sula,
Picciotta sugnu e mi mentu a ghiucari;
Pri strata mi cascò la tuvagghiula,
E un picciutteddu mi l'happi a pigghiari.
Toinella, toinà, toinella, toinà!

2.

E poi mi dissi, ch'è bedda sta gula,
Ca un vasuneddu ci vurrissi dari,
E si ti'ngagghiu 'n'autra vota sula
Tutti li santi ti fazzu chiamari.

BY THE SPRING.

1.

Mamma, pray do not send me to the spring alone,
For I am young, and may begin to play there;
To-day by chance I lost the kerchief I had on,
A fine young fellow found it on the way there.
Toinella, toinà, toinella, toinà!

2.

And then he said to me: "Your neck is very sweet,
And I should like to kiss it, tho' no leave be given;
But if another time alone we chance to meet,
I'll make you call on all the saints in heaven!"

Lu Labbru. | The Lips.

Palermo (Sicily).

Sicilian words by
Abbé G. Meli.

Transcription by
F. Paolo Frontini.

59.

p delicato

rall.

con semplicità

p

1. Dim - mi dim - mi, a - puz - za ni - - ca, Un - - ni
1. Tell me, ti - ny bee, oh tell me, Whith - - er

p seguendo il canto

vai cus - sì ma - ti - nu? Nun cc'è ci - ma chi ar - rus - si - ca Di lu
now so ear - ly hie - ing? There's no mountain-top a - round us Yet in

p legato

rall.

mun - ti a nui vi - ci - nu, Nun cc'è ci - ma chi ar - rus - si - ca Di lu
gold - en sun-shine ly - ing; There's no mountain - top a - round us Yet in

rall.

ten.

mun-ti a nui vi-ci-nu. Tre-ma an-co-ra an-co-ra

gold-en sun-shine ly-ing; Still the wav-ing meadows

ten.

col canto

f

p

lu-ci La-ru-gia da 'ntra li pra-ti; Du-n'ac-cu-ra nun ti ar-

glis-ten All a-round in pearl-y splen-dor; Have a care, or you will

f

p

f

con grazia

p

ru-ci L'a-li d'o-ru di-li-ca-ti, Du-n'ac-

mois-ten Un-a-wares your wing-lets ten-der, Have a

f

p

f

p con grazia

cu-ra nun ti ar-ru-ci La-li d'o-ru di-li-ca-ti!

care, or you will mois-ten Un-a-wares your wing-lets ten-der.

f

p

col canto

f

LU LABBRU.

1.

Dimmi dimmi, apuzza nica,
Unni vai cussì matinu?
|: Nun cc'è cima chi arrussica
Di lu munti a nui vicinu. :|
Trema ancora, ancora luci
La rugiada 'ntra li prati;
|: Dun'accura nun ti arruci
L'ali d'oru dilicati. :|

2.

Li ciuriddi durmigghiusi
'Ntra li virdi soi buttuni
|: Stannu ancora stritti e chiusi
Cu li testi a pinniluni. :|
Ma l'aluzza s'affatica!
Ma tu voli e fai caminu!
|: Dimmi dimmi, apuzza nica,
Unni vai cussì matinu? :|

3.

Cerchi meli? E s'iddu è chissu,
Chiudi l'ali e 'un ti straccari;
|: Ti lu 'nsignu un locu fissu,
Unni hai sempri chi sucari: :|
Lu conusci lu miu amuri
Nici mia di l'occhi beddi?
|: 'Ntra ddi labbra cc'è un sapuri,
'Na ducizza chi mai speddi. :|

4.

'Ntra la labbru culuritu
Di lu caru amatu beni
|: Cc'è lu meli cchiù squisitu...
Suca, sucalu ca veni. :|
Ddà cci misi lu Piaciri
Lu so nidu 'ncilippatu,
|: Pri adiscari, pri rapiri
Ogni cori dilicatu. :|

THE LIPS.

1.

Tell me, tiny bee, O tell me,
Whither now so early hieing?
|: There's no mountain-top around us
Yet in golden sunshine lying; :|
Still the waving meadows glisten
All around in pearly splendor:
|: Have a care, or you will moisten
Unawares your winglets tender. :|

2.

Ev'rywhere the sleepy flowers
On their stems are nodding lightly,
|: Dreaming thro' the early hours
With green buds all folded tightly. :|
But the wings bid fair to fail ye!
Yet still on and on you're flying:
|: Tell me, tiny bee, O tell me,
Whither now so early hieing? :|

3.

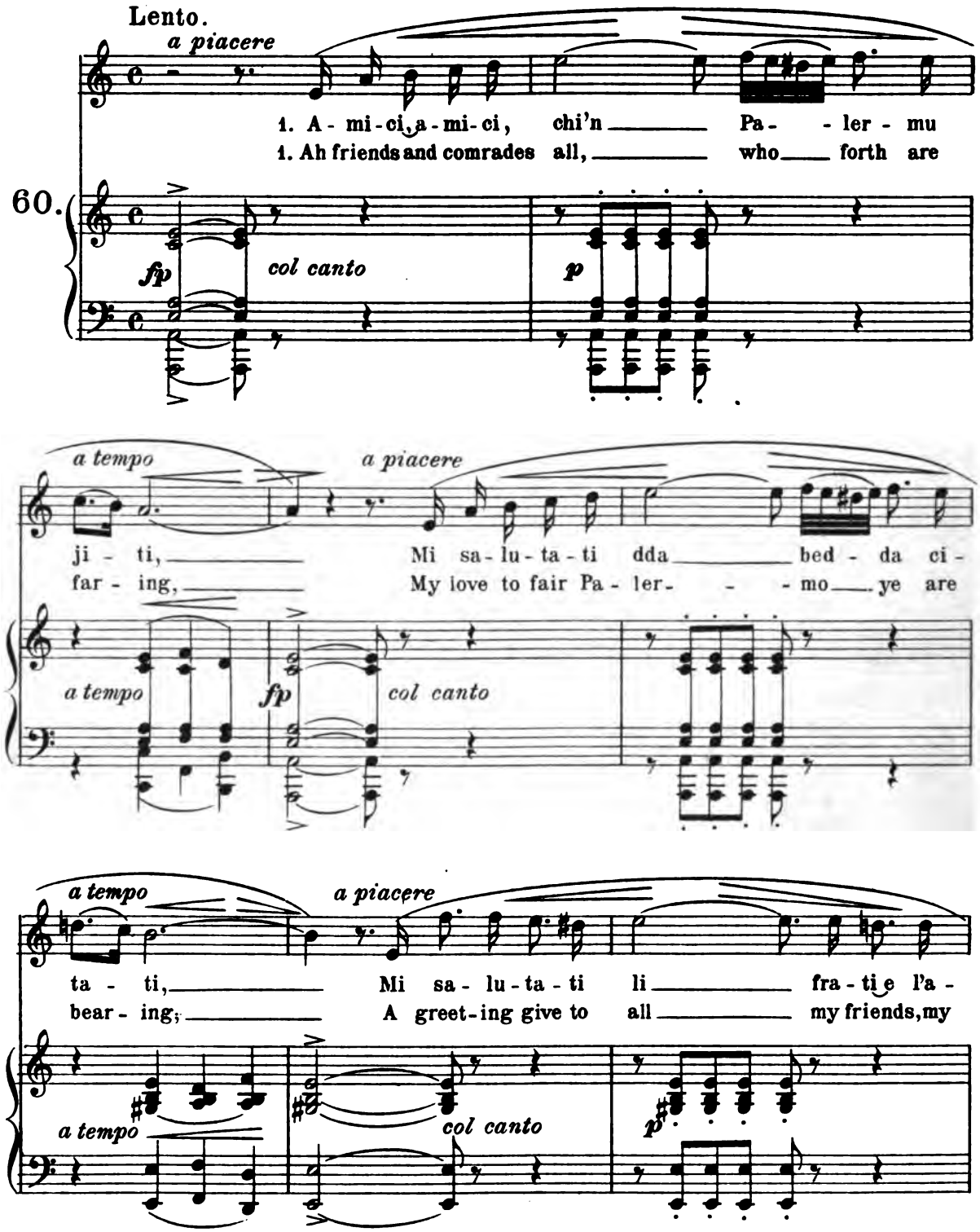
Seek you honey? If such the case is,
Fold your wings, no longer tire them,
|: For I'll show you where a place is
Stor'd with sweets as you desire them! :|
Do you know my darling Nici,
Bright of eye and fair in favor?
|: 'T is between her lips I'll teach ye
Where to find the sweetest flavor. :|

4.

Honey lies 'twixt lips like roses
Of my own, my only treasure,
|: Sweeter than on all your posies;
Suck it, suck it at your pleasure! :|
Joy herself has made her nest there,
Nest of sugar most enticing:
|: Tender heart that wins its quest there,
On its way, shall go rejoicing. :|

Canto del carcerato. | Song of the Prisoner.

Palermo (Sicily)



p sotto voce — *a tempo*

mi - ci, Pu - ru dda vicchia - red - - - da di mè ma - tri,

broth - er, A ten-der greeting, too, for my old moth-er,

a tempo

p

ppp e rit.

Ah! di mè ma - - - tri.

for my old moth - - - er!

a tempo

col canto

p espr. molto

p

D.C.

CANTO DEL CARCERATO.

1.

Amici, amici, chi'n Palermu jiti,
Mi salutati dda bedda citati,
Mi salutati li frati e l'amici,
Puru dda vicchiaredda di mè matri.

2.

Spjàtini di mia chi si ni dici,
Si li me' cosi sunnu cttitati;
Giacchi, si voli Diu, comu si dici,
Di novu ci haju a ghiri a libirtati.

SONG OF THE PRISONER.

1.

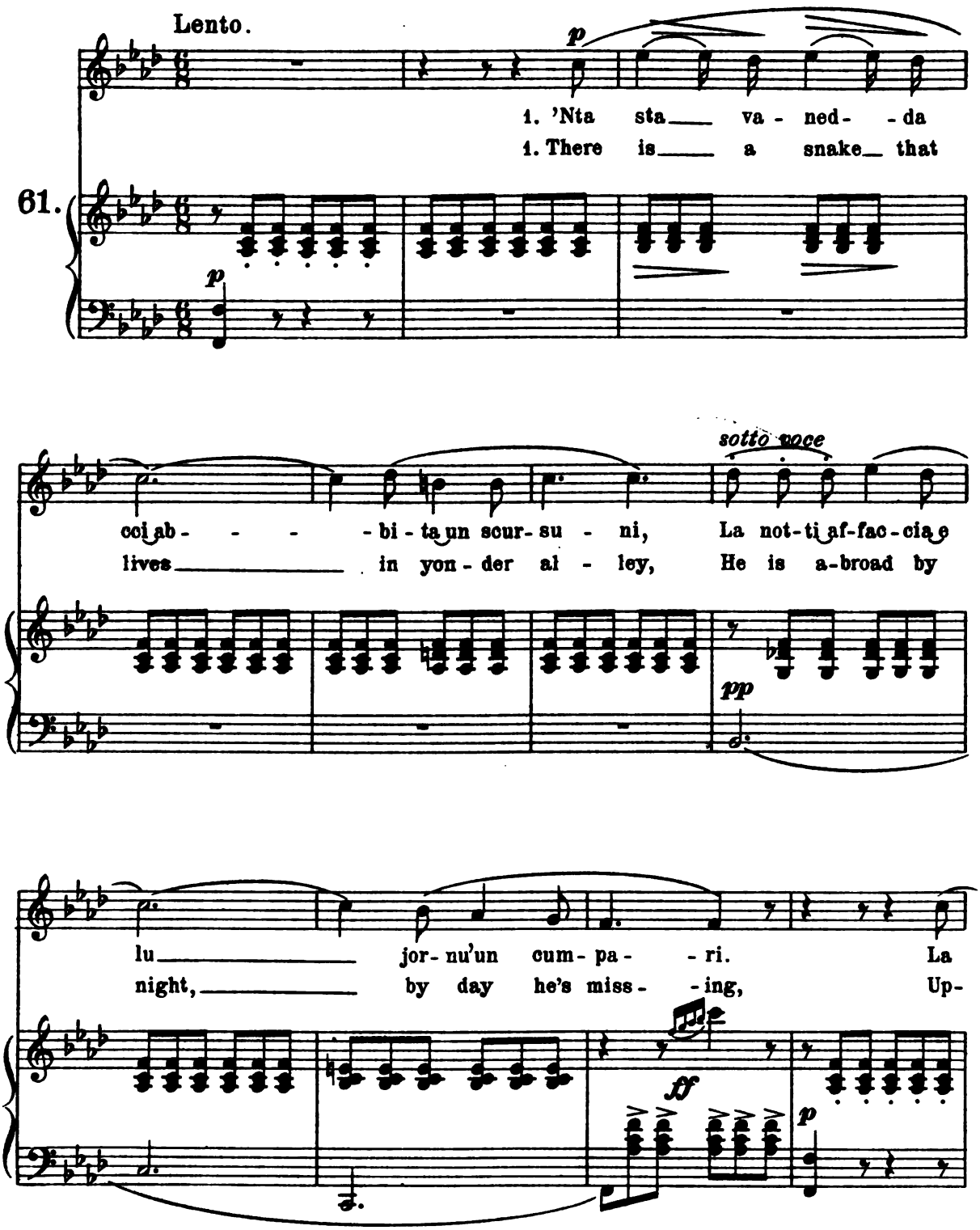
Ah, friends and comrades all, who forth are faring,
My love to fair Palermo ye are bearing;
A greeting give to all my friends, my brother,
A tender greeting, too, for my old mother.

2.

See what in town they all of me are saying,
And see if my affair is growing quiet;
For then, if God so will as I am praying,
My longing eye in freedom soon shall spy it.

Serenata. | Serenade.

Palermo (Sicily).



not- -ti af-fac - cia ver- - - -su li du' u - ri,
on the stroke of two he forth will sal - ly,

Spin-ci la te - sta e si met-ti a fri- sca - -ri.
Raise up his head, and then you hear him hiss - -ing.

ff

cresc. - - - *ed* - - *accel.* -

f *f*

sempre **Ending.**

f *p* *dim.*

SERENATA.

1.

'Nta sta vanedda cci abbita un scursuni,
La notti affaccia e lu jornu 'un cumpari.
La notti affaccia versu li du'uri,
Spinci la testa e si metti a friscari.

2.

E quannu jetta lu friscu d'amuri,
Tanti dunnuzzi schetti fa 'ffacciari.
O tu, picciotta, guardati l'onuri,
Accura... nun ti fari muzzicari.

3.

'Nta sta vanedda cc'è 'na picciridda
China d'amuri e mi fa pazziari,
Lucenti è la sò facci comu stidda,
A la mudestia un ancilu mi pari;

4.

Oh Diu, fussi pri mia! fuss' iu pri idda!
Si sò matruzza mi la voli dari!
Tantu haju a fari 'nsina ch'haju ad idda,
Ca lu mè'mpegnu mi l'haju a passari

SERENADE.

1.

There is a snake that lives in yonder alley,
He is abroad by night, by day he's missing,
Upon the stroke of two he forth will sally,
Raise up his head, and then you hear him hissing.

2.

And when they hear the snake a love-lay hissing,
Maidens will run to look, and many are smitten;
But you, my darling girl, beware his kissing,
For if you are not careful, you'll be bitten.

3.

And in the alley dwells the sweetest maiden,
Bright as a star her lovely face is beaming,
She is so full of charms, my heart they madden,
As any angel, too, she's pure in seeming.

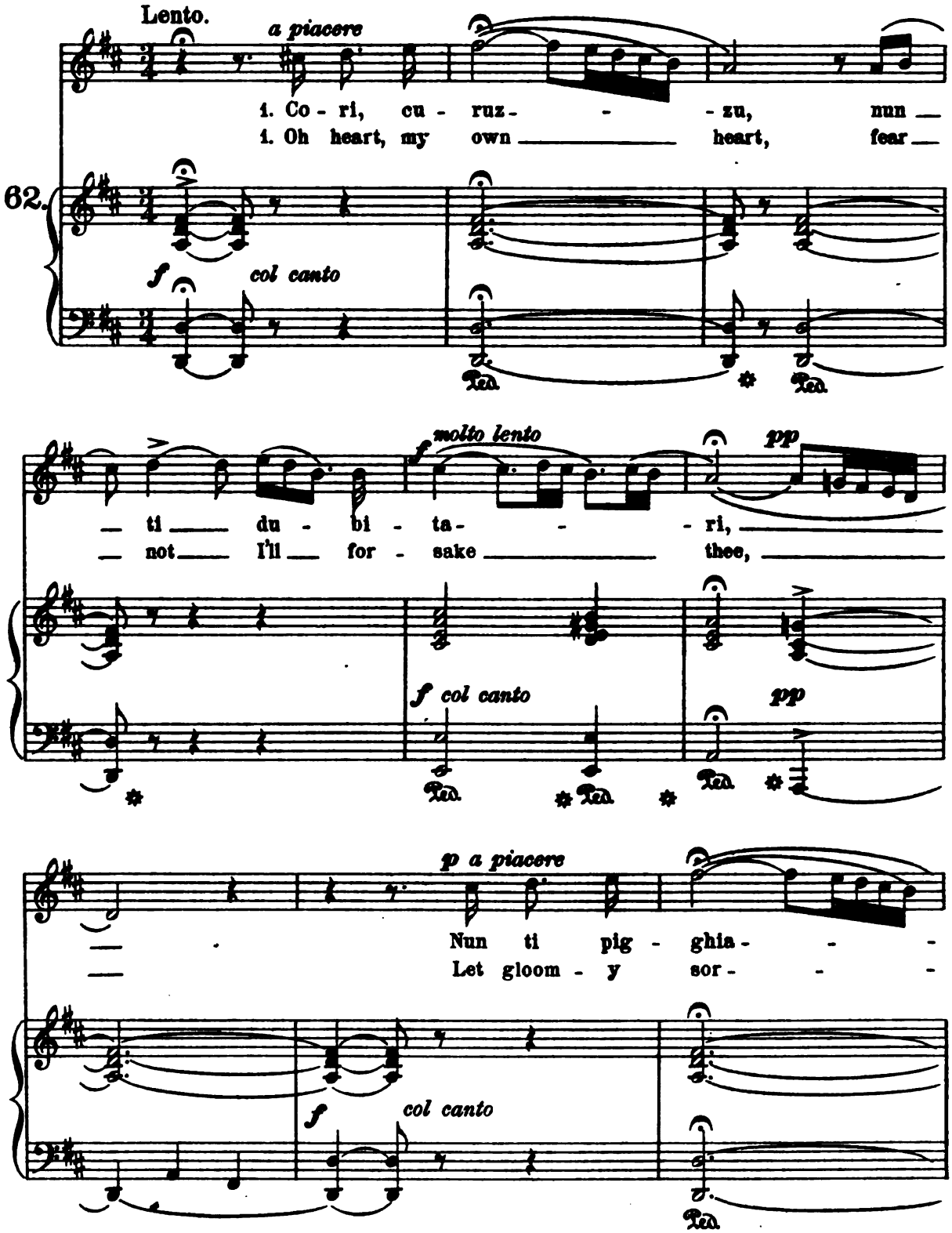
4.

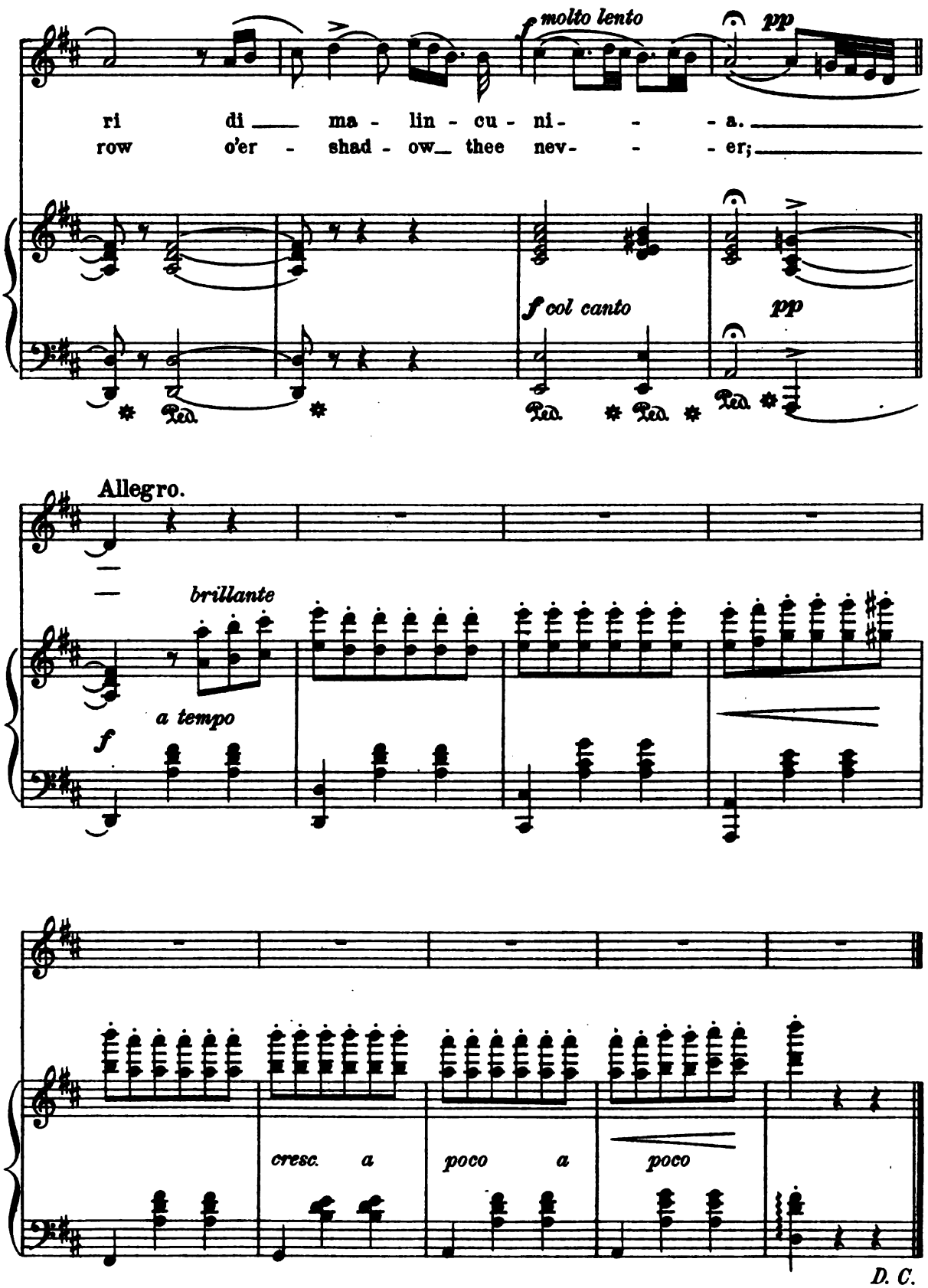
Oh heav'n! if she were mine, my only treasure!
If I can only gain her mother's favor,
There's nothing I'll deny to give her pleasure,
And I'll fulfil my vow to love her ever.

"Cori, curuzzu.,, | "Oh heart, my own heart."

Palermo (Sicily).

Popular Refrain.




molto lento
pp
ri di ma - lin - cu - ni - - a.
row o'er - shad - ow thee nev - - er;
f col canto
pp
Allegro.
brillante
a tempo
f
cresc. a poco a poco
D. C.

"CORI, CURUZZU."

1.

Cori, curuzzu, nun ti dubitari,
Nun ti pigghiari di malincunia.

2.

Tu sula 'nta stu pettu cci pô' stari,
Tu sula ca sarai l'amanti mia.

3.

E vaju a liettu e' un pozzu arripusari,
Si 'na pidata jettu pensu a tia,

4.

Dunca, caruzzu, comu avemu a fari,
Semu junciuti pi gran simpatia.

"OH HEART, MY OWN HEART."

1.

Oh heart, my own heart, fear not I'll forsake thee,
Let gloomy sorrow o'ershadow thee never;

2.

Within my breast here for shelter betake thee,
For thou, thou only, shalt be mine for ever.

3.

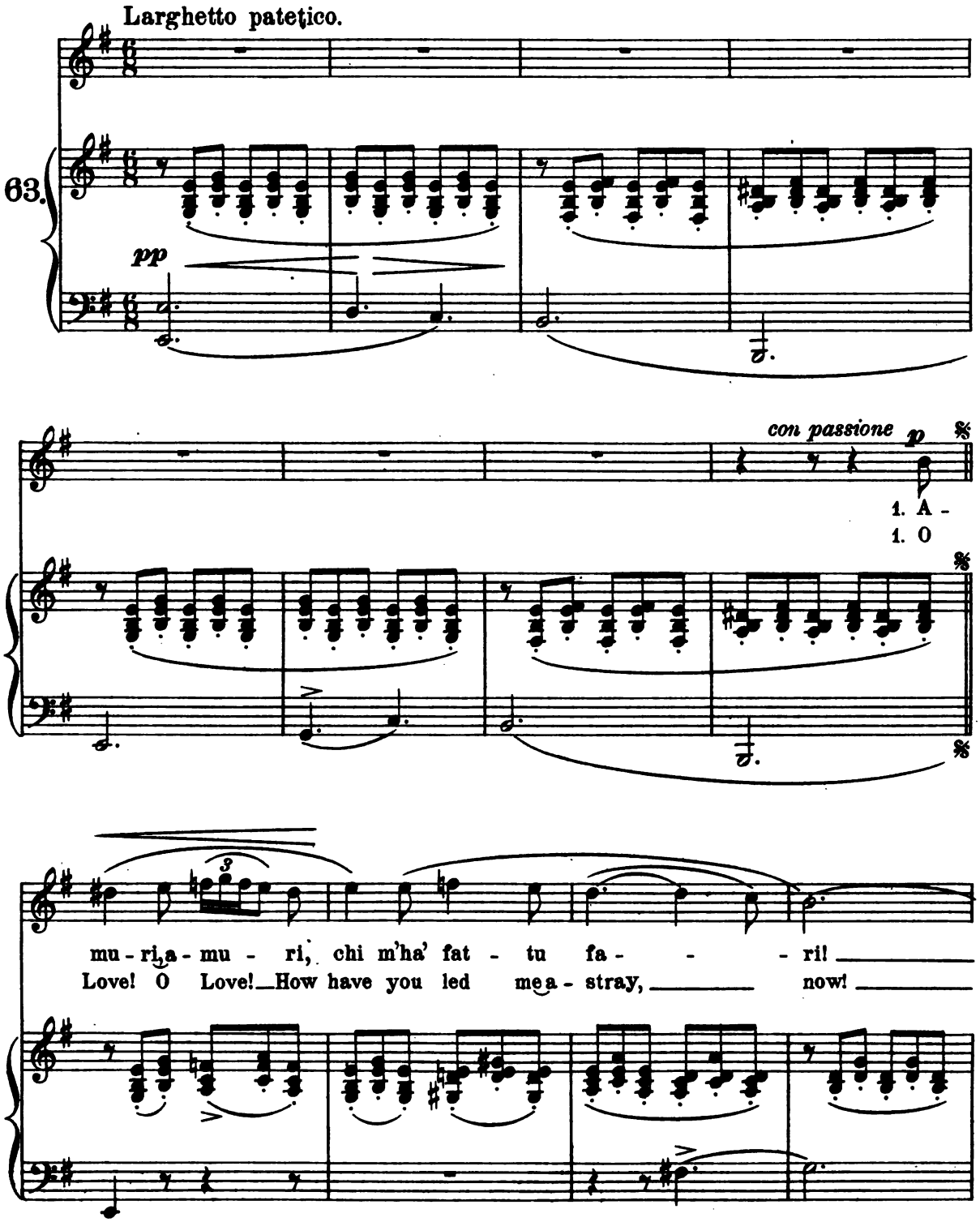
I seek for slumber, yet still I am waking,
I think on thee still, each step I am taking.

4.

So tell me, darling, why linger we longer?
Can love unite us together yet stronger?

"Amuri, amuri!„ | "O Love! O Love!"

Palermo (Sicily).



perdendosi

Li sen - zii mi l'ha' mi - - - su'n fan - ta - si - a,

My sens - es all are tak - - - ing leave of me, ah!

p

Lu *pa - tri - no - stru* m'ha' fat - tu scur - da - - - ri,

A *Pa - ter - nos - ter* I can nev - er say now,

p

E

And

la mi - ta - ti di la 'vim - ma - ri - a;
I've for - got - ten half th'A - ve Ma - ri - a!

pp espressivo

f

pp

2. Lu

Tempo I.

2. I

Ending.

f

D. S.

"AMURI, AMURI!"

1.

Amuri, Amuri! chi m'ha' fattu fari!
Li senzii mi l'ha' misu'n fantasia,
Lu *patrinostru* m'ha' fattu scurdari,
E la mitati di la *'vimmaria;*

2.

Lu *creddu* nun lu sacciu 'ncuminciari,
Vaju a la missa e mi scordu la via;
Di novu mi voggh'iri a vattiari,
Cà turcu addivintai pr'amari a tia.

"O LOVE! O LOVE!"

1.

O Love! O Love! How have you led me astray, now!
My senses all are taking leave of me, ah!
A Paternoster I can never say now,
And I've forgotten half th' Ave Maria!

2.

I can't remember how the Credo c'mences,
And when I go to mass, I miss the way, too;
I must be rebaptized for my offences:
And all for love of you I've gone astray, too!

Malatu p'amuri. | Lovesick.

Palermo (Sicily).

Andante.
con molta malinconia

p

1. Ta - lï - an - nu - tia lu spis - su, Su - gnu
1. When you oft - en meet my gaz - es, On my

64.

p col canto

tut - tu am-ma - rag - gia - tu, Lu mè san - gu'un è lu
sens - es fren - zy seiz - es, Thro' my ver - y blood it

con abbandono

stis - su, Co-mu un ge - lu è di - - vin - ta - tu. Cu st'uc -
rac - es, In my veins the cur - - rent freez-es; And I

col canto

morendo

chiuz - zi ti ta - li - u, Mo-ru, spa - si - mue di -
stand and look up - on you, I am rav - ing, faint - ing,

molto legato

ten. *f*

li - ru, Iu mi sen - tu'n tra lu co - ri 'Na man-
dy - ing! Tho' I dreamt my heart had won you, I have

col canto

pp *rall.*

ca - za di ri - spi - ru.
on - ly breath for sigh - ing.

pp *rall.* *f* *a tempo* *ff*

p *dim.* *D. C.*

MALATU P'AMURI.

1.

Taliannuti a lu spissu,
  Sugnu tuttu ammaraggiatu,
  Lu mè sangu 'un è lu stissu
  Comu un gelu è divintatu;
Cu st'ucchiuzzi ti taliu,
  Moru, spasimu e diliru,
  Iu mi sentu 'ntra lu cori
  'Na mancaza di rispiru.

2.

Vinni 'u medicu a osservari
  Li me' affanni e li me' peni,
  Iu mi misi a raccuntari
  La caciuni d'unni veni.
E lu medicu mi dissi:
  Figghiu, lassa sta partita,
  Si ssa donna tu nun lassi
  Poco dura la tò vita.

3.

Iu sintennu ddu parrari
  Cci rispusi a vuci forti:
  A sta donna 'un so lassari,
  Nun mi scantu di la morti;
Idda stissa lu pò diri
  S'è sinceru lu mè amuri,
  M'accuntentu di muriri,
  E 'un chiamarmi traditori!

LOVESICK.

1.

When you often meet my gazes,
  On my senses frenzy seizes,
Thro' my very blood it races,
  In my veins the current freezes;
And I stand and look upon you;
  I am raving, fainting, dying!
Tho' I dreamt my heart had won you,
  I have only breath for sighing.

2.

Now the doctor came to see me,
  In my sorrow and my anguish,
And I soon began to tell him
  What it was that made me languish.
Said the doctor, like a prophet:
  O my son, you are but human,
And your life will be the forfeit
  If you do not leave this woman!

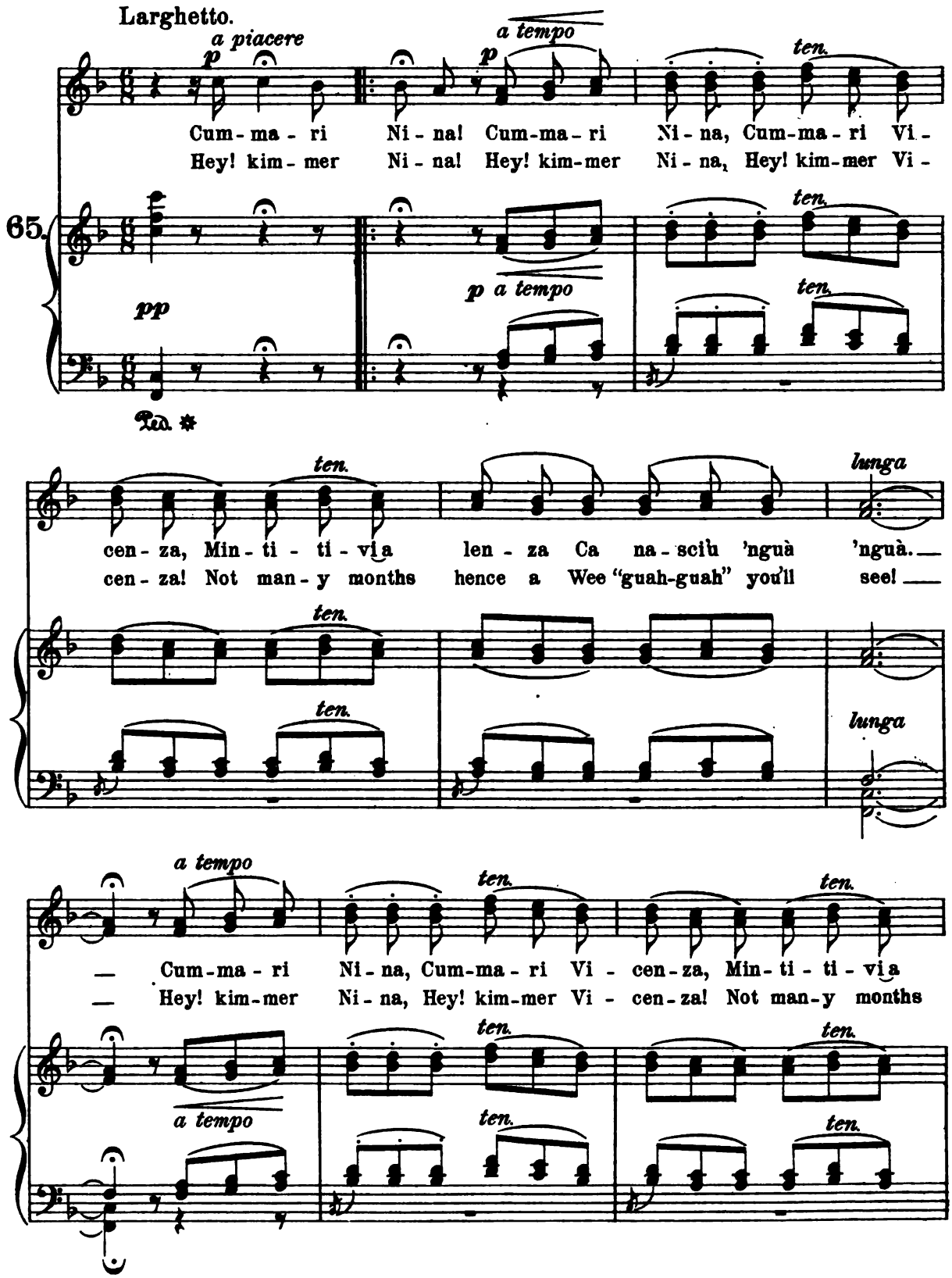
3.

When I heard the doctor's sermon,
  I replied, and told him loudly:
I can never leave this woman,
  As for Death, I'll meet him proudly!
Let her tell you, if she care to,
  If a love were ever greater;
I would sooner die, than dare to
  Live and bear the name of traitor!

Canto de' contadini Etnei. | Song of the Peasants from Etna.

Catania (Sicily).

(For one or two voices.)



lunga

len - za Ca na-sci'u 'nguà 'nguà.
hence a Wee"guahguah" you'll see!

lunga *a tempo p*

2. Ha - vi set -
2. I have been

1 - 3.

morendo

Ending.

8

morendo

CANTO DE' CONTADINI ETNEI.

1.

Cummari Nina,
Cummari Vicenza,
Mintitivi a lenza
Ca nasci 'u 'nguà 'nguà.

2.

Havi sett'anni
Ca su' maritata,
Nun passa st'annata
Mi chiamu mamà.

3.

S'è masculiddu
Lu mannu a la scòla,
S'è fimminedda
Quazetta mi fà.

4.

Cummari Nina,
Cummari Vicenza,
Mintitivi a lenza
Ca nasci 'u 'nguà 'nguà.

SONG OF THE PEASANTS FROM ETNA.

1.

Hey! kimmer Nina!
Hey! kimmer Vicenza!
Not many months hence a
Wee "guah-guah" you'll see!

2.

I have been married
Sev'n years altogether,
Before 't is another
A mother I'll be!

3.

If it's a daughter,
I'll set her to knitting,
If a boy, then, as fitting,
To school off goes he!

4.

Hey! kimmer Nina!
Hey! kimmer Vicenza!
Not many months hence a
Wee "guah-guah" you'll see!

VOICES FROM THE GOLDEN AGE
OF
BEL CANTO

A Collection of Twenty-six Opera-Songs of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries

FROM RARE MANUSCRIPTS AND EARLY PRINTS COLLECTED BY

HENRY EDWARD KREHBIEL

EDITED BY MAX SPICKER

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS BY

HENRY G. CHAPMAN AND ISABELLA G. PARKER